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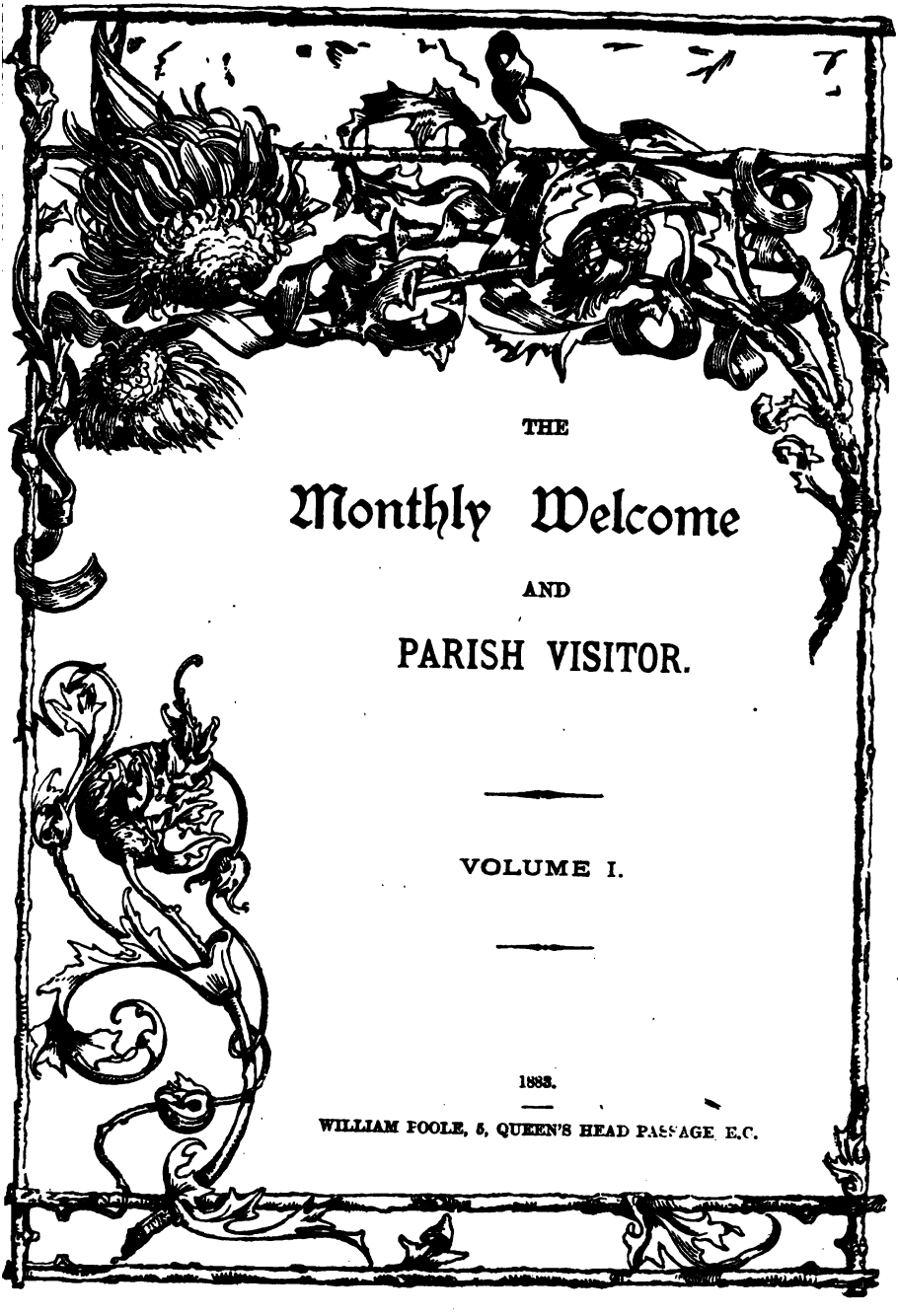

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VOLUME I.

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WILLIAM POOLE, 5, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE E.C.

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THE

MONTHLY WELCOME

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

John Wiclif, the Gospel Doctor.

OTHER Doctors at Oxford were called "the Perspicuous," "the Profound," "the Singular." Any of these titles might have been aptly bestowed upon John Wiclif. He possessed in a marked degree all three qualities. But yet his most striking characteristic was his veneration for Gospel truth. In season and out of season, he constantly insisted that the Word of God should not be made vain through the traditions of men; so his devotion to the sacred volume earned for him at Merton College the title of "the Gospel Doctor." His whole after-life abundantly justified the designation.

It was the earnest study of the Scriptures which made Wiclif a Reformer. At the time when he lived—in the fourteenth century—Romish corruption had become intolerable in its grossness. The Papal priesthood had grown over rich through extortion, and were

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proud, vainglorious, and profligate. It was partly because their lives were in such sinful opposition to the Scriptures, that these men kept the Bible a sealed book. In place of its holy teachings they substituted such precepts and traditions as were more in harmony with their own malpractices. The dogma of Papal infallibility was then in full force. Wherever the Bible and Romish tradition disagreed, the Bible had to give way. Even amongst the priesthood themselves, the study of the Bible was greatly discouraged. Any one who ventured to assert its authority did so at his own deadly peril, and was also likely to be subjected to the bitterest mockery and ridicule. Such truth-seekers were called "the bullocks of Abraham and the asses of Balaam." Instead of instructing the people in Scriptural knowledge, some of the priests sought to interest their hearers in "lying miracles, legendary histories, puerile and monstrous fables, chronicles of the world, histories of the battle of Troy."

Wiclif's honest and independent study of the Scriptures helped him to a clear conception of the enormity of the abuses which at that time threatened to destroy the influence of the Church. It led him to devote his life to the dissemination of pure Gospel teaching, and to the uncompromising exposure of Papal error.

His opponents soon found that Wiclif was not to be put down either by intimidation or by ridicule. He was possessed of indomitable courage, and, for his learning, was foremost amongst the sages and doctors of his time. He first turned his attention to the Mendicant Friars, whom he justly denounced as the pests of society, as the bitter enemies of all pure religion, and as monsters of arrogance, hypocrisy, and covetousness. He fearlessly proclaimed the pardons and indulgences which they sold to be "mere forgeries," whereby, he says, "the priesthood rob men of their money; they are nothing but a subtle merchandise of clerks, whereby they magnify their own fictitious power, and, instead of causing men to dread sin, encourage them to wallow therein like hogs." Again he says—and history testifies that he does not exaggerate—"They taught sinful men to buy heaven full dear. They shut against their people the Kingdom of Heaven, and would neither go in themselves, nor suffer other men to enter." But he mad war not upon persons, but upon evil practices. He was anxious for the souls of the priests as well as for those of the people. Witness this exhortation:—"Ye curates, see these heresies and blasphemies, and many more, which follow from your wicked life and wayward teaching. Forsake them, for dread of hell, and turn to good life and true preaching of the Gospel and ordinances of God, as Christ and His Apostles did, for reward of heavenly bliss." Wiclif's outspokenness often brought trouble upon him, and it seems almost miraculous that he escaped martyrdom. He was often protected from the violence of

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his enemies by the intervention of such powerful friends as King Edward III., King Richard II., and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Wiclif's grandest and most effectual achievement, and the one which accomplished his object long after his death, was the translation of the Bible into English. Up to that time the only complete versions of Holy Writ were all in foreign tongues. His mighty undertaking was carried out with complete success. The circulation of Wiclif's English Bible was violently opposed by the priesthood, who loaded Wiclif with abuse, called him arch-heretic, and accused him of sacrilege. But in controversy the wise, brave, and strong-willed Gospel Doctor was more than a match for his strongest opponents.

No doubt they were willing to slay him; but he was reserved for a peaceful death. On the 29th of December, 1384, as he was in the act of administering the Holy Sacrament in his church at Lutterworth, he was seized with paralysis. He lingered for two days, and died on the last day of the year, in the sixty-first year of his age.

J. F. D.

PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE.

A Serial Story. By Martin Fraser.

CHAPTER I. — The Cabman's Discovery.

"YOU'VE had a bad day to-day, father; but I've got a good fire for you to dry your clothes at, and supper's ready. Let me help you off with your coat."

With these cheery and affectionate words, young Robert Rayner, a bright-looking boy of ten, proceeded to help Philip Rayner, cabman, badge No. 0099, out of the weighty garment which enveloped him.

"Thanks, lad; but steady, boy, steady—don't pull at my coat. You'll hurt her. See, Bob, I haven't come home alone to-night."

As he spoke, Philip Rayner carefully drew back his coat. The passage was dark; but his father's words had sharpened Bob's eyes, and he was watching the former's movements with great interest.

"Her—her!" echoed Bob. Then suddenly, as if his parent could be unaware of the fact—"Why, father, there's a—a baby!"

"And a pretty little woman she is, too," said Philip Rayner, as he threw back his coat and disclosed to view a child of about two summers, with golden hair and wondering, expressive blue eyes. "I've found her, Bob, my boy. But there—shut the door, and let's get inside; for I'm certain you're longing to hear how it is I've

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come to bring her here, and I shan't be sorry to tell some one all about it."

Young Bob backed down the passage into the kitchen, his curious eyes fixed on the infant in his father's arms. Arrived in the room, Philip Rayner deposited his charge in a chair, and stood holding her with one hand.

The little maid glanced from father to son, and from son to father; then looked round, as if expecting to see some one else near her; and though she saw nothing worse than two kindly faces before her, showed a decided inclination to cry, and began to whimper for "My nursie!"

"'Nursie' is it, eh? So you've been used to a nurse, have you?" said Rayner senior, with the air of a detective. "That's one link in the chain. Speak on, my dear, and we shall soon know all about you."

But Rayner junior, not thinking his curiosity likely to be satisfied in a reasonable time by the young lady herself—and she, as a matter of fact, did not seem able to say anything else whatever—presently exclaimed—

"Well, father, you've promised to tell me something about her; "so let's take her up to the table, and let me give you your supper. I want to hear your story."

It was evident from the conduct of both father and son that the child had found an open road into their hearts. A hungry man and a hungry boy might have been expected to look to themselves first; but the wants of the foundling—and they were many—received very careful attention.

Supper being ended, Bob and his father busied themselves in preparing to make the little stranger comfortable for the night. A cradle which had long lain disused upstairs was brought down and placed near the fire, and the child carefully deposited therein. She, poor little soul, had evidently been used to an early bed-time, and was soon fast asleep.

The Rayners then settled down by the fire, one to tell and the other to hear the promised story; but their centre of attraction was evidently not the fire, for both chairs were so placed that the occupants had a good view of the child, on whom they kept a watchful eye. His apprehensions as to her comfort having been satisfied by a final examination, Philip Rayner commenced his narrative:—

"Well, Bob, this is how I have come to bring her home to-day." He indicated the subject of his story by a glance from the boy to the infant. "I was on the rank at about five this afternoon, my four-wheeler being the first for duty. It was raining pretty hard—and in these November days the weather is awful trying to the London cabby—and I had just run into our shelter for a cup of tea and bit of toast,

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when presently one of the drivers called me, saying that a fare had got into my cab. I hurried out, and saw the party with her head out of the window. Before I could get up to the cab she called out, 'Drive to W——— Road,' as if she were in a very great hurry, and threw up the window; so I jumped on to the box and drove away.

"When I got to the road I drew up, and my fare—a youngish woman, say about eight and twenty—at once jumped out, paid her money, and hurried off. Well, there was nothing in that for me to take any special notice of. People who take cabs are generally in a hurry; anyhow, this fare was not of the quality who can afford to pay sixpence a mile when there's nothing special on. I couldn't get a job for the return journey. When I got to the rank I thought I'd best get inside the cab, out of the rain. As I opened the door, bless me! you might have knocked me down with a feather. There was this babe sitting there, sobbing and crying as if her little heart would break!

"I ain't at any time known as a man who's hard-hearted, and when I saw how the case stood, that this youngster had been purposely left behind by some one who I'm certain had no right to her, I was quite melted, and set to work to cheer the little soul up as well as I could. Then I put a few questions to my mates on the rank who had seen the woman get in, but I could learn nothing from them; so I drove back to where I had put the fare down, but could see nothing of the party. And now I have brought the little woman home, and we must consider what we are to do about her."

"But couldn't the baby make you hear her as you drove back?" queried Bob. Conceited in the knowledge of his own mature age of ten, he could not agree to call her a 'little woman,' as his father had done. To him she could be nothing more than a "baby."

"It's not an easy thing, Bob, for any fare to make drivers of cabs hear him, let alone a young 'un like this." Philip Rayner indicated by a jerk of his thumb the small object now sleeping peacefully in the cradle. "A grown person can lean out of the window and reach the driver with a stick, or beat against the roof of the cab; but this little woman couldn't do either."

"And what'll you do if you can't find any one to own her, father?—take her to the workhouse?"

"Workhouse! a little angel like her to the workhouse!" cried Philip Rayner, indignantly. "Not a bit of it. We have a struggle sometimes to pay our way, I know, but if Philip Rayner turned a poor little child like this out of doors when she hadn't got a home of her own, I should never think of your dead mother without feeling that she was crying shame on me. No, if the babe has got no one else to take care of her, we will."

Philip Rayner got up and walked to the cradle. The recollection

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of his dead wife, and the two-year-old daughter who slept with her in the churchyard—a loss never to be repaired—filled his eyes with tears, and he kept silent for a while. Presently he went on—

"Besides, Bob, I don't know that we could get rid of her like that if we wished; but we don't wish," he added, energetically. "This is a fine country, but there are a few things about its laws plain folks can't quite understand. If we took her to the workhouse, we might be told to take her to the parish she came from; and if we could only do that, we could most likely take her to her own home. The only way, as far as I can understand workhouse laws, is to put her out in the street and let a policeman take her. Would you like me to do that?"

"No, I wouldn't," cried Bob. "I hope we shall keep her altogether."

"I'm glad to hear you speak kindly about her, boy; but we must first try and restore her to the parents who may be mourning for her. And now let's get to bed. Say good-night to the youngster. To-morrow I'll see if I can find out anything about her. I'll do my best, and if no one can be found to own her, why she shall become Phil Rayner's charge."

(To be continued.)

A WORD TO WOMEN.

I SHRINK with horror from a godless woman. There seems to be no light in her, no glory proceeding from her. More, there seems something monstrous about her. Yea, a godless woman is a monstrous woman. She is an unreasonable woman. She is an offensive woman. Even an utterly godless man, unless he be debased to the position of an animal, deems such a woman without excuse. He looks on her with suspicion. He would not have such a woman to take the care of his children. He would not trust her or yield her his confidence.

It is proper that you serve the Being Who made you, and that you love the One Who taught us to love one another. It is proper that to all your graces you add that of unselfishness. It is proper that all the elements of your character be harmonized and sublimated by the tenderest devotion to the Omnipotent. It is proper that your heart be purified, so that all the influence which goes out of it, through the varied relationships of life, be good, and only good. It is improper and unfit that you should fail of piety. Should you carry with you a rebellious, cold, and careless heart, you introduce among the sweet harmonies of the world a horrible discord. You would be a voiceless bird, a motionless brook.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

IN the first place, what is meant by "Red-Letter Days"? The phrase is in every-day use as implying days of especial rejoicing. But, as it happens with regard to many another proverbial expression, whilst we sufficiently well understand what meaning it is intended to convey, we may possibly know very little as to its origin. In the case before us the explanation is very simple. If we turn to the calendar at the beginning of our Prayer Book, we find that opposite certain days in the year there are words printed in italics. Thus, at January 1 we have *Circumcision;* Jan. 6, *Epiphany;* Jan. 25, *Conversion of St. Paul;* and so forth. Now these words, which in most Prayer Books of the present day are printed in italics, were at one time usually distinguished by being printed or written in red, whilst the remainder of the calendar was black. These "Red-Letter Days" chiefly represent festival occasions, or times of rejoicing; hence the proverbial use of the term.

No one would think of asking why, in everyday life, we observe anniversaries, birthdays, centenaries, and other occasions of commemoration; yet it is often asked, "Why does the Church observe times and seasons?". A sufficient answer is—Because upon those days events are celebrated which it is spiritually edifying and refreshing to remember and contemplate. If we fail to specially observe and meditate upon these events on the days upon which they are set down for commemoration in the Church's calendar, there is considerable danger of our partially or altogether omitting to profit by the examples for edification and instruction which they provide. Such omissions also tend to confusion of thought concerning Christian history and the Christian character. Vague general attention to any matter can never yield such profitable results as the orderly and methodical arrangement and study of the subject. This is a fact which no one denies in its application to every-day transactions. There is no adequate reason why it should not be duly recognized and applied in relation to the spiritual life. The Church, indeed, has recognized the fact in all ages. Hence, if a Churchman neglects to pay due attention to the calendar in his Prayer-Book, he does so to his own spiritual disadvantage, and also he thereby seems to set up his own individual understanding in opposition to the collective wisdom of the Church.

We propose to deal with these "Red-Letter Days" month by month, as they occur in our calendar. This we shall try to do in the simplest possible way, in order to clearly set forth what it is that the Church really celebrates upon each day so distinguished or set apart. In each case, the Collect, Epistle, Gospel, and Lessons for the day should be attentively read.

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First, then, we have the *Circumcision*, which is commemorated on New Year's Day. Circumcision was a rite first enjoined upon Abraham (Gen. xvii. 10), to be observed by him and all his male descendants, in token of the Covenanted Promise (Gen. xvii. 7). It was to be performed on the eighth day after birth, even if that day were the Sabbath, under pain of death.

Upon circumcision, the child received its name. The symbolical meaning of the rite is given in Jas. i. 21, and Col. ii. 11. But the date in the calendar has direct reference to the Circumcision of Our Lord, who underwent the rite in order that He might fulfil the whole law. Baptism now takes the place of circumcision: the sacrament being called by St. Paul "the circumcision of Christ" (Col. ii. 11, 12); whereby the children of Christian parents are made members of Christ, and obliged to observe the laws of the Gospel, even as the circumcised infant, by that rite, became a debtor to observe the whole law of Moses. A good old writer says, "It was the constant custom of the Primitive Church to administer baptism to infants for the remission of sins; and this practice was esteemed by the best tradition to be derived from the Apostles themselves." Upon this interesting point Dr. Maclear says: "We might naturally expect that in baptism, which takes the place of the Jewish rite of circumcision, God would be willing to receive children into His new and better covenant, unless He had expressly revealed otherwise to us."

January 6th: the Epiphany.—The word Epiphany, in the Greek, signifies *manifestation*, as on this day our Lord was manifested to the Wise Men of the East. A fact that we should bear in peculiarly grateful remembrance is that these Wise Men were Gentiles; upon this day, then, as we may say, the Saviour was specially manifested unto *us*. We should therefore regard the Epiphany as a particular occasion of holy joy, since it reminds us of God's merciful will "that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ, by the Gospel." This thought follows in beautiful sequence to the reflections suggested by the Covenant made with Abraham at his circumcision. The Divine promises to Abraham were, "to be a God unto thee, and to thy descendants after thee;" and, "I will give thee the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession;" and that kings should descend from him. In a spiritual sense we are the descendants of Abraham, since he was the father of the faithful. Thus we hope to inherit the promised land, the heavenly Canaan, "for an everlasting possession." The old name of the day was *Epiphaniæ*. This plural form indicated three manifestations—that of our Lord to the Gentiles; that of the Trinity at His baptism; and that of His Divine power as manifested at His first miracle at the marriage in Cana.

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January 25th: Conversion of St. Paul. The miraculous conversion of St. Paul is a theme which never wearies. Having been a consenting and approving witness of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the next act in Saul's life was an expedition for the purpose of setting on foot a fierce persecution of the Christians at Damascus. But before he reached that city he became a new man. It was ordained that he entered Damascus, not to persecute the Christians, but to preach Christ; and in this capacity of preacher he there laboured until himself persecuted and compelled to flee. The circumstances of his conversion are thrice related in full—in Acts ix., xxii., and xxvi.; in 1 Cor. xv., and in Gal. i. Thenceforth he devoted his life to the realization of his high calling—which was "to know the will of God, to see Christ in His glory, to hear the voice of His mouth, and to be His witness unto all men of what he had seen and heard." To this noble end Paul sacrificed friendship, wealth, worldly ambition, and everything which the natural man holds precious. It is interesting to note that St. Paul is supposed to have visited Spain, Gaul, and even Britain. Upon returning to Rome, he was there executed, A.D. 66.

PAIN AND EASE.

By THOMAS KEN, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS (B. 1637; D. 1711)

[During the last years of his life, Bishop Ken suffered intense pain from chronic disease. In these years of bodily affliction he wrote several poems, of which the following are two.]

PAIN.

Since 'tis God's will, Pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force—
I well God's truth and promise know.
He never sends a woe,
But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
In weakness can exceed—
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregnably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
Give me victorious might:
No pang can me invade
Beneath his wing's propitious shade.

EASE.

In pity my most tender God
Now takes from me His rod;
And the transporting ease I feel
Enkindles in me ardent zeal,
That love, joy, praise, may all combine
To sing infinity of love divine.

My love, joy, praise, all powers within,
Your heavenly task begin!
My love shall ever keep on wing,
Incessantly shall heavenward spring.
Love, the beloved still keeps in mind,
Loves all day long, and will not be confined.

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THE TEMPLE AND THE OLD KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

HAVE you, dear reader, ever stood in a room where scores of machines were at work, and been confounded by the din, and the crash, and the whirl of those iron workers? You have, I doubt not, and were surprised to find, when you attempted to converse in an ordinary tone of voice, that you could neither hear yourself speak nor be heard by others. And, perhaps, whilst you were in such a room the engines have presently begun to stop, and the machines to run slowly, and at last have altogether ceased to whirl, and crash, and dash in and out. What a change there was; and it seemed to you, having the remembrance of the former din in your mind, that you were never in such a deathly quietude before.

Well, something of the same feeling is experienced by the sensitive traveller who walks down Fleet Street—the heart of the London newspaper world—in the busy midday, and after being bewildered by the numberless cabs, and carts, and carriages dashing to and fro, and the hustling he has suffered from the hurrying and not too considerate foot-passengers, for relief turns aside from the main thoroughfare, and enters the Temple. How peaceful it seems, contrasted with the busy street. There, nothing was to be seen but the scurry of labour. Here are green-leafed trees, the foliage of which is being gently rustled by the summer breeze. Here is a pretty fountain, which has been the theme of a score of pens, and which, not ungrateful for the recognition bestowed upon it, freshens and cools the atmosphere by throwing a sparkling jet of water high in the air. Here is a lovely garden, with a splendid show of flowers, not thought unworthy of a special visit by residents in distant parts of the metropolis. And here, too, is a temple of the Most High God, built in stormy Crusading days in the English home of a body of men who had sworn to defend the Holy City—a temple in which men now forget for a while the cares of the world outside, and offer up prayer and praise to their Maker.

Not far from the spot of which I am treating it was once my privilege to listen to an address by the late Dean Stanley on the value of inquiry. The Dean specially insisted on the great interest to be found in acquiring a knowledge of the history of any place in which a man may find himself; and certain it is that there can scarcely be a spot with a history more interesting and varied than the Temple. To trace the early history of the place we must travel to the East, and revert to the days of the first Crusades; and also briefly review the history of the old Red Cross or Templar Knights, and their connexion with the military expeditions to Palestine; of their glorious feats of arms whilst defending the Holy City; their rapid rise, and terrible fall.

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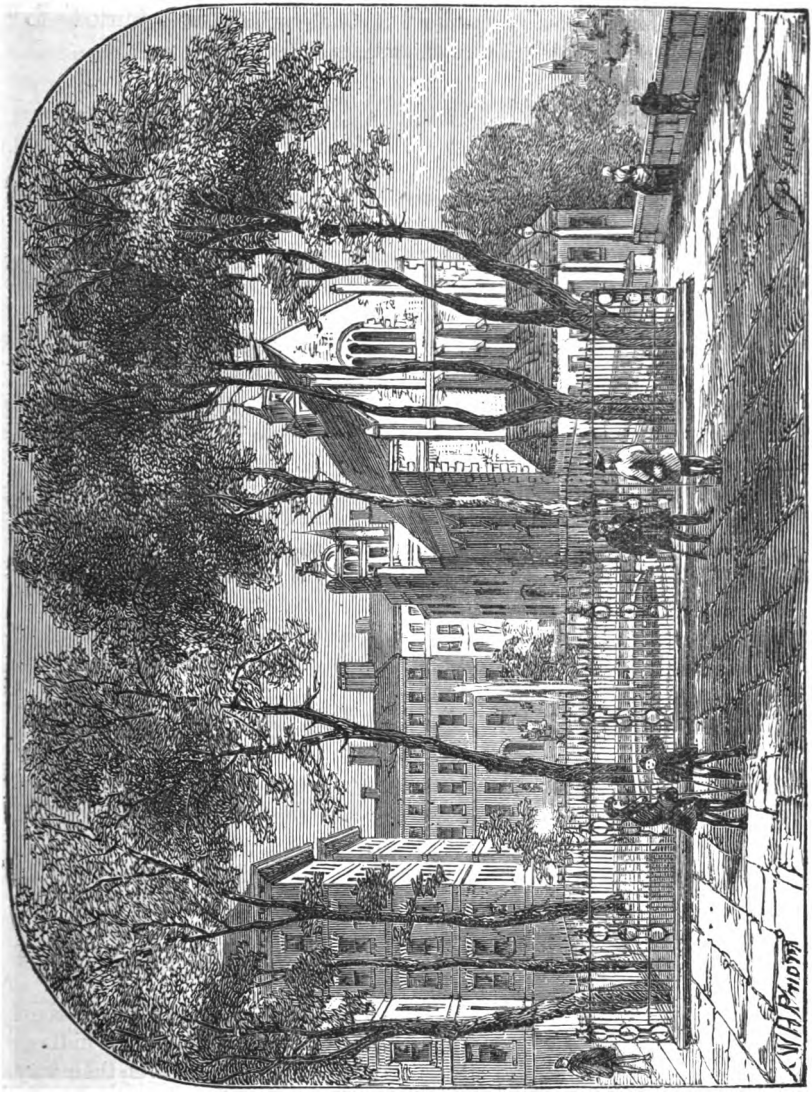

THE TEMPLE FOUNTAIN, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

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Origin of the Order of Knights Templars.

In every age of the Christian Church there has been an intense desire on the part of many men and women to visit the land where our Lord spent His life, to tread the paths along which He walked, and to reverently gaze on the spot where He suffered and was buried—to spend a period in meditation in the country

> "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter Cross."

As early as the third and fourth centuries pilgrimages from Europe to the Holy Land are recorded; and the effect of the conquest of Palestine by the Arabians in the seventh century (637 A.D.) was to stimulate rather than to retard them. Christian churches were established, and Christian populations arose in Palestine; and notwithstanding the severities and dangers of the journey, pilgrimages continued to be made. But in the eleventh century (1065 A.D.) Jerusalem was conquered by the wild Turcomans, hordes of half savage fanatics bent on advancing the cause of the religion of Mahomet, if not by argument, then with the sword, as directed by their prophet. Their oppression of the Christian population of Jerusalem, the insults offered to the clergy, and the extortions from and cruelty to pilgrims, became intolerable. At length the man travelled to the East whose burning indignation at the cruelties of the Turcomans was to kindle a similar sentiment in the breasts of European warriors. Having seen the oppression of the Christians and the insolence of the infidels, a hermit named Peter returned to the West bent upon raising the sympathy of the chivalry of Christendom on behalf of their co-religionists in the East. Possessed with this desire, he travelled from place to place throughout Western Europe, reciting the unredressed wrongs of the Christians in Palestine, and inciting his hearers to make this cause of God their own. His success was unbounded. From every country men of high birth and acknowledged prowess came forward who were willing to serve in the East as champions of the cause of Christ. The hermit's recital of the insults offered to our Saviour's name touched hearts hardened in crime; and the Crusades became the rage. An immense army was soon collected; and in a very short time (1099 A.D.) Jerusalem was recaptured from the infidel.

But the Moslem, though driven from Jerusalem, had not been driven altogether out of the land. From many a mountain hiding-place bands of adventurers still sallied forth upon pilgrims on their way to and from Jerusalem, and the dangers of the journey were almost as great as ever. But the chivalric spirit which had actuated some of the Crusaders would not allow them to rest whilst their work was as yet

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only half done. The pilgrims to Christ's sepulchre were yet unsafe; the champions of the Saviour's cause must arm again.

Accordingly, nine knights, who had especially distinguished themselves at the taking of Jerusalem, bent on completing the work they had begun, banded themselves together, took vows of perpetual chastity, obedience, and poverty, after the manner of monks, and swore to devote their lives to the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre; their services were gladly accepted by the patriarch of Jerusalem, and a place of habitation in the shape of a temple (from which the name Templars) on Mount Moriah assigned to them, and within a very short space of time the patronage of Roman popes and Eastern patriarchs had so stimulated European zeal that an army of high-born and high-spirited men had taken on themselves the vows of the Knights Templars, and had travelled to Palestine to defy and destroy the power of the infidel.

Such briefly is the story of the rise of the Knights of the Temple, the first of the powerful orders of monkish knights who were destined to play so great and grand a part in the coming struggle between the followers of Christ and the followers of Mahomet in the land of Palestine. Of their glorious achievements I shall have something to say in my next paper. J. S.

CHISLINGTON CHIMES; or TOM TAPWOOD'S ATONEMENT.

By Findlay Douglas.

CHAPTER I.—Getting on in the World.

CHISLINGTON was a rising town, and Chislington's chief carpenter was a rising man. He had already risen so far that he was no longer a journeyman but a master-man, employing five men and three apprentices. His name was John Plane. He did not object to being called "Plain John." Now, people are apt to look with suspicion upon rising men, because high ends are sometimes attained by low means. But Plain John's method of rising had been simple and straight-forward enough. He rose not only because he was a good workman, but also because he could be depended on to do his duty He had got on through the exercise of sobriety, punctuality, diligence, and prudence. But in speaking of such a plain man I ought to make use of plainer words. What I mean is, that he never drank more than enough to quench his thirst; that he always began his work at the right time to the minute, and laboured with all his might until the right moment to leave off; and that he never spent a single penny

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thoughtlessly. His money was more valuable to him than most people find theirs, because he had earned it all honestly, by the sweat of his brow. That was one very good reason why he should not part with it lightly. I am afraid, however, that many of us do not give this reason due weight. Some work hard and spend fast. I have heard it said of such a man, "He earns his money like a horse and spends it like an ass." That is a sad state of things, when we come to think it out. God gives us the bodily strength which we expend in exchange for wages. Thus if we waste the money which represents our strength, we wickedly waste one of Heaven's most precious gifts to us.

Plain John never worked immoderately hard, nor with the sole aim of getting money. He simply tried to do his duty in giving a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. He knew well what so few people seem to understand—that a man's worldly prosperity depends a great deal more upon what he spends than upon what he receives. Knowing this, if John had lived in those very early times when workmen received a penny a day, he would have saved at least a farthing of it, to put by for a rainy day. And note this, my brothers—that the rainy day most often comes to those who are least prepared for it. Why? Simply because their reckless spending gets them no good, but helps to bring the rainy day upon them.

So John was worldly-wise, was he? Yes, but not in a bad sense. He got his wisdom from a good Book—a Book which teaches the very best rules of life and conduct. It taught John how to prosper without being selfish. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. Some said he was one of Nature's gentlemen. I doubt if Nature could turn out so fine a specimen. The Bible made John Plane the man he was. To the study of that Book he owed his kind heart, his gentle manners, his diligence, his prosperity, and everything about him that had any value: for there had been a time when John was a different man, and it was the Word of God that had changed his heart and his life.

CHAPTER II.—"Slothful in Business."

Young Tom Tapwood was Plain John's eldest apprentice, a youth of some eighteen summers. Seemingly John's example was wholly lost upon young Tapwood. The more shame for Tom, since John had taken him on out of pure charity, ere the boy was in his teens, and when his widowed mother had died, and left him a burden on the hands of a very poor maiden aunt. Tom was lazy, impudent, and proud. I should have said he was lazy and impudent because he was proud. He was a great dunce at his trade. Both his fellow-apprentices, Matthew Mallett and Charlie Mitchell, could teach him a great deal in every branch. Because Tom lacked natural ability? Not

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a bit of it. The fact is, Tom was too clever by half. He knew he was clever, and the knowledge was not good for him. It made him despise his trade. He thought he was made for better things. He was the best batsman in the Chislington picked eleven: that is certain evidence that he had a steady hand, a sharp eye, and a clear head—just the makings of a good craftsman. But Tom wanted the will in that direction; and so it was that the younger apprentices could give him a long start and beat him; and he only gloried in the fact. I don't like to countenance strong language, but I must say that when old Ted Rutherton called Tom a conceited young ass, the aged Mr. R. did less injustice to Tom than to the humble quadruped.

Tom was a real source of grief to John Plane, who had tried to be a father to him. For my part, I think that Mr. Plane was too kind to him. When Master Tapwood strolled in a couple of hours late in the morning, plain John would content himself with a very gentle chiding.

In the workshop was a little Dutch clock, which had a very sharp and decided tick, and which struck the hours with marvellous haste. From these peculiarities, the clock was called "Mr. Bustler." Now Tom did not like Mr. Bustler, perhaps because the clock's habits were so different from his own; or more probably because Mr. Plane was continually pointing it out to him as an example of punctuality and diligence. For instance, one morning when Tom came in late, Mr. Plane looked from him to the clock, and said—

"Half-past eight! You're just two hours and a half slow. Oh, Tom, I wish for your own sake you would follow the example of Bustler. He never loses any time, and he sticks to his work like a Briton. We all respect him for it; and he keeps his place. My lad, if you don't stick to your work, your work will not stick to you. And 'if a man work not, neither shall he eat.' You know where that comes from. I've found it true, my lad. I've seen men come to starvation through not sticking to their work. We're all very fond of Bustler there; but if he kept bad time we should have to get rid of him. So it is with a workman who is a bad time-keeper; however much we may wish to favour him, business will not allow of it, and he must go."

Tom looked sullenly at Bustler's honest Dutch face, which at the time seemed to him to be silently laughing at him through its hands. Like an angry child, he felt that he should like to wreak vengeance upon the clock for its share in his disgrace. Suddenly he exclaimed—

"Well, look here! Now your sermon's over, give me leave to say that I really promise to be here by six sharp to-morrow, if not before."

"A good resolution, my lad. I hope you'll stick to it."

"Oh! I'll stick to it—like glue," said Tom. "Just see if I don't."

And he did, with a vengeance.

(To be continued.)

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EVERY MAN AN AUTHOR, AND EVERY LIFE A BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon J. McConnel Hussey, D.D., Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton.

IF we are to judge of man's estimate of life by his conduct, we may well conclude that man regards it as an independent possessi on to be used by him as suits his fancy, that it is unconnected with responsibility, and that it has no bearing on his future destiny. To lay up in store for it is his chief endeavour, as if it were an unending portion. To gather the flowers of it is his great aim, as if those flowers were gifted with an eternal bloom. To laugh it, dance it, or sing it away, seems to be his mad infatuation. To see it a gift from God which he is to cherish to the giver's glory; to esteem it a talent for which he is accountable; to recognize it as an opportunity for securing inperishable wealth; to employ it as a seedtime for a future harvest—is an appreciation of life which does not enter into his calculations. To play with it as a child does with his toy, to squander it as a prodigal does his estate, to leave it unimproved as the sluggard does his field, is more generally the conduct of men. Man is indisposed to regard it as the opportunity for investment for future gain, the dressing-room for eternity, the all with which he has to face God's tribunal. He will not accept it as a wave from the great ocean of eternity on which he rides, for a brief period, in this world, but which carries him onward into the great ocean from whence it rolled, with all the gatherings for good or evil which he has attached to himself during the years in which he has been borne upon it. Man too often treats life as the unwise do the froward child. He plays with it and humours it to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then congratulates himself that all anxiety is past. He forgets the great throne of judgment, the great account of the deeds done in the body, the results of sowing to the flesh and sowing to the spirit, the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell, the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and the terrible sentence of the Eternal One, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

To bring before men, then, the solemn responsibility of life will be my aim in these papers, and for this purpose the idea which I desire to press on men's minds is—"that every man is an author and every life is a book," and this thought is suggested by the words found in part of the ninth verse of the nineteenth Psalm, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

Now the first thing we would do is to remind men that all are engaged in writing this book, whatever may be their station, character, or circumstances. The learned and unlearned, the rich and the poor, the thoughtless and the thoughtful, the sovereign on the throne and

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the peasant in the cottage, all are writing a biography which will be read, weighed, criticized, and judged, and which will be produced as the evidence by which the final destiny of man will be decided.

Accepting this thought, supported by our text, let me invite you—

1. To reflect on the book and its characteristics.

It is a book on whose pages we can make no emendation. No sooner is a page written than it is snatched from us. We cannot lay the sheets again upon our study tables to add or to subtract. There may be much we would alter, but we cannot stretch our hand into the past and bring back the pages already written. How this thought should arouse the careless scribbler! Could we erase or interline, correct or re-write, we might less feel the importance of that which has been issued from our pen, but when we think it is gone beyond our reach, and is among the records of the past, we ought to be stimulated to more wisdom for the future. Let the ready writer be warned who is thoughtlessly jotting down acts and words which must remain; and let the young, who are but beginning to write, think well before there is left on record that story of sin which one day they will mourn over and heartily wish they had never penned. As yet they have issued but few pages, and, no doubt, in these they will find much folly; but now let them be watchful, and realize that they are writing for eternity and not for time; that they are inscribing their own depositions, which shall be produced in the great day of scrutiny.

There can be no second edition of this book, amended and improved. Severely criticized though it be, and many errors discovered in it, yet we have no opportunity of recalling the first issue, and by carefully remodelling it and correcting its mistakes, presenting it again in a more perfect form. "What is writ is writ," and how sincerely, on reflection, we may say, "Would it were worthier." Night by night, then, let us think over the page of the day, and see what witness it bears for or against us, and as we discover transgressions and omissions, let us brace ourselves up to avoid the one and fill up the other. Thus day by day we shall become wiser and better, and each new page will prove that we have read more, studied more, and thought more. The folly of the past will be replaced by the sobriety of the present, and we shall be illustrating the truth of that important statement—"Days should speak and multitude of words should teach wisdom."

(To be continued.)

THERE are many accidents which are esteemed great calamities, and yet we have reason enough to bear them unconcernedly, when they neither touch our bodies nor our souls, and our health and our virtue remain entire, our life and our reputation.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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SERMON SKETCHES.

"Liberty in the Use of Stimulants." By the Ven. Archdeacon Richardson.

"So speak ye, and so do, as they which shall be judged by the law of liberty."—James ii. 12.

THAT is a wide and practical thought which the writer has given, as he brings the certainty of judgment to bear upon present speech and conduct. We all need to be reminded that we live under inspection, and work under the condition that an investigation has to be made as to the kind, and quantity, and motive of the work done. And so we may take the thought of my text, that in the present duties of our Christian life and work the direction given is this—"So speak and so do as they which shall be judged by the law of liberty."

A grievous burden has long lain upon our national conscience, has lowered the national honour, and the nation's influence in the world. I do not attempt to trace its cause. It is painful to admit the fact that multitudes amongst us have been shamefully conspicuous for insobriety and excess. The subject of drunkenness now comes to the front as one on which all men can help their fellowmen. And there are two distinct aspects under which the subject may be viewed. One is as to the view to be taken of it by those and for those who have fallen under the sin and shame of intoxication. The other aspect is as to the view to be taken of it by sober people—Christian people—when they are asked to consider what influence their own words and their own acts should have in a matter which only indirectly and at second hand may appear to be touching themselves.

In the first place, we do well to remember that there is a precious liberty which Christian people are to claim and insist upon before God. Liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, and liberty of speech are our inheritence, derived from the freedom with which Christ has made us free. For instance, my own liberty, and thought, and observation cannot admit that all use of an intoxicant is sinful. Arguments to prove that the wine of Scripture was not injurious when used in excess are not, to my mind, in harmony either with the facts, or with the language used, or with the checks imposed, or with the effects recorded; and denunciations of temperate use, as if it meant only the encouragement of intemperate abuse, is, to my mind, not a fair inference and not a reasonable accusation against the sober habits of moderate men. Liberty, in such cases, covers the individual conscience so far as men look at the private ends; and the real Christian may say, "All things are lawful, and this therefore is lawful. I will not be brought under the power of any; and I will not be brought under the power of this."

We must remember, however, that liberty is only permission; and wisdom may fairly ask why a free man should care to run any risks. If, for instance, the habits of society or the gratification of a man's own senses, or a man's determination to be independent and uncontrolled are found to come in and decide a man's conduct, then it is right to consider whether this is not practically an error bred out of false notions of independence—in fact, not liberty, but license. The liberty goes thus far—if a Christian man must and will, then he may, so far as absolute permission is involved, use one of God's gifts and God's creatures in His service, under His eye, and for His honour. But then mark this—liberty is not absolute, even as regards the man himself; and it never can lawfully be exercised without consideration of the case of other men. And therefore the question comes—At what point does law come in to restrict liberty?

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Now I hold, in the first place, that it comes in at the point of principle. Law absolutely forbids excess; and amongst the works of the flesh, drunkenness is distinctly included. Use may end in abuse; non-use never can. Men can be healthy without intoxicants; men can be happy without them, even after years of use; and men can be safer without them. And therefore the law of prudence pleads that what may be lawful may not be expedient, and so the wise man will take the safest and surest course.

But a further restriction comes in with even greater force at the point of love. Take heed lest by any means what is liberty to yourself be a stumbling-block to them that are weak. If any one can by abstaining better enforce and illustrate sobriety, he is bound by the law of love to abstain. If it be hard for a man to abstain, then the danger to himself should urge him to that course. If it be easy, then consideration for other men, even for their prejudices and their unreasonable expectations, should show a man that he ought not to stand upon so small and personal a consideration as that which costs him little, whether he keep it or cast it aside.

Then a third consideration comes out of the law of influence. In the matter of drunkenness habit becomes bondage, and many poor sinners imagine that the bonds cannot be broken. Free men must take the trembling captive under the protection of their example. The man who can abstain safely, and is willing to do so for a brother's good, will find that his example gives him a key to his brother's heart; and the man who lives in health and comfort without artificial stimulants is himself an argument which may some day convince a brother when the ordinary proofs have failed to bring him to wisdom. I am bound to bring in a needful and impressive caution. The text prescribes the duty of Christian men. Sobriety is no substitute for religion—these considerations and resolutions, whether of prudence or charity, will never make a sinner right before God. We are rejoiced whenever men will come to hear the Gospel preached, because we are conscious that the truth of Christ appeals to the human understanding and heart and conscience when they are strongest and healthiest. But anything, be it ever so good, which leads a man away from the Gospel is leaving a man in a position of danger, and exposing him to defeat. If temperance should ever come in and exclude Christ, or eclipse the glory of the great salvation, it will have thrust itself into a place which can never be filled by it, and will claim for itself an influence which will only be mischievous in deceiving men, and offering them a remedy which never can and never does touch the seat of the disease.

CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE Very Rev. Dr. Bradley, dean of Westminster, is delivering a series of addresses on the Book of Job in Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoons.

A MOVEMENT is said to be in contemplation for the purpose of placing a recumbent figure of the late Primate not only in Canterbury Cathedral, but also in St. Paul's Cathedral, Dr. Tait having been Bishop of London for twelve years.

THE Rev. Canon Ellison has published in the newspapers an appeal for funds on the ground that the Church of England Temperance Society has largely contributed to the temperance progress alluded to in the Queen's speech.

THE *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* publishes a letter from Mr. John Burns, the Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, announcing that

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on and after the 1st proximo no grog or alcoholic drink will be served out to the crews of the Company, but that coffee will be substituted.

A BILL has been laid before the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, remitting the four lowest grades of the class tax, and taxing instead the trade in spirituous liquors and manufactured tobacco. The persons to be taxed under the bill are those who sell wine, brandy, beer, or preparations of tobacco to others to sell again, or offer them to public auction.

THE vice of intemperance, says the Dean of Lichfield, "unfits a man for all serious thought; it lays him open to the worst temptations, and to the commission of the worst crimes. Hence," adds the Dean, "it is no wonder that our National Church should have set on foot an organization for the suppression of this crying evil."

A WINDOW has been placed in the church of St. James, Barrow-in-Furness, with the following inscription:—"This window was erected by the men employed in the Hematite Iron and Steel Works, to the memory of Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, second son of the seventh Duke of Devonshire, who, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, died in Dublin for his Queen and country, May 6th, 1882. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'—PSALM cxvi. 15."

ON St. Andrew's Day, the Rev. Dr. Kennion, vicar of All Saints, Bradford, was consecrated at Westminster Abbey for the see of Adelaide, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Short, one of the four bishops who were consecrated on St. Peter's Day, 1847. The Bishop of London was the chief consecrator, his lordship being assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Lichfield, Bedford, Nelson, Huron, and Ballarat, Bishop Short, and Bishop Ryan.

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury (who died on Advent Sunday, and was buried at Addington on the following Friday) in his last moments showed the same simplicity and fortitude as he had always displayed in the various severe trials of what he termed his "bright life." . . . He was a great man, a man of calm and just mind, magnanimous in victory and magnanimous in defeat, genuinely pious, genuinely strong.—*Spectator.*

AT a recent meeting of farmers at Frome, Mr. Joyce gave his experience of doing harvest work without ale, beer, or cider, but giving more wages instead. In one season two teetotal mowers who had to walk a mile and a half to their work were pitted against two others who lived near his farm and who were not abstainers, but were admitted to be the best mowers for miles round. The former did a great deal more work than the others in addition to their longer walks each day.

AN organization under the name of the Scarlet Ribbon Army has been inaugurated at Broadhembury, in Devonshire, which takes for its motto the words of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians, iv. 5: "Let your moderation be known unto all men; the Lord is at hand." This army differs from the Blue Ribbon Army and kindred bodies in one important particular, inasmuch as total abstinence is not insisted upon, the wearer of the scarlet ribbon promising to abstain from smoking, swearing, and from excessive drinking. The organization is non-political and unsectarian and is in perfect harmony with all temperance bodies.

MR. BENHAM, the new rector of St. Edmund-the-King, Lombard-street, London, is an example of the possibility, not only of rising into the Church from the humbler ranks of life, but of attaining honours and emoluments without powerful connections. Mr. Benham is the son of a working man of West Meon, Hants, and his education was commenced in the National School of that village. He became pupil-teacher, then schoolmaster, and subsequently went through the theological course at King's College, London, and entered holy orders.

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Richard Hooker.

THE name of Richard Hooker is venerated as that of a man as eminent for the piety of his character as for the brilliancy of his intellectual achievements. Born of poor parents, at Heavitree, near Exeter, in 1553, he early displayed a quiet eagerness for knowledge, which led his schoolmaster to urge that his friends should contrive to send the lad to one of the universities. An uncle, who was Chamberlain of Exeter, was accordingly appealed to. This uncle consulted Bishop Jewell, of Salisbury, upon the subject of Richard's education. Upon visiting the lad, Bishop Jewell was so pleased at what he discerned that he rewarded his schoolmaster, and granted a small pension to the Hookers, in aid of the education of their promising son.

In 1567, when Richard Hooker was about fifteen, Bishop Jewell sent him to Oxford, specially recommending him to the care of the president of Corpus Christi College. In view of his narrow circumstances, Hooker received a clerkship, which yielded a small contribution towards his expenses. When he had been at Oxford for about three years, he was visited with a dangerous illness, which lasted for two months. His mother prayed fervently that God would spare the life of her darling son. Young Hooker afterwards constantly prayed "that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother," of

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whom he would often say, "he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for hers as for his own sake."

Upon his recovery from this illness, Richard Hooker, together with another student from Devonshire, went home from Oxford to Exeter on foot. On his way he stopped at Salisbury, that he might pay his respects to his friend and patron Bishop Jewell. The good Bishop invited the youths to dinner, and then sent them on their journey with his benediction. After their departure, he recollected Hooker's poverty, and sent a servant to recall him. The Bishop's delicate courtesy and sympathetic thoughtfulness, as well as his gentle humour, peep out in the words addressed to Hooker on his return: "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease." The horse was a walking-stick; and it would appear that the kind Bishop intended it to do double duty. "And, Richard," he added, "I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God help you, good Richard." The loan of the walking-stick not only created a diversion from the lad's embarrassment at being called back to receive money at the Bishop's hands, but also served as a pledge of his return later on in order to receive yet further favours. Richard Hooker kept his promise; and it was upon the occasion of doing so that he saw his patron for the last time; for Bishop Jewell died the same year (1571).

At the Bishop's death, the chief means of Hooker's subsistence at college would have ceased. But the Bishop had left him a legacy of love. The President to whose care Jewell had recommended Hooker bade the young man proceed with his studies, and undertook to see that he should not want. Bishop Jewell had also spoken in high terms of Hooker to Sandys, Bishop of London. Sandys was a Cambridge man, but he resolved to send his son to Oxford, that he might be under the tutorship of Hooker.

Bishop Sandys was not thus merely performing an act of charity. He had sought for his boy a friend and tutor who "should teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example;" adding: "and my greatest care shall be the last." In Hooker his ideal was fully realized. Other pupils soon joined, for Hooker was found to possess a rare power of communicating what he knew, and his unostentatiously devout life secured their affection. Yet he was not outwardly attractive. He had weak health; was of short stature, with a stooping figure; was so shy

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and gentle that his youngest pupil could look him out of countenance. When he became a rector, and his clerk in addressing him respectfully doffed his hat, Hooker, from sheer modesty, would do the same. He was never known to be angry, and was never heard to repine. In illustration of his unaffected humility, it is recorded that when two of his old pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, visited him at his country parsonage, they found Hooker reading a Latin author in a field, where he was minding sheep whilst the shepherd had gone to dinner. Upon being relieved of this charge, he walked to the house, where he was soon engaged in rocking the cradle of his firstborn. To their credit be it said that Sandys and Cranmer left the parsonage with increased reverence for their old tutor.

Yet Hooker could be playfully witty upon occasion; and of his erudition and intellectual strength he has left an enduring monument in his famous "Ecclesiastical Polity." In 1585 Hooker became Master of the Temple, in London, where circumstances gave rise to the writing of the first part of this great work, of which the first four books were not published, however, until 1594. Of the literary excellence of this production Hallam says: "This eminent work may be justly reckoned to mark an era in our literature. . . . Richard Hooker has abundant claims to be counted among the luminaries of English literature. He not only opened the mine, but explored the depths of our native eloquence. So stately and graceful is the march of his periods, so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction . . . that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity."

In 1591 Hooker, having resigned the Mastership of the Temple, was presented to the living of Boscombe, in Wiltshire. The fifth book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" was published in 1597, when he was rector of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury. Richard Hooker died in 1600. Besides the encouraging example of his pious walk and conversation, and in addition to the grand legacy of his chief work, he has left us certain sermons which are the best defences of the doctrines they discuss. "More than one eminent man has expressed his obligations to them as the means of his establishment in the fundamental truths of the Gospel."

THE TEMPLE AND THE OLD KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—II.

WITH the general history of the Crusades we are not in these papers concerned. Our primary object is to trace the history of the London Temple; but it is well that we should step aside for

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awhile and watch the doings of the chivalrous men who went thence to the Holy Land, and of those with whom they were associated. The expediency of the Crusades has been often doubted. There can, however, be but little doubt that these tremendous efforts to altogether wrest Palestine from Mohammedan dominion, though they failed to accomplish the object for which they were made, at least had the effect of giving a very violent check to the inroads of the followers of the Koran. The fanatical believers in the Eastern Prophet were strong in numbers, brave, daring, anxious above all things to propagate their creed. The danger to a disunited Europe, should these Eastern armies sweep down upon it, was considerable; and it is pretty certain that had not the conflict between Christian and Moslem taken place on the plains of Palestine, a struggle between the rival creeds must soon have been engaged in on European ground.

A short period of rest succeeded the taking of Jerusalem in 1099 by the Crusaders; but the religious and military enthusiasm of the Mussulmen was again aroused by Zinghis and his son Noureddin early in the twelfth century. By the overpowering numbers these chiefs brought against them the Templars were worsted in several battles; and the Latin Kingdom was again shaken to its foundations. A second crusade to stem the victories which the Moslems were achieving was arranged in 1146 A.D.; and on every occasion they had during the march of the Christian army through Palestine (the rear of which they protected), the Templars greatly distinguished themselves. The crusade, however, was a failure, and did little or nothing to better the position of the Christians in Palestine, although the Crusaders inflicted at least one severe blow on the infidels. The latter having ventured on a night attack on Jerusalem in 1152, were defeated with great slaughter, and pursued right away to the Jordan, leaving 5,000 of their number dead on the field of battle.

Encouraged by this success, the Templars in 1152 ventured to attack Ascalon, into which a strong garrison had been thrown by their adversaries. Attempt after attempt to take the city failed; and the attack was closed by one of those daring feats of arms with which the whole Templar history is embellished. Rendered desperate by previous failures, the Master of the Temple, with a small body of chosen followers, determined on one last supreme effort to turn the fight into a victory. Having made a partial breach in the walls, early at dawn the Templars made a fierce attack on the city at its weakened part. Nothing could withstand the fury of their charge. The breach was entered, and the assailants penetrated to within the walls, only to be completely surrounded. A desperate fight ensued, but no Templar emerged from the walls of Ascalon to tell the tale of his comrades' fall.

In 1170, again, the renowned Saladin, perhaps the greatest leader to

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whom the Templars were opposed, sat down before Gaza, in which the Crusaders were intrenched. He had brought with him an army of 40,000 men; but without waiting for his attack, the Templars sallied forth one night, and totally defeated the army which had been gathered to work their destruction. Seven years later, at Ascalon again, Odo de St. Amand, Master of the Temple, and 80 of his knights, made an impetuous attack on Saladin's army, broke through his Mameluke Guards, and almost captured the redoubtable chief in his tent. This sudden attack having thrown the Moslem army into confusion, the Crusaders followed it up with a general advance, and gained a complete victory. Only in the next year, however, in an engagement near Damascus, Saladin was triumphant; and in a vain attempt to save the day, nearly the whole of the Templars were destroyed.

Perhaps the most tragic scene in the whole of the Crusades was enacted at Tiberias in 1187. A battle had been fought, the Christian army had lost the day, and a large body of Templars had fallen into Saladin's hands. The Mohammedan chief, maddened by the stern opposition he had continually encountered from the Order, had them led forth at sunset, and offered them their choice—either to embrace the faith of Mahomet or die. The Templars to a man refused to deny their faith. Their captor kept his word; and every prisoner was decapitated.

When Richard I. of England joined Philip of France in a new crusade in 1191, none adhered more faithfully to the English king than the Templar knights, and their rivals in honourable achievements, the Knights Hospitallers. During this crusade the Templars, having recruited their forces by drafts from the brethren in Europe, performed prodigies of valour; and it is recorded in their favour that when the dissension in the Christian ranks which weakened almost every Crusading effort broke out, in consequence of a quarrel between Richard I. and the Duke of Austria, the Templars were the means of preserving peace in the Christian army, and stood by Richard's standard when all others except the Hospitallers had abandoned the Crusade. Moreover, it was in the habit a Templar that Richard endeavoured to evade the malicious Duke of Austria on passing through Europe to return to England, the failure of which attempt, and the narrative relating the king's discovery in prison by his faithful minstrel, is so familiar a story of English history.

(To be continued.)

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CHISLINGTON CHIMES; or TOM TAPWOOD'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER III.—Mr. Bustler "Sticks to his Works."

NEXT morning, Tom was at the shop door at half-past five! As he had started out, his aunt, a somewhat tart old lady, had said, "Why, surely something is going to happen!" "So there is," said Tom; "and you'll see what it is, if you only wait long enough." But the old lady never saw Tom any more—a matter which caused her very little anxiety, and no grief whatever. Entering the shop, Tom kindled a fire, and put on the glue-pot. Whilst the glue was melting, however, he did not set to work; neither did he take off his coat or hat. He fidgeted impatiently about the shop, and gathered together a few of his belongings, such as a pocket-book, a handsome foot-rule, and so on. These he put in his coat pocket. Then placing a pair of steps near the little Dutch clock, he got the glue-pot and took it up the steps, saying, "Now, Mr. Bustler, I'll settle my account with you, and fix for ever the time of my departure. Old Jack Plane will then understand one of my reasons for sheering off. Now, Mr. B., prepare for martyrdom—a very mild one, and one which won't disfigure your elegant features, though it will stop your constant preaching. You'll be a model of laziness for the future, so that the guv'nor will never be able to make you a text for one of his canting sermons. So, my diligent little Dutchman, I'm going to give you your gruel!" And so saying, he poured the whole of the glue into Mr. Bustler's internal economy. Mr. B. "stopped short, never to go again."

"Rather a stiff posset, that," said a well-known voice. Mr. Plane was generally the first man to enter the workshop, and the last to leave it.

Nervousness was not one of Tom's weaknesses. He neither started nor trembled, but coolly turned round and faced Mr. Plane, replying, "Yes; Mr. Bustler will be sure to stick to his works harder than ever now; and his works will stick to him. That's something like what you said to me yesterday, you know. He's on for a long strike, and I expect the only warning he'll ever give again will be a warning to his sort never to set up for a model to apprentices. And since you're here, Mr. Plane, you may as well take *my* warning. It's a short one, but I dare say you'll be glad to get rid of me. I'm now off like one o'clock. You've been very good to me, I know; but I don't like the trade, and I can't stand being lectured. Good-bye!" He rushed out, and presently Mr. Plane's ear caught the sound of his receding whistle in the lively strains of—"I'm off to Charlestown, early in the morning!"

For a moment Mr. Plane stood glued to the spot. Then he rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed—

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"Well, that's a young man who doesn't stick at trifles, anyhow! Poor lad! He's almost as bad as I was at his age, and if he does not mend, I am afraid he will come to a bad end."

But Mr. Plane little thought that he had seen the last of young Tom Tapwood.

CHAPTER IV.—Tom Tapwood's Atonement.

A dozen years make a world of difference in a rising town like Chislington. So thought a bronzed and bearded man of gentlemanly appearance and commanding air, who was gazing with admiration upon a handsome church which had apparently not long been erected, since in several particulars it wanted "finishing off." For example, in the handsome tower, instead of a clock, there was a big round hole, which looked unpleasantly like an eyeless socket. But it was a grand building. The stranger wanted to look inside it. The door was open; and as he entered the porch he caught sight of a sculptured inscription over the doorway, to the effect that the church had been erected at the sole cost of John Plane, first Mayor of Chislington, as a thank-offering in grateful recognition of God's bountiful goodness. The gentleman was greatly interested in this inscription; simply, my dear reader, because he was none other than our old friend Tom Tapwood—now to be called Young Tom no longer.

He had changed quite as much as Chislington had—inwardly as well as outwardly. When he ran away, he worked his passage to America, where he thought to make a fortune by means of some genteel occupation. But he found that the Americans believe more in muscle and pluck than in dandyism and fine raiment. Impending starvation drove him to the carpenter's bench, where, having become completely cured of his folly and conceit, he soon shaped into a thoroughly skilful workman. John Plane's example and advice were not lost upon him, after all. He took them thoroughly to heart when far away from the evil companionships which in the old days had led him to despise them. He had prospered, and was now the proprietor of a vast building concern in America. What should bring him back to the old country? His aunt had long since died. That was the only item of news he had heard from Chislington. Well, he had now come over in order to surprise honest John Plane, and to offer some atonement for the wrong he had done him. But "John Plane, first Mayor of Chislington," was a very different personage from Plain John the little master-man, whom Tapwood had hoped to give a lift in the world. Yet, as he gazed at the clockless tower, a bright thought struck him. He walked on towards the place where the old workshop used to stand. On his way a further surprise was in store for him. This time it was a handsome

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town-hall, on the corner stone of which was inscribed, "This stone was laid by John Plane, first," &c. &c. "Architect, John Plane, jun.; Builders, Mallett and Plane; A.D. MDCCC—" But a dab of fresh mud obscured the rest, probably deposited by some urchin who had reckoned on being able to retreat round the convenient corner. "Really," said Mr. Tapwood, "if my dear old friend had done all this in America, they would have called the place Planesville."

When he arrived at the works, he could almost have shed tears at the transformation. The little workshop had been replaced by a building of the dimensions of a small town. The inscription, "John Plane, Carpenter," had given way to that of "Plane and Mallett, Builders and Contractors." Tapwood soon learned that Plain John had retired from the firm in favour of his faithful and intelligent apprentice, Matthew Mallett, who had married the eldest Miss Plane, a young lady whose name might convey a wrong impression as to her personal appearance. Then young John Plane, now an architect of wide reputation, had joined the concern, which had grown into one of the largest in the kingdom.

Tapwood was glad of all this; though it defeated his object, and made him feel rather crest-fallen. But he met with a hearty welcome from all, and old Plain John, who, in spite of all his honours and dignities, was as plain as ever, actually hugged Tom when he found that he had become not only a good citizen but a good Christian also.

"But what about that clock—you remember my shabby treatment of poor old Bustler? Now, I want to make atonement. Your handsome church has no clock; allow me to provide one. I can easily afford one worthy of the church and of the town; and I should like it to be one that would chime, so that it would constantly remind the people how rapidly time passes. Perhaps it may thus lead some of them on to think upon eternity."

He was allowed to do as he wished; and indeed, energetic Mr. Tapwood was so far allowed his own way at Chislington that in less than a twelvemonth he had married another pretty Miss Plane, sold his American business, and thrown his capital and his energy into the already extensive Chislington firm, which in time became famous all over the civilized globe as that of Messrs. Mallett, Plane, and Tapwood.

And now, if you ask the little three-year-old John Plane Tapwood what the Chislington Chimes say, he will sing, in his pretty baby voice:—

THE CHISLINGTON CHIMES.

KEY C.

‖ d¹ : l	t : s :— ‖	l : d¹	t : s :- ‖	d¹ : t	l : s :- ‖	l : t	d¹ s :— ‖
Waste not your life		Waste not your time		Time is the stuff		Life is made of.	

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I WOULD AND I WOULD NOT.

By Nicholas Breton (d. 1624).

I WOULD I were a man of greatest power
That sways a sceptre on this world's great mass,
That I might sit on top of Pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where'er I pass,
That Law might have her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frown a death.

And yet I would not: for then, do I fear,
Envy or malice would betray my trust:
And some vile spirit, though against the hair,*
Would seek to lay mine honour in the dust.
Treason or murther would beset me so,
I should not know who were my friend or foe.

No, I do rather wish the low estate,
And be an honest man of mean degree;
Be loved for good, and give no cause of hate,
And climb no higher than a hawthorn tree;
Pay every man his own, give reason right,
And work all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courts are worlds of costly cares
That cumber Reason in his course of rest;
Let me but learn how Thrift both spends and spares,
And make enough as good as any feast:
Be temperate, pray my days may have good end,
And welcome all that pleaseth God to send.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

THE following striking instance of the force of example is related by the Rev. H. M'Neile:—A journeyman house-painter, who had long entertained infidel opinions, was engaged in his trade upon the outside of a house nearly opposite mine. From his elevated position he could see over my blind into my study. At an early hour he so saw me at my work; and again, the next morning, when he arrived, he found I was before him. His curiosity was excited, and the following morning he came earlier; still I was before him. He ascertained who I was, and continued to watch me while his job in my neighbourhood lasted. Meanwhile, he began, as I afterwards learned, to reason thus with himself: "This gentleman must be in earnest, at all events, whether right or wrong. The result of all this reading and writing so early, morning after morning, must be worth hearing. I'll go and hear what he has to say." Accordingly, the man came to my church. He heard me describe the aching anxieties of the soul, not to be satisfied with any created objects, but exhausting them all, and aching still, until repose is found in the bosom of the Creator. He heard me describe the way in which such holy repose may be enjoyed, even by a guilty creature. His heart was touched; the true cause of his infidelity was detected—not a want of evidence for the revelation of God, but a want of willingness in the man to be conformed to the character of God. Before a rising willingness to be holy, all the scepticism of his understanding gave way; and from a sullen infidel, he became a happy Christian.

* "Against the hair," against the natural disposition of things, as in fur stroked the wrong way.

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY 2: *Purification of the Virgin Mary* (see St. Luke ii. 22—40). The law concerning purification is found in Leviticus xii. This ceremony, by its expressive symbolism and frequent performance, kept in remembrance the sinful nature of man—emphasized the fact that, through the fall, mankind are born the children of wrath. The Law required that at the end of forty days after the birth of a male child (and at the end of eighty days after the birth of a female child) the mother should bring a yearling lamb to the temple for a burnt offering, and a young pigeon or a turtle dove for a sin-offering. For the origin of the ceremony we refer to Exod. xiii. 2, 15, where we read that God, having exempted the firstborn of the Hebrews from the destruction wrought upon the firstborn of the Egyptians, commanded that thenceforth all the firstborn males of His people should be dedicated to His service; or they might be redeemed at the price of five shekels (about 15s.). For this service the tribe of Levi was afterwards set apart, in place of the firstborn of the whole nation. But those who were too poor to afford the lamb and ceremony were permitted to offer two turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, "the one for a burnt offering, and the other for a sin offering." We have here a very striking illustration of that tender consideration for the poor which is conspicuous throughout the Mosaic Law. The offering of the pigeons was that presented by the mother of our blessed Lord. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." Yet, as has been well said, in very truth did this blessed mother offer that Lamb of which all the others were but types, for she brought with her the very Lamb of God.

In the Prayer Book, amongst the Collects, &c., we find the Purification entitled "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called the Purification of St. Mary the Virgin"; and in the beautiful collect for the day no mention is made of the Virgin Mary, the lesson being drawn entirely from the presentation. The Church, following the example of Holy Writ, centres our attention upon the Divine Child instead of on the human mother.

It may be asked, Since Christ was not born in sin, what was the need for His presentation? For answer to this question, let us turn to St. Matthew iii. 13—15. There we find that when Jesus went to John, to be baptized of him in the Jordan, "John forbad Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"—that is, all the requirements of the Law. As at His baptism, so in His presentation at the Temple, Jesus

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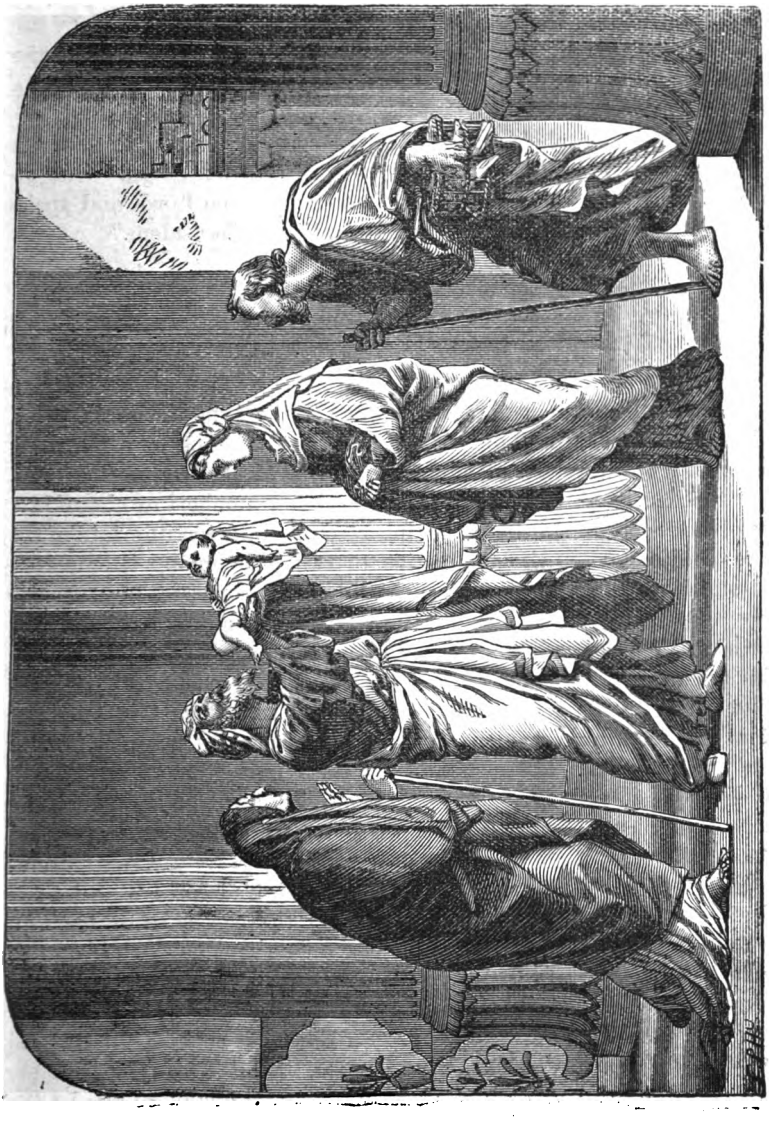

SIMEON AND ANNA IN THE TEMPLE.

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puts Himself wholly in the place of sinful man; and thus, moreover, He sets us an example of perfect obedience.

The Nunc Dimittis, which we sing in church after the second evening lesson, is the Song of Simeon the Just—the grateful hymn he raised on beholding the Lord's Christ (as he had been promised by the Holy Ghost) at the presentation. In the humble Babe before him the venerable and devout man was by inspiration enabled to recognize "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of God's people Israel."

To the aged prophetess Anna, too, who served God with fastings and prayers night and day, the same discernment was given. She on seeing the holy Babe "gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

"Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode."

February 24: *St. Matthias, Apostle.* The election of Matthias as an Apostle is recorded in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and is the earliest account of the Christian Church acting as a regularly constituted society subsequent to the death of its Divine Founder. After the Ascension of our Lord, the disciples, numbering about 120, assembled together, and Peter, having recounted the terrible fate of the traitor Judas, advised the nomination of two from among themselves, that one of them might be chosen to fill the vacancy. They accordingly appointed Joseph (called Barsabas, surnamed Justus) and Matthias. These two had attended upon Jesus from the baptism of John, and were probably among the seventy disciples ordained by Christ. "The Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come" (Luke x. 1.) Barsabas and Matthias having been appointed, the disciples offered this prayer—"Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen; that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place." The lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles. In thus casting lots the disciples followed an ancient custom; and it should be remembered that the election of Matthias occurred before the descent of the Holy Ghost, by Whose immediate inspiration and dictates they were afterwards guided. St. Barnabas is thought to have at first ministered very successfully in Judea. He afterwards probably travelled eastward, suffered great persecution, and finally obtained the crown of martyrdom at the hands of the Jews. It is uncertain whether he was first stoned and then beheaded, or—according to other accounts—suffered death by crucifixion.

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EVERY MAN AN AUTHOR, AND EVERY LIFE A BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon J. McConnel Hussey, D.D., Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton.

THEN let us remember that life is a book which is not lost, and which cannot be destroyed, nor cast upon shelves and forgotten. There may be the desire to throw it into the flames, and no doubt we would gladly see the ashes of many a page, but it is carefully stored away in libraries beyond our reach, and not even the last great conflagration shall destroy it. Its character shall be perpetuated in the final destiny of man; for if well-writ it shall be honoured in heaven, and if ill-writ it shall be accursed in hell. Let us enquire, then, in what libraries it is placed, and in which it is preserved, from whence it will be taken when its contents are to be criticized and judged.

It is placed in the library of God. He takes the record and He carefully preserves it. The story of the deeds done in the body is placed upon His shelves, and there kept for His own perusal. He requires it as the testimony upon which He will pass His sentence. Who can enter that library and extract it? Who can put the flame to that library and destroy it? Safe in God's keeping it shall remain, and horror-struck though we may be at this thought when we remember the contents of the book, and the rules and laws of that Holy Being given for our direction which have been neglected and transgressed by us, as our biography will testify, yet it is a solemn fact which cannot be too constantly believed, that the record remains, that God holds your self-written history, that God will read that history, and that God will deliver judgment in accordance with that history. Fresh as on the day they were written will the pages appear, and you will be unable to deny your own handwriting. "It is mine, all mine," will be the acknowledgment you will be compelled to make, and the justice of God's decision you will be compelled to admit.

It is kept, again, in the library of Satan. He carefully takes possession of his copy, and as carefully preserves it. He needs it, for he will play the accuser, and no portion of the book which seconds him in his cruel purpose of ruining man will be forgotten. He will use it as his brief, and carefully will he underline those portions which will substantiate his charge. He may be alluring you now to write lightly and thoughtlessly; he may be urging you to jot down without reflection acts and words, and inducing you to believe that the pages will be lost and forgotten; but yet he is gathering up each leaf as a miser does his gold, and placing it on his shelves, there to remain till he can use it as evidence against you.

It is placed, again, in the library of conscience. At present we do not realize this fact, yet the memory of conscience will fulfil its office,

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and at God's command produce the well-nigh forgotten pages. If we doubt this truth, perhaps experience may bear witness to it. It may be we have committed some evil deed in days long past, and the circumstance has been obliterated by time. We remember it no more, and no thought of it has of late disturbed the mind. However, some scene, some word, some object, some person touches the chain of association, and link by link, we are carried back to that dread event which had passed from our minds, and as far as we were concerned had been deep buried in the past. Like a visitant from the dead, it stalks out before us, as palpable as when we did it. The whole transaction lives again with all its guilt and baseness. We would escape it, but it haunts us still—we would rebury it, but it refuses sepulture—we would disown it, but it claims relationship—we would deny it, but it points with well-directed finger, and declares, "Thou art the man." We would give it the opiate draught and send it back to slumber as it had slumbered before, but it rejects the potion. Though many years have rolled over it, it has not become old. It is as fresh as in the morning of its existence. The page is as white and the ink as black as when first we wrote it; the writing is as legible as when first we recorded it. Be assured your conscience preserves the volume you are writing, and when God demands at its hands the production of the book, it will bring it with its every page complete.

It is found also in the library of influence. Every man leaves his impression on the age in which he lives. It is impossible to pass through life without affecting our generation for good or evil, and no man passes from the scenes in which he mingled without exercising some influence upon others. Our opinions, our words, our acts, seem but as passing clouds that leave no trace behind, but they are nails fastened somewhere which abide. How often we see the character of the parent reflected in the child, the example of the teacher revived in the disciple, the complexion of the author reproduced in the reader. We may have passed away from the busy stage of life, and others may occupy the platform on which we once stood, and yet we may still be speaking; the lips may long have been silent, and yet the echoes from their words may still be sounding loud. We may have long ceased from action, and yet our actions may still be repeated. It is a solemn thought that our influence does not die; and how essential is it that we do not leave recorded in the lives of others that which one day we shall shudder to recognize. Let all be endeavouring to leave in this library a volume which, if read, and its views adopted, may lead the student to seek a life that men may bless and God approve.

Again: it is a book on the pages of which another hand than your own has been writing. A mysterious hand, but how distinctly are its interlineations inscribed. It may be that you had been covering the

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page with records of merriment and joy; all looked bright and fair; no cloud obscured the sunshine; no sorrow lay heavy at the heart. Prosperity beamed on your pathway. Health and plenty gladdened your home. The family circle was unbroken. Not a flower was withering, not a tree was fruitless, not an eye was weeping, not a spirit was mourning, and you were saying to your soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry," but suddenly affliction draws near, with its mournful aspect. The heavens darken, earth is enveloped in gloom, the treasure yields to the rust, the moth, and the thief, the body sickens and pines, death touches the delight of the eyes with its blighting finger, and all is changed to lamentation, mourning, and woe. The song is hushed, the laughter is silenced, the stronghold of earthly happiness is broken down. It was God's hand that inserted the terrible sentence and changed the current of your story. It was God that thus arrested your merry tale and called you to thought and consideration. But how have you dealt with these interruptions? Have they brought you to reflection and raised your thoughts and desires to higher things than those of earth? Have they led you to see that we have no abiding city here? That all here is built on sand, and that God will induce us to secure that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

It may be, however, that we were writing a page of dreary sorrow. Our spirits were sad, our eyes were weeping, the present was dark, and the future promised to be darker. Our burdens were heavier than we could bear. The deep shadows of adversity darkened our way. No friend to help, no companion to sympathise, no counsellor to advise; every effort vain, every enterprise blasted, every hope extinguished; and reeling to and fro like drunken men, we were at wits' end. In our extremity, however, a mysterious hand appears upon the paper, and we see an interlineation which speaks of hope and mercy—a bright prospect is opened up, a sunnier future is disclosed, a treasure is revealed, and breaking in amidst the griefs, sorrows, and despair are the voice of love, the song of joy, the promise of success. It is God, the gracious and the merciful; and we realize the truth that sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. But how has this mark of Divine favour affected you? Has there been a grateful dedication of yourselves to God? Has thanksgiving filled your hearts, and have praises flowed from your lips? Have the first-fruits been offered to the Lord, and has God's marvellous goodness resulted in this holy resolution—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." *(To be continued.)*

Why should it be wonderful that vile man should be made partaker of the Divine nature? More wonderful is it that Thou, O God, hast become Man.—*Erasmus.*

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PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE.

Serial Story. By Martin Fraser

CHAPTER II.—No Tidings; A Family History.

TRUE to his word, Philip Rayner commenced next day to try to find out something about the child. From her he could elicit nothing; but comforted himself, after this first failure, with the reflection that "one couldn't expect to get history out of two-year-old children." The chances were from the first all against him; for he could think of very little which it was in his power to do in the matter. Besides, when he did set to work he found that everybody was not so interested in the affair as he was; and to his disgust he found that people were much more ready to laugh at him as one who had been cleverly tricked than to sympathise with the unfortunate position of the child.

His first inquiry was at a police-station, the inspector at which was slightly known to him.

"Reckon you've let yourself in for something now, Rayner," said that functionary, after hearing the cabman's story. "Better see if you can't play the same game on some one else, for it's evident you've been sold."

Philip, however, could not relish the jest; and after giving as good a description of the woman as he could, and receiving a promise from the inspector that he would make the matter known at the other stations, departed.

All his efforts proved as unavailing; and after a week's fruitless labour the search was relaxed, and the child began to be regarded by Bob and his father as a permanent addition to their household.

At the period at which our story opens Philip Rayner was a man of about forty—a good-natured, pleasant fellow, but with a quiet reserve about him which had not always been one of his characteristics. Twelve years before he had commenced his wedded life, and a happy time had seemed in store for him; but in about four years his wife showed symptoms of approaching decline, and in a few months had passed away, leaving to her husband the care of their two children,—a boy a little more than two years and a girl one year old. The boy was strong, and of a robust temperament; but Nellie Rayner had inherited her mother's feeble health. After his wife's death, the father's attention was almost exclusively fixed on his fair-haired, sickly daughter. But the spark of life which a mother's care had found it so hard to sustain would not continue to burn after the child was deprived of its natural nurse; and in less than twelve months a stone in the churchyard marked the spot where rested Philip Rayner's wife and only daughter.

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The double blow was a very heavy one; but Philip Rayner bore with a calm and Christian resignation a parting which he from the bottom of his heart knew to be but a temporary one. The boy who had been spared to him became his care; and as he grew up, gradually occupied the position of a companion to his father.

This freedom of intercourse between man and boy would have had a bad effect in many cases; but Bob did not presume upon his father's affection. He kept his place, and could when he chose (and he usually did choose) show a wise discretion as to when he should speak and when he should be silent—rather a rare quality in boys of ten, or in people of any other age, for the matter of that.

Philip's final resolution to adopt the child he had found was not a haphazard one, nor one that required little consideration. Money was not so plentiful with him that he could afford to add to his expenditure without reflection. In his younger days, when health had not been impaired by the hardships of a cabman's life, he had managed to buy his own cab; but nowadays he frequently could not get out of doors at all, and at such times a serious drain was made upon his resources; for food had to be bought, rent had to be paid, and horse fed, with nothing coming in to replenish the treasury.

However, the resolution was taken that till the little one had been restored to those who had a claim upon her, she should become one of the Rayner family. She should, even to the name, take the place of the little one who had been lost for ever to this world; she should be to Philip as a daughter; and so he from that time forth spoke of her and looked upon her as a veritable Nellie Rayner.

CHAPTER III.—A Chase.

Father Time showed no favour to the Rayners during the few years which followed the events narrated in the preceding chapters. Certainly he was not harsh to Nellie or Bob. The girl had grown up in ignorance of the facts with which the reader has been made acquainted; Bob had made a move forward and gone to work—and proud, too, he felt to think that he was doing something towards keeping their home together, especially for little Nellie's sake, as he sturdily trudged along morning after morning.

With the cabman, things were not so well. His health did not improve, but rather got worse; and the fear that something serious might happen to himself before he had been able to discover anything respecting the parents or friends of Nellie Rayner weighed heavily on Philip. During the years in which she had been an inmate of his home, he had come to love her as though she had been his own child.

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He could feel his own weakness; and if things went wrong with his health, there was but a very little store set by for the rainy day which was now threatening in his sky. For Bob there was no fear. He was strong, and had a capacity for hard work, and a fund of good common sense—the latter, indeed, Philip, with a father's pardonable weakness, was wont to believe in as something of a higher order than common sense. But what would become of Nellie? He could trust, indeed, that the Friend who had so shaped circumstances as to throw her into his hands when she was deserted would again watch over her and protect her; but with a very human weakness he would like to see her provided for ere he was forced to lay by from work.

The dark, damp, foggy November days had come round again, and the constant cough and pain at his chest worried him, and made him lose some of his wonted cheerfulness. But an event was now to happen which should arouse him from his dreams. One afternoon, as he was slowly driving back to the rank, thinking of Nellie, and himself, and the future, his attention was arrested by the sight of a slightly built woman on the pavement. He had soon passed her, but could not help thinking he had some reason to remember that form. He hurriedly drew rein, and turned to look at the woman. Yes, it was—this surely was the same woman who, three years ago, had left in his cab the child of whom he was at that very moment thinking. The recognition, however, was not only on his side. As he sat looking at her, the woman suddenly stood still, gazed anxiously at him, and then turned and ran.

There was no doubt now! Here was the woman who had eluded him for years, within sight, and he would not let her escape. In a second he had turned his horse's head, and was tearing along after the retreating figure. And there was need for speed, too; she was already some distance in advance. Only by instinct did he guide his horse, for his eyes were fixed on the woman in front. Down one street they went, and up another; but the woman was nimble, and Philip could not gain on her. Suddenly she stumbled and fell, and in a moment Philip had caught up to her, and was about to jump down and seize her, when a hand was laid upon his horse's bridle by a policeman. "It's well you stopped," he cried. "I've followed you up for a long distance, and meant having you."

And it seemed as if he had, and that he had left a good deal of his breath behind him.

Not regarding him, Philip jumped down and attempted to run after the woman, who had already regained her feet, and was some distance off.

"Oh, no! You don't go like that," said the constable. "I haven't caught you up to let you go again."

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"I want that woman—I must catch her," cried Philip, in an excited tone.

"And I want you, and mean to keep you till I've got your number, and all I want to know; and I shouldn't wonder if you don't catch that woman, after all. I shall charge you with furious driving."

And it did seem as if he wouldn't catch her; for the woman had reached the end of the street, and turned away, leaving Philip speechless with vexation and anger in the hands of the policeman.

(To be continued.)

CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BENSON.—The new Primate of All England was born at Birmingham Heath in 1829. His education was commenced at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, Birmingham, and continued at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he achieved rapid success, graduating B.A. in First-class Classics, and becoming Senior Chancellor's Medallist and Senior Optime in the mathematical tripos. In 1855, having in that year obtained his M.A. degree, he proceeded to Rugby School as assistant master, from which position he retired in 1858 to undertake the head mastership of Wellington College. This position he resigned in 1872, accepts the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral, a prebendary stall in which he had for some time held. When in 1876 the new Diocese of Truro was created, Lord Beaconsfield offered the difficult charge to Dr. Benson, who has performed the duties of his office with conspicuous success. He is well known as having readily adopted the principles of lay help in his diocese. Amongst the other offices filled by Dr. Benson, he has been several times Select Preacher at Cambridge, and was for some years chaplain to Her Majesty. He will be the 93rd Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fourth in succession who has previously held the headship of a public school.

THE BURIALS ACT.—It is significant to learn, from the Bishop of Durham's recent reference at Darlington to the working of the Burials Act, what has been the result of what he calls the "smooth and peaceful working of the Act in this diocese, which is owing mainly to the loyal acceptance by the parochial clergy of a measure which was most distasteful to a large number of them; but they have postponed their own private feelings to the peace of the Church, and they have had, and will have, their reward." That reward, the Bishop shows in detail, consists not only in the absence of any burial scandals, but in the fact that in that diocese, where Nonconformity is exceptionally active and powerful, and Presbyterianism exists to a very large extent, out of 12,823 funerals since the passing of the Act, only 521 have been celebrated otherwise than according to the rites of the Church of England, of which four-fifths were those of Roman Catholics.—*Family Churchman.*

DR. NORMAN KERR, in an address to the City of London Abstainers' Union, declared "He agreed with Dr. Richardson when he said that the use of alcohol depressed the vital energies of the nation. On this subject the medical profession had never differed at all, and that was that alcohol, which was the leading feature of all intoxicating fluids, could not nourish or build us up, and could not give us that vital heat and fluid which we were always losing, and without which we were

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unable to exist. It was simply necessary in the high-pressure life led by all classes now that we should forswear all strong drinks if we wished to keep abreast of our fellows in the race."

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—At a chapter of the clergy of the Deanery of Penwith, held at Penzance recently, a resolution was carried to the effect that it was the duty of the clergy, in view of the attempts now being made to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, to take action and to do all in their power to prevent any alteration in the law. A recommendation was also accepted that it was, under the present circumstances, desirable that the table of prohibited degrees should be set up in all the churches according to the canon; that sermons should be preached and tracts distributed on Christian marriage; and also that petitions should be got up against the proposed change.

THE general annual return of the British Army for the year 1881 has just been issued. The number of men fined for drunkenness was 23,470, two figuring as many as eleven times, five ten times, and twenty nine times, while 12,931 were fined only once.

VICAR'S RATE AT COVENTRY.—The bill for the abolition of the Holy Trinity vicar's rate at Coventry has been lodged in the private bill office of the House of Commons, and the Vestry have signed a petition in its favour. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have agreed to settle £100 per annum in perpetuity upon the vicar of the parish and his successors, and it is understood that this grant has been secured through the exertions of the bishop of the diocese, who has evinced the greatest anxiety to promote the settlement of the question. The whole of the £4,200 required to extinguish the debt on the Church estates (on which the vicar's stipend of £500 per annum will in future be a first charge) has now been subscribed.

A RECENT number of *Tidings from Zion* tells us of an important change which Jewish religious thought is undergoing. A Jewish rabbi has related to the agents of the London Jews Society how some three years back he sent an emessany to collect alms for his community. On arriving at Hamadan, and making the object of his visit known, he found that the leading Jews, though still members of the Synagogue, had, under the influence of a belief in the New Testament, openly rejected the authority of the Talmud; and at Teheran and Ispahan the rabbi's agent found the same process going on.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.—A debate has recently taken place in the French Senate on the subject of Cathedral Music. The subject was originated by a proposition that a sum should be provided in the Ecclesiastical Budget for the payment of precentors and cathedral choirs. In support of the proposition, a letter from M. Gounod was read, in which, after showing what great influence Cathedral music had exercised over the majority of great European composers, he added, "Unless we would assist at the decline and fall of high art in music, let us defend the music of cathedrals." The antagonism of the Senate to everything ecclesiastical would not allow them, however, to make the grant.

A TEMPERANCE mission, under the auspices of the Manchester Church of England Temperance Society, will be held in various parishes in the rural deanery of Burnley during the coming season of Lent. The mission will consist of parochial meetings, addresses in factories, foundries, sheds, &c., and simultaneous sermons throughout the deanery.

IT is stated that the blue ribbon is now worn by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Mount-Temple, the Countess Brownlow, and the Countess of Ellesmere. Mr. Geo. Howard, M.P., has also donned the badge.

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

IT is recorded of the late Archbishop Tait that in his private devotions he made frequent use of prayers by Lancelot Andrewes. These prayers were compiled from the Scriptures and from early devotional writers—but especially from the Scriptures—by Lancelot Andrewes for his own private use; and when he died, in 1631, they were found in a little M.S. book, which was tattered from constant use, discoloured with tears. Many of the prayers were in Greek and Latin—languages possessing precision, polish, and refinement of expression which in those days had scarcely been discerned in our own. The prayers were translated in 1647; and from that time to this they have found wide acceptance—chiefly, however, amongst the learned, who, while able to appreciate their thoroughly devotional spirit, are also able to detect in them certain tendencies which might possibly mislead an unlearned reader. Nevertheless, these private prayers "expressed, though in dead languages, a living faith, in words of Christian humility."

Lancelot Andrewes, but a year or two younger than Spenser, was that poet's schoolfellow at the Merchant Taylors' School; and the education of both Spenser and Andrewes was completed at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when controversy

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Archbishop Usher.

"IF good people would but make religion agreeable, and smile instead of frowning, how many they would win to the good cause!" These are the words of Archbishop Usher, who always acted upon his convictions. He led the life of a thoroughly earnest Christian, and such a life as his it is always edifying to contemplate. Usher, who was born on January 4, 1580-1, gave early indications of an intense love for learning. Perhaps we should never have heard of him but for his scholarly attainments. In that case we should miss the example of an eminently pious character which it is both interesting and in the highest degree profitable to study. Do we not here see that it is our own duty to develop to the utmost the gifts which God has bestowed upon us, since such exercise is able to give force and effect to Christian profession? To make the wisest use of our talents, is one way of following Usher's advice of "Making religion agreeable."

The foundation of Usher's great scholarship was laid by two of his aunts, who were both blind. They had excellent knowledge and taste, however, which their nephew was quick to imbibe. They could repeat a great part of the Bible by heart. Usher was one of the first students at Trinity College, Dublin. The University of Dublin had been founded by the help of Usher's maternal grandfather, who was Speaker

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in the Irish House of Commons. The family was an offshoot of the English Nevilles, a member of that house having gone over to Ireland as usher to King John, whence the name.

At the age of nineteen Usher had already acquired a reputation for learning. He had then compiled a table of chronology, which was afterwards amplified into his famous work upon that subject. He was urged by his friends to adopt the law for a profession; but the Church was more to his taste, and accordingly, at an unusually early age, by means of a special dispensation, he was ordained both deacon and priest upon the same day. At the age of 26 he became professor of divinity at Dublin; and at the age of 32 he married the daughter of his friend Dr. Challoner.

In 1620-1 he was appointed Bishop of Meath. He had the burning soul of the evangelist, and upon his episcopal seal he caused to be engraved the motto, "Væ mihi si non evangelizavero"—Woe is me if I shall not have preached the Gospel. (This motto, it may be interesting to observe, appears on the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral.) He did indeed preach the pure Gospel, both faithfully and eloquently. In 1632 Usher published his famous work which shows that Romanism was forced upon the Irish and Scottish Churches by invaders, and that before their subjugation those Churches had been in accord, upon every point of importance, with the principles of the Reformation. A celebrated book on the "Antiquities of the British Churches" was published in 1639, and in the meanwhile King James had caused him to become Archbishop of Armagh.

Usher's troubles came to him late in life, when people are supposed to be least able to bear them. During the Irish rebellion, he lost nearly all his property, houses, land, and cattle. But this calamity made no difference in the pious sweetness of his disposition; neither did the endurance of other sore trials which followed, such as the loss not only of valuable books, and of papers representing many years of diligent and careful toil and study, but also of his ecclesiastical position. He was offered an asylum at the house of the Dowager Countess of Peterborough, at London, where he died on the 21st of March, 1656. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his remains lie near the Chapel of St. Paul.

Acknowledge Your Faults.—It is a happy spirit that is always ready to acknowledge an error or fault, and desirous of making satisfaction to others, rather than justifying itself; and yet how often does pride prompt us to vindicate a fault, and stand it out, as if our honour were concerned, and to consider those who would reprove and correct us as our bitterest enemies.

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PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE.

SERIAL STORY. BY MARTIN FRASER.

CHAPTER VI.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

ONE half the world is said not to know how the other half lives; and it would be well for people subject to nervous shocks not to make too minute inquiries into the mode of life of some of their fellow-creatures. Statistics have made us familiar with the number of thousands of persons who earn their subsistence by wandering along the shores of the Thames at low water, picking up whatever seems of value; though the Thames water police—who are perhaps, a cynical body of men—are credited with saying that there would not be a living for quite so many had not the mud-larks, (as the riverside scavengers are called) contracted the bad habit of finding things just a little while before they lost. This class having been honoured with a place in the statistics of industry, the curious in such matters may look forward to the time when some dull Government Report will set forth the number of persons who pick up a livelihood by performing the arduous task of opening and shutting cab and carriage-doors, at railway-stations, cab-ranks, &c.; for certainly there are not many such institutions in the metropolis which are not haunted by a few loafers, who worry coppers out of travellers under the pretence of helping them.

Phil Rayner's rank was not without its parasite. He, poor fellow, was not there because too indolent to do more laborious work. An accident had necessary the amputation of one of his legs, and made him almost dependent on charity for his living. He did his best, however, to deserve the coppers occasionally bestowed on him by the cab-hirers by finding the drivers, and obliging people in any way he could.

"Phil! Phil Rayner, here's a cab wanted. Gen'l'man's waiting," he cried one morning.

No answer coming from the Shelter, the man hobbled towards it to hasten Philip. But the latter was sitting still, looking in the direction of the door, unable to speak, and quite exhausted.

"What's the matter, Phil—what's the matter, old man? Can I do anything for you?" asked the porter. It was a large hand he laid upon Philip's shoulder, but the sympathetic touch was as gentle as a woman's. From the cabman he had experienced many a kindness, and would have been glad of a chance of showing his sense of the other's past generosity.

"It's nothing, Bartlett—I'll be all right presently. My breath just left me; but its getting right again now. Please tell the gentleman cabby will be there in a moment."

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Bartlett did as he was requested; but, desiring to ward off from Phil any bad humour the gentleman might have contracted on account of being kept waiting, also gave the why and the wherefore of the delay, and to disguise the fact that Philip had not yet come forward, entertained him with his own private opinion of what was the matter with the cabman, and what would be likely to cure him.

The stranger, a middle-aged gentleman, at once asked to be shown to where Philip was.

"I am a physician," he explained, "and may be able to do something for the man."

"You had best get home, my good fellow," said he, after a look at Philip, and a few questions. "You are too weak to work to day. Here, let us get into your cab, and let one of the men drive us to your home. I'm not in a great hurry, so I may as well come and see what I can do for you."

The cabman had by this time somewhat recovered from his prostration, and after warmly thanking him for his kindness, began to demur at the idea of keeping the physician from his business. The latter, however, quickly stopped him.

"Now, no thanks, my friend," he said. "As for the visit I was about to make, that can very well wait till later on; and as for my business, I have none. I have ceased to practise for my living—have retired, in fact.—And now, tell me what you think has led to this."

Whereupon Philip explained to him that he had been a good deal excited lately; and the excitement, acting on his not too robust health, had been too much for him.

Seeing the attention with which the gentleman heard him, Philip was soon speaking to him about what was uppermost in his mind. Not only the fact of his recent agitation, but the cause of it, was soon told; and presently, finding his benefactor an admirable listener, the cabman, with words of burning indignation, was recounting the wrongs which had been done to his little foster-daughter some years since by the woman they had been searching for.

Full of his energetic denunciation of the latter, and eloquent when he spoke of the many admirable qualities of Nellie, he did not notice very much the way in which his companion received his narrative. Philip felt that he had a sympathetic listener, and that was sufficient for him. Had he been watching the physician, Philip would have noticed that the former was even more keenly interested in the tale than he himself could have anticipated.

As it was, however, when the cabman had done, and began to feel the result of his exertions, the physician leaned back and said quietly—

"There, that's enough for the present. I've let you talk too much

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as it is. And if you do not mind I should like to see Nellie Rayner before I leave you."

CHAPTER VII.—Face to Face.

They had not long to wait after their arrival at Rayner's hom before Nellie appeared. The child's bright blue eyes were soon dimmed with tears when she learned the cause of his presence at home at such an unusual hour.

"And what have you to say to the kind gentleman who has co m home with me, and promised to make me well again?" said Philip, after tenderly kissing the little maid.

"Thank you, sir," said Nellie, turning to the physician, and putting out her little hand in an old-fashioned way, "for looking after father."

The physician took the little hand, then stooped down and kissed her.

"Your father will be well again, very soon," he said. "You'll be as good as a doctor to him, I think."

There was reason for the remark, for Philip had quickly brightened up on the appearance of his foster-child. She was evidently quite a little house-wife, and was soon busy performing various tender little offices for Philip, quite unconscious that her every movement was being watched by the two men.

Having now seen Philip comfortably settled down for the day, the physician, though evidently in no hurry to leave the house, prepared to depart.

"I will go now," he said, "for a few hours. And whilst I am away, if you will give me your friend the constable's address, I will leave word for him to be here at seven o'clock this evening—you said you expected him then—and I will take part in your conference. I am disposed to assist you in the matter on which we were speaking this morning."

The hours soon ran round, and at seven o'clock both the physician and the constable arrived at the house again, and the party were soon seated in Philip's best room; the latter especially anxious to hear what news the constable had for him, and to know what assistance his new friend would be able to give him.

The constable's report was rather interesting. He had employed a woman named Carter, living in the same court to which he had introduced Philip, to establish friendly relations with the woman they were watching, and if possible find out something respecting the other's intentions towards the child. The woman Carter had ingratiated herself into the other's favour, and had been successful enough to elicit the information that the child really had been stolen from its parents

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in Australia some years before; that the woman had found out the parents of the child had come to England to settle down; and that it was her intention to try and again get the child into her hands, and if possible extort a kind of ransom from the parents before restoring her.

After hearing this news, Philip scouted all idea of sending Nellie again to school. To the policeman's representation that kidnapping was not easily managed nowadays, and that if the woman attempted it she ought to be taken red-handed, he returned the answer that he would not trust her out again if there were a hundred policemen to look after her along the road; and got into such a state of excitement when the constable wanted to argue the point, that the doctor, to avert ill consequences, broke up the conference, the arrangement being that Phil was to keep Nellie at home the next day, if he chose, and that the trio should meet again the next evening.

But when the doctor got outside the door, he informed the constable that he had not done with him yet. He had a good deal to say to him, he said, and wanted privacy before he could say it. Calling a hansom, he directed the driver to go as quickly as possible to ——— Square; and during the journey kept silence.

Seated quietly in his own house, the physician at once commenced.

"You are perhaps wondering what all this means. Let me, then, tell you. There's no doubt in my mind but that Rayner's foster-child is my daughter. I will not go into a long story now, but simply tell you that just before the time at which he found that child in his cab my daughter was stolen from me by a woman who had a grudge against me. My efforts to trace them were unavailing. But when Rayner told me his story to-day, and I learned the date at which he found the child, I felt sure that by God's goodness I was at last very near recovering my missing daughter. I have just come from Australia, as the woman knows; and it was from Australia my daughter was stolen. Say what you think we had best do; but please let us get the matter over quickly. There's danger in delay."

The constable was quite taken aback. It was evident now that he was to be disturbed in working out his little plot. But still, he was called upon for his advice as a man aiming at the higher service, and he must at once give it.

"I congratulate you, sir, on your good fortune," he began.

"Thanks to you, to a great extent, my friend, eh? Because we should want to find the woman before I could prove my claim to the child. You've been very smart in the matter, I think."

The constable, pleased at this approval of his conduct, went on—

"And the best thing I can think of is for me to be at Stone's Rents to morrow, say at seven—I shall be off duty again. I'll arrange with

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Mrs. Carter that the other party shall be in. I'll knock at the door (I'll not go in uniform, of course) and find an excuse for seeing the woman. Then you, and Rayner, and Nellie, can come up, and knock, and I'll let you in. Then we shall hear something, no doubt."

Having made all necessary arrangements, and impressed upon the physician the necessity of being at Stone's Rents at the exact hour next day, the constable took his leave.

Just before seven o'clock next evening he was at Stone's Rents again, divested, however, of the tell-tale uniform. Taking the precaution to make something of his business known to the policeman on the beat, who promised to be at hand when wanted, the constable walked up to number eight, and gave a rap at the door.

Good fortune! Who should answer the door but the woman he wanted.

"I've called to ask you," he began, "if you can give me any information about some people near here. But, if you don't mind, I'd rather step inside to speak. People stare so."

"Come in, come in," said the woman. "Stay a moment. I'll get a couple of chairs, and then you can take it easy while you talk.—There you are," she said, as she placed a chair before him. "Sit down. There, now, what's that rap at the door. Somebody or other come to interrupt us just as I want to be quiet. Say I'm not in."

As she said the words, the woman disappeared through the doorway.

The constable opened the door, and admitted Phil, the physician, and Nellie. Standing them on the side of the room which the woman could not see until she had passed right through the door, he, holding the handle, called out—

"It's all right. Come in again."

As soon as the woman was inside he closed the door; and as she stood facing the trio who had just entered, said slowly—

"These are the people I was speaking of. Do you know anything of them?"

The wretched woman gave a desponding look at the three men and the wondering child, then with a moan sank into a chair.

"It's all over with me—all over." Then, springing up, she cried out, "It was not for myself—it was not for myself. But you must do as you like with me."

"You know who this is, then?" the policeman asked.

"Yes, yes, that is Mr. Maynard, and that is his daughter, the girl I took away with me."

"His daughter!—did you say his daughter?" cried Philip.

"Yes, that child is this gentleman's daughter."

(To be continued.)

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

APRIL.

APRIL 25: *St. Mark the Evangelist.* The Gospel of St. Mark was probably written chiefly for Gentile Christians. It is remarkable for the minuteness of its descriptions and for its explanation of Jewish words and customs. These explanations would not be needed by Jewish readers, but would be very helpful to the Gentiles. The author seems to aim at a simple narrative of our Lord's life on earth; and his account is rendered vivid by the introduction of certain touches which we should expect to proceed from an eye-witness of the events recorded. This is explained by the fact that St. Mark was the constant companion of St. Peter, to whom his conversion was probably due, and who may even have revised or dictated some parts of St. Mark's narrative.

St. Mark was doubtless born of Jewish parents, originally descended of the tribe of Levi. He is also called John, and was the nephew or cousin of St. Barnabas (Acts xv. 37, 38). His nationality is apparent from his manner of expressing himself. Not only does he show a close acquaintance with Hebrew manners and customs, but, though he writes in the Greek language, he uses Hebrew forms. He is supposed to have written it shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. Evidently, in denouncing and exposing his own cowardly denial of our Lord, St. Peter spared himself no shame; for in the Gospel of St. Mark, which, as we have already said, was probably derived from and sanctioned by St. Peter, the denial is stated more strongly than it is in any of the other Gospels.

St. Mark is not mentioned at all in the Gospels, and only three times in the Epistles. He was with St. Paul in his first imprisonment at Rome, and he was with St. Peter at Babylon, from which place that Apostle wrote his first Epistle. At an early period of his life, St. Mark betrayed some weakness. He incurred the displeasure of St. Paul, and was the main cause of a very serious dissension between that Apostle and Barnabas on their first missionary journey. Either St. Mark was too fond of his home, or he was afraid of the hardships and dangers of the mission. But St. Paul's faith in him became thoroughly re-established, for in his second imprisonment at Rome, that Apostle was anxious to have St. Mark with him; he writes to Timothy (iv. 11), "Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

St. Mark is said to have suffered martyrdom at Alexandria. There is also a tradition that his remains were afterwards carried with great veneration and honour to Venice, where there is a splendid cathedral erected and dedicated to his memory.

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THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

By George Herbert (b. 1593; d. 1633).

[Celebrated for the piety of his life and the quaint beauty of his poetry. Of this mingled piety and quaint beauty the following poem is a fine specimen. As an example of true poetry, the first verse in particular is probably unexcelled in our own or any other language.]

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole would turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Prayer the Soul's Refreshing Dew.—When you have prayed, do you not feel that your heart is lighter and your soul more calm? Prayer renders affliction less grievous, and joy more pure; it mingles with the one I know not what of comfort and relief, and with the other a celestial fragrance. It is God who has placed you upon this earth: have you nothing to ask of Him? You are a traveller seeking your Fatherland; do not pursue your journey with halting steps and head bowed down; you must raise your eyes to find your way. Your Fatherland is heaven: when you gaze up at the skies, is not your spirit stirred within you? Does no holy desire exalt you? Or is desire dumb? It is so in those who say, "What is the use of praying? God is too far above us to listen to such humble creatures." And who, then, has made these creatures humble? Who has given them this feeling, and this thought, and this word, if it is not God? And if He has been so good towards them, would He afterwards forsake them, and banish them far from His presence? Verily I say unto you, whosoever says that God despiseth the work of His own hands, blasphemes against God. And so it is with those again who say, What is the use of praying? Does not God already know our needs better than we ourselves know them or can express them? Yes, God knows better than you what is your need, and thus it is His will that you should place your need before Him. But God Himself is your chiefest need; and to pray to God is to begin to possess God. The father knows the needs of his child; does it follow that the child shall never utter a word either of supplication or of thanks to his father? Sometimes there sweeps across the plain an arid blast, and then we see the plants lie withered on the ground; but, moistened by the dew, their freshness is restored, and they lift again the heads that drooped and languished. And prayer is the soul's refreshing dew.—*Translated from the French.*

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JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISON REFORMER.

"THE way of transgressors is hard." That truth has come home to the weary and heavy laden labourers depicted in our illustration. They are galley-slaves, who, when no other employment could be found for them, were chained to the oars of a heavy boat, and compelled to row about, often quite aimlessly, with no other object in view than their punishment. And a cruel form of punishment it was, considering the irksomeness of any fruitless task. Disheartening, and depressing, and vexatious is the work which yields no result. How wretched, then, is the condition of these prisoners, who, most of them, are suffering pains and penalties which they have brought upon themselves. They are on shore now, working hard at some probably useless task. One of those tall, finely-built gentlemen looking on knows that the case of these French galley-slaves is not so hard as that of many of his own countrymen. For he is an Englishman. His name is John Howard. He is not here merely to satisfy an idle curiosity; he is fitting himself for his life's work. He knows that many English prisoners whom he has visited in their plague-stricken prison-houses would prefer any sort of out-door life, however burdensome, to the dreadful existence which they were condemned to pass in close confinement.

Many of those English prisoners whom Howard had visited were innocent of any crime. They had perhaps been tried and acquitted, but still they remained in their loathsome dungeons. How was this? Well, until John Howard interested himself in their cause, criminals were thought beneath the notice of respectable people. The prisons were in the charge of gaolers who received no payment but that which they extorted from the felons or their friends. An innocent man would be kept in gaol for years simply because he could not pay the fees demanded by his avaricious keepers. But John Howard so thoroughly exposed this odious system that not only did he receive a vote of thanks from Parliament, but, what gratified him a great deal more, an Act was passed abolishing gaolers' fees.

Howard did not rest satisfied with this achievement. A great earthquake having occurred at Lisbon in 1755, Howard took ship with the object of viewing the scene. England and France were at that time at war with each other, and Howard's ship was captured by the French. He was put in prison, and the horrors he underwent made him resolve to inquire into the state of English prisons. He visited all the gaols to which he could obtain access, and he found that, without exception, they were in a most appalling condition—noisome, filthy, and unhealthy to the last degree. In some towns the miserable inhabitants of these haunts of disease had nothing to lie upon but a damp stone floor, and

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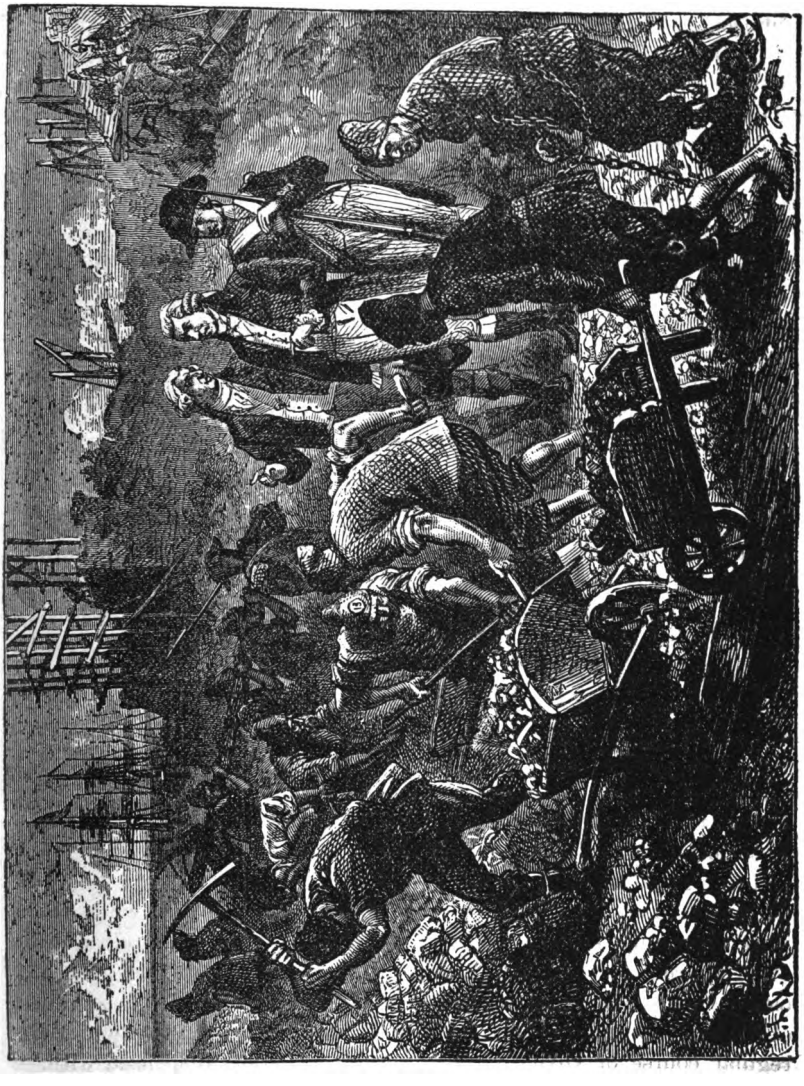

HOWARD AND THE FRENCH GALLEY-SLAVES.

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were supplied with no food but what they themselves could pay for. A common sight in those days was that of men chained by the leg to the door of a prison-house, begging alms of the passers-by, or selling such small articles as the prisoners could contrive to make. It will be remembered that John Bunyan, whilst in Bedford gaol, supported himself and his family by tagging laces.

Having thoroughly mastered his subject by visiting prisons in all parts of England, as well as many on the Continent, and even in Turkey and Russia, John Howard influenced Parliament to pass not only the Act already mentioned, but also another one which led to a great reformation in the sanitary condition of prison-houses, and to the more humane treatment of prisoners. He thus paved the way for such philanthropists as Sarah Martin and Elizabeth Fry, who completed the work which John Howard so nobly began. In this work he spent £30,000, and he died a martyr to his efforts. He was born at Hackney, London, in 1726; and fell a victim to the plague on January 20, 1790, at Cherson, a Russian settlement on the Black Sea. Truly does he deserve the name of philanthropist—that is, "a lover of his fellow men." There is a fine statue of him in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE CATECHISM.—This term is derived from the same word as catechumen, *catecheo*, to sound into one's ears, to instruct by word of mouth, and is used by St. Luke (i. 4), and in Acts xviii. 25; xxi. 21. Cranmer's translation of the Nuremberg Catechism, published 1548, was enlarged in 1553 by Bishop Ponet. This was further improved and enlarged in 1563 by Alexander Noel, Dean of St. Paul's, and approved by Convocation; and in 1570 appeared three catechisms by Noel, known as the greater, middle, and smaller catechisms. To the latter, somewhat altered, Dr. Overall, then Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was in 1604 commissioned to add the explanations of the Sacraments, thus completing our present Church Catechism. It was at first combined with the order of Confirmation, as being required to be known by candidates for that rite. The first rubric at the end of the Catechism was framed at a time when there were no regular schools for the children of the poor connected with every church, carefully superintended and directed by the parochial clergy themselves, as we have at present, and therefore the observation of the direction here given, which must tend to the interruption of the regular course of Divine Service, is now generally dispensed with.—*Rev. O. Adolphus.*

WHAT God will give, He inclines the hearts of his praying people to ask; and for what He will do, He will be inquired of.

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EVERY MAN AN AUTHOR, AND EVERY LIFE A BOOK.—IV.

By the Rev. Canon J. McConnel Hussey, D.D., Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton.

(Concluded.)

BUT, secondly, let us now turn from the dark side to the bright side of the picture, and contemplate the Christian with his volume, fearlessly approaching the throne. He draws not near in the spirit of self-sufficiency, but with joyous gratitude, as he remembers the book which grace has enabled him to write. We open that book and peruse its pages, and what blessed facts are recorded there. We read the story of his calling, when the voice of God spake to him as it had never spake before, and when he recognized it as a Father's voice declaring a Father's love. Those sweet accents fell on his ears, "Son, be of good cheer," and by the spirit of adoption he was able to reply, "Abba, Father." We turn to another page, but alas! there are loads of weighty sorrow, and clearly we see the stains of heavy tears. It is a page whereon is recited his deep conviction of sin, when a sense of his folly, blindness, and ingratitude, pressed hard upon his spirit, and sent him into solitude a mourning penitent. We pass to the next, and all is light and joy again, for we see him now rejoicing in the full assurance of pardon, and underlined, again and again, is this precious sentence, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." We peruse the next, and here we find the quiet restfulness of him who has found that peace which passeth all understanding, and who is enjoying the witness of God's Spirit with his spirit that he is the child of God. We hasten on, and record after record is found where God called him to work, and giving him opportunity and ability, enabled him to sow the seed which is the Word of God. Page after page tells the story of success, and how his efforts, under the Divine blessing, resulted in a rich harvest, and produced fruits to the glory of God. We pass on, and again and again we find the precious records of holy sabbaths, of joyful gatherings in the House of God, of blessed commemorations of the dying love of Christ, of refreshing converse with rejoicing saints, of happy seasons of retirement, when he enjoyed communion with his God, of fears removed, of temptations resisted, prayers answered, mercies showered down, and promises opened up in all their fulness. Scattered amidst these bright records we find afflictions, but yet the night is not without its star. Faith lifts up the heavily laden, and applies the gracious assurance to the saddened spirit that "all things work together for good to them that love God." We reach the last page. The hand that writes it is becoming feeble, but yet it grasps the pen, and with triumphant confidence and marvellous clearness it inscribes

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its final sentence, "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Such is the Christian's book, and a glorious record it is! It is not the production of flesh and blood, but the biography of him who was taught, strengthened, and guided by the Spirit of God. It was written by him who realized that the eye of God was upon him, that love to God and man was to stimulate to action, that Christ was the example to be followed, that God's Word was to be the rule of his practice, and to please God the aim of his life. He ever felt he was not his own, but bought with a price, and must therefore glorify God in his body and spirit, which were His. While conscious of his own imperfections, yet he knew the all-sufficiency of Christ, and therefore wrote no page without drawing around it the broad red marg n of Jesus' blood, which made the contents acceptable.

And now, in conclusion, let each of us ask, What book am I writing? what record shall I leave behind? and with what feelings shall I close my book when finished?

Shall I close it hopelessly like Dives, who passed from all the luxuriance of earthly comfort into torments of hell? Shall I close it like Judas, the betrayer of his Lord? Shall I close it like the foolish virgins, compelled to see that the door was shut? Shall I close it with the hypocrisy of Ananias and Sapphira? Or shall I close it like Lazarus, who was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom? Like Stephen, with those precious words on my lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?" Like Paul, whose retrospect was blessed and whose anticipation was glorious? for when the time of his departure was at hand he could but look back and say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and contemplating the future which lay beyond the veil, he could with triumphant assurance declare—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." May such be the last page in our biography, and the testimony we leave behind. May our closing scene be as blessed, and our sunset as glorious. God grant this through Jesus Christ. Amen.

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in Ezra vii. 21: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the prophet, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."

Reason can show us the pathway of virtue, but religion alone can compel us to walk therein.—*Madame Cottin.*

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THE VISION OF COSROU.

An Eastern Tale.

THE fallacy which leads some people to suppose that they can best serve God by shutting themselves up in seclusion from the world, is strikingly exposed in the following story, by John Hawkesworth, of whom it has been said that "few were better acquainted than he with the labyrinths of the human heart." This story, which originally appeared in *The Adventurer* for March 17, 1753, is here abridged and slightly altered. The kingdom alluded to is that of Persia.

It pleased the mighty sovereign, Abbas Carascan, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. Mirza was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings on his head. But Mirza became obviously unhappy and dejected, in spite of the advantages he enjoyed, and the cause of his unhappiness he one day made known to the king in these words:—

"The longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death; all other business is vain and trivial as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty."

At these words, the king was greatly agitated. If they were true, then he also would desire to withdraw from his work in the world. But on the third day, Mirza again presented himself before the king. This time he appeared cheerful, and he bore a letter which he had received from the sage Cosrou. This letter was handed to the king, who requested that its writer, Cosrou, who then stood before him, should read it. He did so. It related how Cosrou had acquired a profound knowledge of the healing art, but that he sickened at the constant sight of disease, anguish, and death. "I saw the grave open at my feet. I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I therefore buried my wealth in the earth, and, renouncing society, wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, with my face to the east, expecting illumination from above. One morning, after my night vigil, just as I had perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the

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sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sank under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell, that the dawn increased, that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two forelegs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I gave thanks for the instruction which had been vouchsafed me in my vision. I reviewed my dream, and said to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet done it only in part. Thou art still every day busied in the search for food: thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou has seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity, but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me with little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution. But my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other. I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly aroused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: "Cosrou, I am the angel who, at Heaven's command, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. Do good to man as an evidence of thy love to God."

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince (Mirza) to his government, and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind!"

PRUDENCE.—John Howe used to say of prudence, that he was so far from doubting whether it was a virtue, that he considered imprudence to be a great vice.

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THE TEMPLE AND THE OLD KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—IV.

THE martial occupants of the Temple having now passed away, a new order of disputants took their place—the lawyers, and students of the law, whose business it was, as Fuller observes, to defend one Christian from another, as the Templars had formerly defended the Christians from the Mohammedans. Before, and even for some time after, the Norman conquest of England, the study of the law was confined to the clergy, who, indeed, possessed the whole stock of acquired learning of the age. After a time—in the reign of Stephen—the Roman Civil Law was introduced into the country, in spite of much resistance; the consequence being that the clergy gradually discontinued the study of the Common Law of the country. It therefore became necessary that a body of laity should be trained up to the study of the law; and 140 men learned in the law were appointed to have the exclusive privilege of pleading causes. At their special request, the Earl of Lancaster, cousin of Edward II., let the place to the professors of the law, and the colony gradually developed into a collegiate body.

During the ages which have elapsed since the Temple Church was first built, many changes have been made in the appearance of the fabric. According to the prevailing tastes of various ages, the edifice has been ornate or Puritanic. The alterations, as might be expected, had generally a not very artistic effect, and sometimes were intended to have just the reverse. Various attempts to restore the building had been made, without very much success—the previous "improvements" were probably too much for the restorers; but in 1845 a genuine effort was commenced. The Templars set to the work with a will; and the result is that the church now bears a very fair resemblance to what it did when first erected. During the progress of the restoration various discoveries were made that indicated the remarkable beauty of the original edifice, which is indeed a noble monument to the memory of those who built it.

Foremost amongst the men of letters who have resided in the Temple stands Chaucer, that lively sketcher of the life and manners of his time; of whom it may also be remembered that he early embraced the doctrines of Wiclif. Indeed, in connexion with his attachment to Wiclif's doctrines occurred the most discreditable feature of the poet's life. The persecution to which he was subjected on adopting the new doctrines compelled him to leave the country. On his return, he was thrown into prison, and purchased his release by disclosing the names of those who were associated with him in joining the Reformation movement. In his "Testament of Love" the poet expresses his

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remorse for what he had done, and deplores the disgrace into which he had fallen through his base conduct.

At the time of Wat Tyler's rebellion his followers poured down upon the Temple, pulled down the houses, and carried off whatever they could find in the way of books, deeds, &c., and burnt them in Fleet-street. The mild programme of the rebels was to destroy all traces of the existing laws, and (lest these might be re-written by the men who studied them) to decapitate the lawyers. Their aim was to clear the way for a fresh set of laws; but the rebellion was suppressed too soon for experience to test their theory.

In his play of *King Henry VI.*, Shakspere makes the Temple Gardens the place where the partizans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster first pluck and don their badges of white and red roses—an event which gave to the English civil wars under the Tudors the title of the Wars of the Roses. Plantagenet, having pleaded his cause, says:—

> "Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

Somerset, appealing to the assemblage on behalf of his cause, cries:—

> "Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

The great Fire of London in 1666 was stayed in its westward course at the Temple, according to "Law and Lawyers," but not till very great damage had been done. In 1679 another great fire broke out in the Temple, by which a large portion of the place was again destroyed. On this occasion, such was the severity of the weather that the Thames was frozen, and only a very inadequate supply of water could be obtained; but the residents did their best to prove equal to the emergency by bringing barrels of ale from the butteries of the Temple, and feeding the engines with malt liquor—an occurrence which reminds one of the man-of-warsman which ran short of shot, and was reduced to the necessity of charging its guns with solid Dutch cheeses.

Adjoining the Temple is Whitefriars, which in a former age had an unenviable reputation as the home of a great portion of the lawless people of the City. From this quarter raids were frequently made upon the Temple by the Alsatians (as they were called), for the purpose of plunder. Matters had reached such a pitch in 1691 that the Templars, weary of the incursions of the Alsatians, determined to brick up the gateway leading to the principal street in Whitefriars. The

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Alsatians thereupon mustered in force, assaulted the workmen, and pulled down the brickwork as fast as it was put up. Placed on their mettle, the Templars armed themselves and attacked the Alsatians in return; and in the riot which ensued two men were killed, a great number injured, and many hurried off to prison.

The history of the Temple since that time consists of the history of the great men who have lived there. Though the home of the forensic profession, its most famous inhabitants are those literary giants now passed away—Johnson, Lamb, Goldsmith, Cowper, and many others, of whom we shall be able to give only the briefest of records.

It was in 1760 that Samuel Johnson commenced residence in the Temple. At this time he was, notwithstanding the fact that he had already published some of his greatest works, in pecuniary difficulties —a chronic affection, it would seem, with authors; for has not Thomas Hood told us that their profession is called "the republic of letters" simply because they have not got a sovereign amongst them. Previous to his removal to the Temple Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," "Rasselas," and English Dictionary had appeared, but had failed to place him in a comfortable position. Shortly after a Government pension of £300 a year was granted him, and he was for the first time in his life independent of the booksellers. Various honours were afterwards bestowed upon the great writer—who, it may be mentioned, was ever ready to champion the cause of the Church of England—and his labours did not terminate till he had reached his seventy-fifth year. In his last illness, he was for some time troubled with fearful apprehensions of death; but the faith which he had inculcated and defended all his life finally triumphed over his fears. He rests in Westminster Abbey; and a statue of him, with an inscription, is also to be found in St. Paul's Cathedral.

(To be continued)

To Produce Good Work, Take Pains.—Charles Dickens, speaking of the erroneous popular idea of an author, says: "They imagine him as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime, who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve, and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour or so after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds, enter into our author's career; correction and re-correction in the blotted manuscript; consideration, new observations, the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose."

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

CHURCH AND STATE.—A proposal made in the Zurich Grand Council for the separation of Church and State has been rejected by 112 votes to 39.

DR. EDGAR SHEPHERD, for many years resident physician of Colney Hatch Asylum, has given it as his opinion that, directly or indirectly, 40 per cent. of British insanity springs from intemperance.

A COUNTY conference on temperance, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle, has decided in favour of a Sunday Closing Bill for Northumberland.

THE Harveian Society of London has recently issued a report on the mortality from alcoholic excess. The report is based upon returns made to the Society by a large number of medical men of the deaths occurring in their practice. The report shows that on the average 14 out of every 100 deaths are due to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.

A BILL to forbid the payment of wages in public houses has been read a second time in the House of Lords. We believe the Bill to be a good one, likely to prevent a great deal of Saturday afternoon intemperance. The evils of the system of public house payment of wages are eloquently described in Dickens' "Sunday in London."

LAY WORK IN THE CHURCH.—Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, on March 9 held a special service at Camden Church, Camberwell, at which he publicly licensed a large number of laymen to officiate as lay readers and preachers in his diocese, provided they obtained the consent and acted under the direction of the incumbents of their respective parishes. In the same diocese, the Advent and Lent ordinations have been held at public services, the object being to give the laity a clear idea of the care taken in the selection of candidates for the ministry.

A CONTEMPORARY writes :—"Regarding the 'rich endowments' which excite so much the greed of the Liberation Society, Crockford for this year tells us that, whilst the clergy pay income tax on £3,000,000 as the value of their professional appointments, they are at the same time paying tax on £9,000,000 as received from private sources of income. If the Church were disendowed to-morrow, the clergy would be robbed of only one-fourth of their means, and no doubt, with a little help, they would go on building up the Church with renewed zeal as if nothing had been lost. But how long would this mere mouthful satisfy the cravings of republicanism, or buy off the next assault upon the rights of property?"

THE result of the recent trials for blasphemy in London is that the three men prosecuted have been sentenced to twelve, nine, and three months' imprisonment respectively. No one who has seen anything of the work carried on by them can doubt that they richly deserve it. The convicted men talked loudly about liberty in their defence; but no man can claim liberty to ridicule and blaspheme against what others hold sacred. It may interest readers to know that recently some violently worded tracts against religion were being distributed by hand in the City of London, the writer of which almost expressed a desire for the cheap martyrdom of imprisonment. The name attached to the tract was that of Foote, the man who has now been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.—In every part of the country Churchmen are taking active steps to prevent any alteration in the Marriage Laws of the country. The Bishop of Lichfield is an earnest opponent of the proposal to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Bishop of Salisbury has requested his rural deans to call forth an expression of public opinion on the question; the Marriage Defence Association is issuing several tracts on the subject; the Church of England Working Men's Society has received upwards of 30,000 signatures of women against the proposed change in the law; Lord Forbes has published an address on the same subject; and in other quarters various steps are being taken in the same direction.

N.B.—Cases for binding up Volumes of this Magazine will be issued at the end of the Year.

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

George Herbert.

"NEXT to Scripture poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's. He speaks like a man that believed in God, and whose business in the world is most with God: heart-work and heaven-work make up his books." Beautiful words, and true to the letter. They were written by Richard Baxter, the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," of whose own writings it has been justly said that he wasted no words. His every sentence strikes home; so if we are not satisfied with our own judgment, we may give Baxter's opinion full credit. Whilst a prisoner at Carisbrooke, King Charles I. found solace in the perusal of Herbert's poems; and from the time of their first publication until the present day the poems of "holy George Herbert" have been prized as a treasury of devotional thought, profitable both for doctrine and for consolation. A bad man may possibly produce good poetry; a good man *must* do so. Not that a good man necessarily writes poetry, in the technical sense of the term. The word has a much wider application. There is a poetry of form, a poetry of motion, a poetry of harmony; and when a man's life is characterized by sweet grace and true nobility, that man produces poetry of the highest order—the poetry of life and conduct, the poetry of the heart. This truth is apparent if we reflect that

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mere words do not make poetry. They are only poetical for the beauty and truth they set forth; and a man may exhibit this kind of poetry without possessing the gift of literary expression; in that case, if no record of his life is preserved, his poem cannot be read by posterity, but only by those with whom he comes in contact; and unfortunately, many who enjoy that privilege may not be able to discern or appreciate poetry of any kind.

George Herbert was a living poem, and happily he was not one of the dumb order. Coleridge says of his diction that "nothing could be

BEMERTON CHURCH.

more pure, manly, or unaffected." George Herbert was born at Montgomery, in Wales, and was brother of Lord Herbert of Sherbury. He was educated at Westminster School, and at the age of fifteen went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became Public Orator. In March, 1629, he married Jane Danvers. He then took holy orders, and was appointed to the little church at Bemerton, about midway between Wilton and Salisbury. Here he was inducted by the Bishop of Salisbury, on April 26, 1630. During the three years which were all that remained to him of earthly life, his gentle and pure spirit was manifested in all his actions. When he went to Bemerton, he knew that he had not long to live; but he did not sorrow, as one without hope. His hope of a glorious resurrection was greater than his fear of death, and he looked for the end with sweet patience and calm resig-

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nation. He died at the age of forty, and was buried under the altar of his church on March 3, 1633—two hundred and fifty years ago. He delighted in music. He would say that the time spent in prayer and in listening to sacred music elevated his soul. His poems were published soon after his death, under the title of "The Temple." The simplicity, the sweetness, and the pathos which abound in them are equally apparent in his life, of which they are the direct and express outcome. His poems come straight from his heart. That is why they are always so fresh and so fragrant; they are a natural growth, and not an artificial or forced production. They are "heaven-work and heart-work." Heaven and the heart know no changing fashions; and that is why Herbert's writings will last as long as his language is understood. They have qualities which "age cannot stale, and custom cannot wither." His friends must have lamented the shortness of his ministerial career; but his holy example has come down to us, and in his writings he yet continues his sacred ministry, even after the lapse of two centuries and a half of time.

PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE.

SERIAL STORY. BY MARTIN FRASER.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW NELLIE WAS LOST.

SEEING that the woman's avowal was likely to cause considerable embarrassment, the policeman was anxious to avert the necessity for explanations in the place where they stood.

"Come, come," he said, "this is no place for explanations, and not the kind of thing this child should be in. Let us get away. You, Mr. Maynard, will come with me, if you intend to punish this woman; and Mr. Rayner will go home with Nellie."

Philip was quite willing to get away. What he had just heard had come like a thunder-bolt on him. Although it had been his earnest wish to discover the parents or friends of the child, yet he had never contemplated the sudden separation from her which was now almost certain to take place. He had been pursuing an object, and as soon as he had achieved what he had been attempting, the anticipated pleasure had vanished. Mr. Maynard, too, was in a dilemma. In the first place, what was to be done with the woman before him. He had found his daughter—and this was something that he would have considered it as a madness to hope for only a few days ago. This wretched creature here—she was unhappy enough; and he had no great wish to punish her. Yet he was undecided as to his duty in the matter. Should he let her go her way? Would such a lenient course incite her to further unlawful acts, or no? In his embarrass-

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ment he decided to take the advice of the policeman, and let her be taken to the station now, and he could then consider what should be his future course of action.

And there was another matter about which he felt embarrassed. He had good reason to be grateful to Philip Rayner for having been a protector to his daughter all these years. No thought of future recompense could ever have entered into the cabman's mind; he had acted from pure goodness of heart; and now to separate him entirely from the little girl whom he had so long cared for would be a poor reward for his services. Some way must, he felt, be found by which he could take his daughter back to himself without entirely separating her from her foster-father. It would be a long time before she would be able to understand the reason of the changes which would be made; and for her sake it would be well that Philip Rayner should still be near her.

The policeman's advice about the woman was therefore taken, so that Mr. Maynard could have time to consider what he should do with regard to her; after which the two men went at once to Philip's house.

"Mr. Maynard," said Philip, as soon as the men were alone, "there was something dropped by that woman this evening which touches both you and me. Was it true? And if you say it is true, can you tell me how it was you lost your daughter? I will be sure about everything before I part with Nellie."

"What you heard to-day was quite true," was the response, "and perhaps it would be best if I told you the whole tale; and I will proceed at once.

"My story," the doctor began, "will not be a very long one; but it is necessary that it should be told; and as you have all played some part in it, why, no doubt you will feel some interest in it.

"It is now many, many years ago since I first settled down in the City of London; for I am an Englishman by birth. I was bred in a provincial town, and studied my profession on the Continent; but had turned to England's great city, as soon as I felt that I had knowledge enough to practice on my own account, with the idea that I could there, of all places, most easily earn my bread. My parents had died not long before, and had left me but a very small sum to commence life with; but I was young and ardent, and preferred, as all men should, to win my way by my own exertions.

"Prosperity did not come to me with a bound; but I worked on, and in a few years was gaining a modest income. I had not been long married when I received a pressing invitation from a former college friend who had gone to Australia to go over and settle near him. He believed that I should there soon be firmly established, and open up a brighter future for myself than seemed to be before me in

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England. Well, like most young men, I desired to press forward in my profession; and after careful and anxious thought on the subject, I found myself sufficiently in favour of the change to lay the matter before my wife. I did not wish to disturb her with the idea until I had come to the conclusion that it might be for the better; but having come to that conclusion, I knew that no one in the world would look at the matter so calmly and advise me so disinterestedly as she. The proposal found favour in her eyes; so we at once commenced to prepare for the change, and in a few months had settled down near my friend in Australia.

"His estimate of my prospect of success was not over sanguine; but yet there were much the same early struggles to go through that I had had in England. I do not regret that I have had to fight my way through life. The severe battle with circumstances which men sometimes pass through moulds and strengthens their characters, and leaves them better men after the contest. My saddest reflection is that my dear wife saw more of the struggle than of its reward. I could see that success was before me, but all the joy was taken out of the prospect as I saw the change which was taking place in her. It was hard for me to be able to see so far into the future; but my medical experience forced me to observe that her health was giving way. Of all the memories of my life, none are so sad as those which carry me back to the days when my successes began; for it was at this time that the symptoms I observed in her began to trouble me. Yet there did not seem to be any cause for absolute alarm; only it is terribly hard to look day by day into the face of one we love, and see written there the record of unspoken suffering—to know that behind the loving smile that ever greets you lies the feeling that life is grow hard to bear. I would have sacrificed anything could I but have had the joy of seeing the signs of returning health in her face; but the most that I could do was to save her from every anxiety, and every kind of labour.

"My efforts had not been to prepare for my own future comfort. I had never ceased to keep before me the desire to sweeten and lighten the life of my faithful wife; and now, when circumstances were turning in my favour, and professional success was dawning upon me, she began to droop, and though happy in my awakening prosperity, became gradually incapable of taking advantage of the opportunities for happiness she might, had her health allowed, have enjoyed.

"About eighteen months after my youngest daughter was born, my wife expressed a wish to take a sea-trip to see if it would restore her health in any degree; and determined to come to England, pay a short visit to some friends, and then return to me. I was very willing to give up my practice entirely and return to the old country if it were

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her wish to do so; but she would not hear of it—in fact, would not consent to take the holiday at all if I allowed it in any way to interfere with me. So I was obliged to consent that she should do exactly as she wished, and we arranged that she should take with her our little daughter, the woman who had been with us for some time, and a man servant of ours, who had shown himself to be an acute fellow, and capable of attending to any duties that might devolve upon him.

"The accounts I received from my wife of her health during her passage were such as to cause me a good deal of anxiety. Notwithstanding her protestations that she was quite well, I knew from various little items in her letters that things were not going smoothly with her. And besides this, when they had got some distance on their voyage she began to complain a little of the bearing of her servants toward her, and to speak of the influence the man had evidently gained over the woman who attended her. I advised her to get rid of them both, if she could at all do without them, but she was unwilling to be dependent upon entire strangers whilst so far away from me.

"After she arrived in England, the truth could no longer be concealed. Her friends wrote advising me that she was indeed very ill, and that it would be some time before she could undertake the journey to Australia. For herself, too, she had not such hopeful words as previously, and I began to meditate going back to England myself to see her, but her physicians were of opinion that it would be best for her to rest till she had gained strength, and then return to the milder Australian climate.

"Suddenly, however—more suddenly than any one of us expected—the end came. I had not expected it, and could not for a long while realize that the cable messenger in my hand did truly announce that my faithful wife was dead. And when I did begin to understand what the message meant, it was hard then to remember that she had died thousands of miles away, and that I should never in this world see her dear face again. You have known the grief of the last parting with one you have loved; think, then, of the double bitterness of my sorrow. My only consolation was that she knew my love for her, and died knowing it.

"At the same time I received from England complaints about the conduct of the man-servant I had sent with her. His bearing, my friends asserted, had greatly worried her, and were it not out of consideration for myself, he would have been forbidden their house. I was angered at his conduct, and in giving instructions as to what should be done in England, paid the man off to the time by which he could get back to Australia, and dismissed him. The woman was to return with the child. I remembered what had been told me about the ascendency

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he had gained over the other servant, but did not in the least anticipate any villany. The woman, as instructed, took ship to Australia, and I there awaited her return.

"The vessel in which she started arrived safely, but did not bring her back. I cabled to England, but my friends assured me that they saw her off from there, and that they could not understand her non-arrival. I waited till the next ship came into port; but as she did not arrive by that my suspicions were aroused. There was some conspiracy, I felt sure, between my little daughter's nurse and the man. Perhaps he desired to be revenged upon me for discharging him; and when I thought this, I hoped that he was only trying to alarm me. I was soon to know differently, however, as you are aware.

"I communicated my suspicions to the proper authorities, who instituted inquiries into the matter. The captain of the vessel in which the woman embarked was consulted, and he informed us that he remembered a man (who answered to the description of my former servant) visiting her at Gravesend, where the vessel stopped; and that both she and my little daughter went ashore at Plymouth, and did not return to the vessel. That is the last I heard of either of them until I found you out a few days ago. Every effort was made by my friends in England, but to no purpose. They had to all appearance vanished from the earth. For myself, knowing that both the servants were Australian born, I remained out there, hoping that they might return, or perhaps communicate with me at some time with a view to extort money, but my hopes were disappointed. Feeling that I could do no good by coming back to the old country, I plunged with the greatest earnestness into my work, to save me from breaking down under the burden of my double loss; and in a few years, having saved a considerable sum of money, returned to England. So far as my story is concerned, you know the rest."

(To be continued.)

SOME OLD MAY-DAY CUSTOMS.

MAY-DAY was the great rural festival of our forefathers. Their hearts responded merrily to the cheerfulness of the season. At the dawn of May morning the lads and lasses left their towns and villages, and, repairing to the woodlands, by sound of music they gathered the may, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated the cottages and doors with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes.

The May-pole is now almost a thing of the past, although it is still

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set up in some parts of the country. An old author, in relating the fetching in of the may, says, "But their chiefest jewell they bring is their May-pole, which they bring home thus. They have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home this May-pole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbes, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children following. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about it, set up summer halls, bowers, and arbours hard by it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols." In 1644 May-poles were forbidden by Parliament.

In some parts of the country, it was formerly the custom for Maying parties to affix branches of flowers and branches of hawthorn to the doors of those whom they desired to honour; whilst those who had rendered themselves in any way unpopular would often find their doors adorned with branches of elder and bunches of nettles. This was done before daybreak.

Another custom observed on the first of May was that of choosing the May-queen. This custom is still observed in some villages in the country. The popular beauty of the village is crowned with May flowers and receives the homage of the villagers for the day.

In London the name Mayfair still survives to mark a spot which was once the scene of much merry-making at this season. Very little notice is now taken, however, of May-day in the metropolis. "Jack-in-the-Green," an entertainment formerly provided by the chimney-sweeps, is now seldom seen. Milkmaids are almost unknown in London. Formerly they existed in great numbers; and on May-day they would carry round the "milkmaid's garland." This garland was a pyramidal frame, covered with damask, glittering on each side with polished metal and adorned with knots of gay-coloured ribbons, such as those with which carmen or carters still decorate their horses. The garland was carried by two men, preceded by music, to which the milkmaids danced at the doors of their customers. Some milkmaids, instead of following a garland, would lead about a sleek cow, decked with flowers and ribbons. This custom brings to mind the Anglo-Saxon name for the month of May—Trimilki, "because in that month they began to milk their kine three times in the day."

In concluding this short notice of some old May-day customs, we sincerely say to our readers, in the words of a very old "Mayers'" song—

"So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

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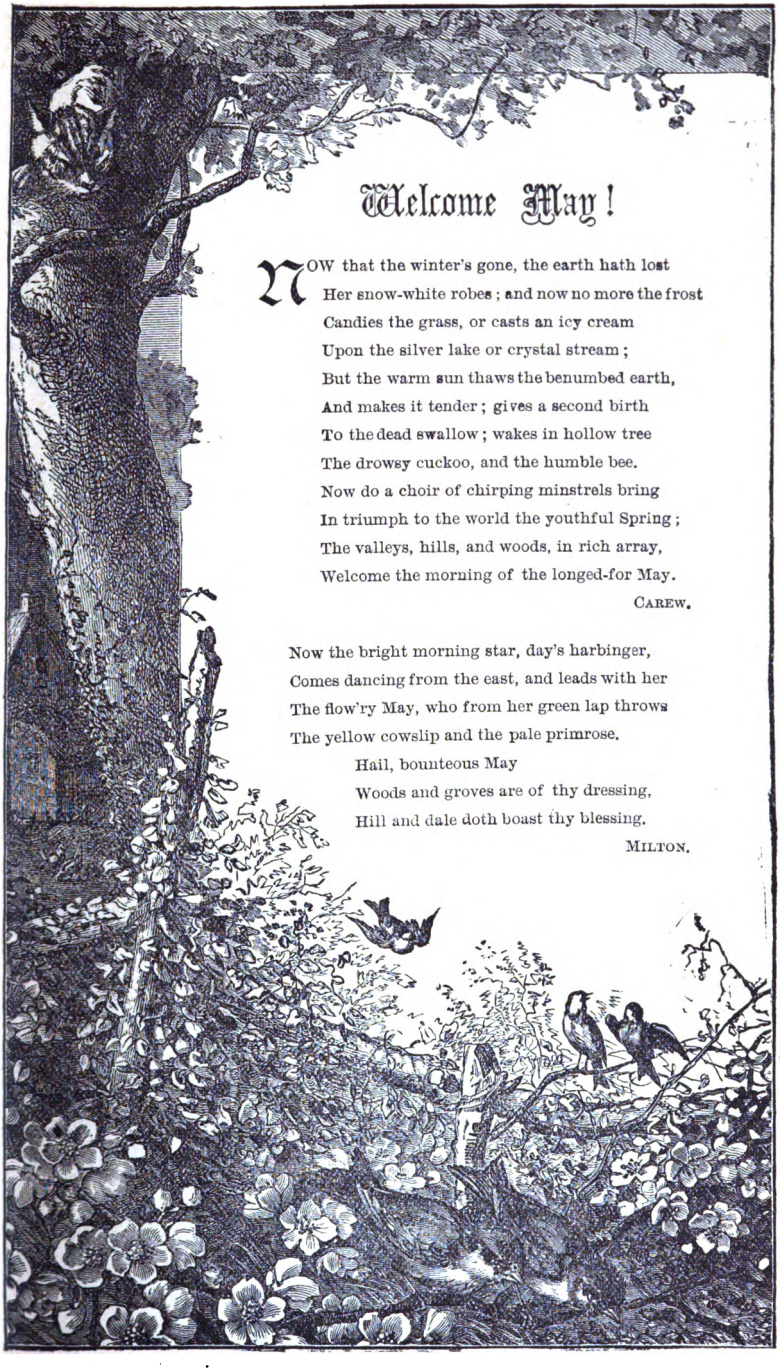

Welcome May!

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the morning of the longed-for May.

CAREW.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

MILTON.

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

MAY.

MAY 1: *St. Philip and St. James, Apostles and Martyrs.* Bethsaida, in Galilee, was the native place of St. Philip. It was a mean and poor place, and its inhabitants were looked upon as more rude and ignorant than those of any other part of Palestine. But "the things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." It is thought by some that to St. Philip belongs the peculiar privilege of having been our Lord's first-called disciple. Although our Saviour, after his return from the wilderness, first met Andrew and his brother Peter, and spoke with them, yet they immediately afterwards returned to their work. The next day, as Jesus was passing through Galilee, he met Philip, whom he commanded to follow him. It was not until a year afterwards that Andrew and Peter were called.

Philip immediately recognised Jesus as the Messias. Although he lived in such a humble place, and although he probably occupied no higher rank in life than that of a poor hard-working and ill-educated fisherman, Philip appears to have been well acquainted with the Scriptures, however, for directly he is called he hastens to Nathanael and tells him the good news in words which indicate this. Such knowledge does not imply unusual intelligence or knowledge on the part of Philip; for the prophecies concerning the coming of Messias must have been at that time a common topic of conversation among the Jews. Thus he says to Nathanael, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Philip had needed the performance of no striking miracle to convince him of the Divinity of Jesus, unless, indeed, there was some miraculous influence in the Divine presence, some subtle charm of attraction, in the presence of which all possibility of doubt was dispelled, so that upon this occasion merely to see was to believe. And so when Nathanael met Philip's enthusiastic announcement with the hesitating question, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip shows how strongly he himself was impressed by the simple rejoinder, "Come and see." And a few words from Jesus proved sufficient testimony for Nathanael, and he reverently exclaimed, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

The chief scene of St. Philip's apostolic labours is believed to have been Upper Asia. At Hierapolis, in Phrygia, a rich and populous city, but given over to the grossest forms of idolatry, St. Philip preached and admonished with so much success, and obtained so much influence over large numbers of the people, that the rulers of

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the place were provoked to jealousy and alarm. St. Philip was at length cast into prison, scourged, and finally executed—probably by means of crucifixion. He has left us no writing of his own; but his life furnishes us with a noble example of obedience, of zeal, and of steadfastness even unto death.

St. James the Less, called also St. James the Just, is in Galatians i. 19 mentioned as "the Lord's brother." This may mean that he was the son of Joseph by a former wife; but as among the Jews the term brother includes almost every degree of relationship, we have an alternative supposition. Indeed, the identity of James the Less with James the Just, first Bishop of Jerusalem—the mother of all other churches—is a point upon which the best authorities are divided in opinion. We need not here perplex ourselves with the discussion of that question—whether or not he was identical with St. James the Less. It is the head of the Church at Jerusalem, and the writer of the Epistle, St. James the Just, whose memory we celebrate upon this day. His great wisdom and knowledge were accompanied by exceeding meekness of manner. Tradition states that he led a life remarkable for its self-denial, and that he neither ate meat nor drank wine. His zeal in the cause of Christ appears to have greatly incensed the Scribes and Pharisees. It is related that they took him to the top of the temple in the hope that by flattering speeches they might persuade him to deny Christ to the assembled multitude. But St. James, although he well knew his peril, opened his lips only to give noble testimony to the truth. His enraged tempters hurled him from the pinnacle. He was not at once killed, but was enabled to get upon his knees and pray for his persecutors. In that attitude he was stoned to death. This is said to have happened about twenty-four years after our Lord's ascension. Thus he, like St. Philip, "steadfastly walked in the way which leadeth to eternal life."

SCRIPTURAL PROPERTIES ENUMERATED.—The properties of Scripture may be summarily enumerated as follows:—1. All of it is clear and intelligible enough, to persons who sincerely desire to conform the heart and life accordingly. 2. The word of God is found to be of special effect upon the human heart, for conviction, conversion, instruction, and comfort, in all ages and all nations; and hereby evinces—3. Its Divine authority, whence it follows. 4. That it is the standard for determining every controversy in matters of faith. 5. It is perfect, as containing whatever is necessary to be known and believed, in order to salvation. 6. It is also profitable, as containing nothing irrelevant or useless. 7. The providence of God has watched over it, so that it retains its purity unsullied, and can be enjoyed now as it ever could be from the beginning.—*Bengel.*

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SIMPLE SCIENCE GOSSIPS.

A Fireside Chat with Old King Coal. By H. Major, B.A., B.Sc.

I.

RECENTLY I gave a popular lecture on "Coal" to the residents and miners in a colliery district in the Midlands.

Most of the pitmen, who formed the large bulk of my audience, had had a good wash before coming to the place of meeting. But there was one man who had evidently not had time to clean himself, and came to the lecture direct from the pit-shaft. I was flattered by his appearance, for it showed me that my effort was appreciated.

During my lecture this man's face at times so attracted my attention as almost to keep me from my subject. My listener was grimed with coal-dust, except where his red eyelids and lips, and his white teeth, shone out the brighter for the black frame of the rest of his face.

When I returned home from this quiet village in the valleys of the Midlands, I took the man's face with me—in my mind's eye, I mean, of course. Sitting before the fire, previous to going to bed, late that night, I looked and looked at the burning embers in the grate, as we do when absorbed in thought, until I began to feel drowsy, and I caught myself nodding. In a state of half wakefulness, the collier's face took fanciful shapes in the wreathing smoke, now swelling into large proportions as the smoke rolled up the chimney, now sinking into nothingness again.

At last I must have fallen fairly asleep, and dreamed; for surely I could not really have seen and heard what I seemed now to hear. I began to address my friend the pitman, as I thought, when a voice in reply came out of a lump of coal in the fire; and this is what it seemed to say:—

"How old are you, master?"

I did not reply, for I felt nettled at being asked such a question.

"Oh! you need not tell, if you don't like," replied the voice, "only don't suppose you are very old, that's all. If you want to see anybody that's old, look at *me*. I was alive before the Normans under William the Conqueror came here; that's not a thousand years ago, though. I was green and flourishing long before the Flood; and if you count your time by years, I should have to count my time by thousands."

When the speaker had got as far as this he stopped, and the cessation of his voice, I suppose, partly woke me. I half opened my eyes, but soon began to nod again.

I verily believe the companion before me thought I winked at him, and nodded in approval, for he went on to say:—

"My name is King Coal; but I was not always so black and grimy as I am now."

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"Well, you might as well have washed your face before you came,' I replied, thinking, I suppose, of my grimy listener at the hall.

"Not always so black as I am now," King Coal resumed, without paying any heed to my last remark. "Thousands of years ago, I was the monarch of the forest, a tall fern—not a mere shrub, like my puny descendants here nowadays, but a tree-fern, as big as those which I am told are sometimes grown in hothouses in this country. What do you say to forty feet high? Is that tall enough?"

"Yes," I sleepily murmured, "that will do!"

"I should think it *would* do. I should like *you* to try it on; see if you can grow forty feet high."

"No, thank you," I said, half awake; "it makes my back ache to think about it. Why, I should become as crook-backed as Richard the Third."

"Well, as I said, I was the king of the forest, and around me grew my subjects, the lesser ferns, and beneath them smaller plants and shrubs, some of which, or rather their descendants, you have dwelling among you to this day.

"But besides these, there were many members of my family, and many of my subjects, which have perished utterly off the face of the earth, and now lie buried beneath it."

"Peace to their ashes," said I, waking up, and gazing thoughtfully for just one moment into those before me.

"Around us played lizards and other creeping things; above us flitted insects and winged creatures; while fishes played hide-and-seek among our roots, as we grew erect and tall from the marshes."

"Well, get on!" said I, becoming rather impatient.

"It happened at last that a season of floods came on, the rivers overflowed their banks, and carried mud and sand with them, and buried my smaller companions where they grew. I was left standing still erect. The others were washed down, and thrown prostrate, or choked as they stood. Even I was buried many feet in the sand, and my hollow inside filled with the same, so that only the fronds at my head waved free in the air. I felt the life oozing out of me at every pore, the moisture in my frame dried up, and I knew I was perishing from the very roots. Then a torpor seized me, and I swooned into forgetfulness. What afterwards occurred I cannot tell of my own knowledge, but I have heard from others since I was brought up again to the light of day that I was kept down underground, all in the dark, for thousands and thousands of years. During all that time I saw no light of day, and the earth above me grew thicker and deeper, heavier and heavier, until I was squeezed out of all shape.

"But my cradle-bed was rocked by the earthquake, which sometimes lifted me up, and let me down; so that I should have had a

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lively time of it, only I was dead. Then some of you scientific fellows came poking around, and dug down into my very vitals, and dragged me up to the surface."

"Not bad," said I, "for a young beginner! Not a bad tale. And now let *me* have a turn. Perhaps I can tell you something about yourself which you don't know, if you care about hearing it. But not to-night; I am tired, and am going to get to bed, with the help of one of your offspring."

"But I haven't any; they are all dead and buried," murmured King Coal.

"Oh, yes! but some of them have risen again, and by the light of one of them I am going to bed; so good night, my black friend."

"Good night," he replied; and as I woke I noticed that I had sat the fire out.

II.

WHEN I got upstairs to my bedroom I found the gas already lit, blazing away, and making a cheerful humming noise as it rushed out of the burner under pressure from the gas-works.

"Well, and what have you got to say for yourself?" I enquired of it.

"All right! all right! all right!" the gas-jet seemed to reply, as it whizzed out of its narrow throat.

"I have been having a chat with an old friend of yours downstairs," I said.

"Oh, you mean the old dad, do you? He is a lumpy, heavy, solid, dirty old thing," replied the gas-jet.

"Well, you are not very solid, at any rate," I returned.

"No, I am my father's ghost—I am the spirit of my dead ancestors, and old fogies they were."

"Don't you be conceited," I answered. "Perhaps you have heard of your half-brother the electric light, who is coming into possession." I thought this would stir him up, and it did, for he turned quite pale with fright. "If you don't mind," I resumed, "you'll get a roasting for your impudence."

"I hope not," my fiery friend said, in a humbler tone. "I have had roasting enough in my time. I have been baked, and done through, and drowned with water, and half choked with all the ill smells and foul vapours under the sun, put through the fiery furnace, and purified till I thought I should have been driven out of existence."

"There's one thing I hear about you that surprises me," I replied. "I am told you are trying to take away your poor old father's business, with your gas-stoves and new-fangled notions. But I have had enough of you for once, so shut up!" and with that I stopped up his throat by turning off the tap, and tumbled into bed.

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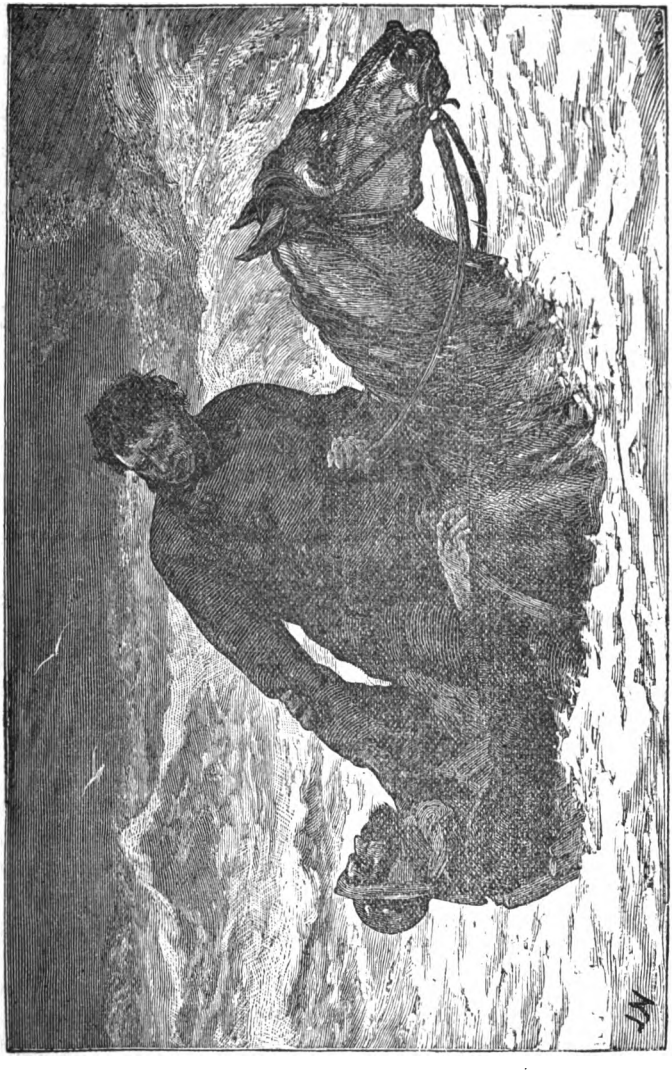

DESREAUX TO THE RESCUE (P. 96).

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TO THE RESCUE!

SO well known is the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, that it seems strange to read that this now indispensable society was only established in 1824. It is stranger still to learn that from that date until 1850 very few people could be got to interest themselves in the welfare of the Institute. So it was, however. But in the year last named, the late Duke of Northumberland—"the Good Sailor Duke," as he was called—offered the sum of one hundred guineas for the best model of a lifeboat. In response to this offer, 280 models were sent in. From these designs, and others which were suggested by them, arose the present form of lifeboat, which is so well adapted to its noble purpose that it would be difficult to improve upon it.

The institution has now 242 boats under its management; and since the date of its foundation it has been instrumental in saving no less than 22,000 lives from shipwreck on our coasts. Before so much attention was paid to the construction of life-saving apparatus, most heart-rending scenes occurred on our shores. Often a noble ship, with its living freight, would go down in sight of an agonized crowd upon the land, who were without any means of helping their perishing fellow creatures. Sometimes, goaded to desperation at the sight, brave fishermen and others would launch their inefficient common boats, often with the melancholy result that they not only failed to rescue the lives of the shipwrecked, but also lost their own. Such sad catastrophes the Lifeboat Institution has in great degree rendered things of the past. But, from want of funds, some of our most dangerous coasts are still without lifeboats. The subscriptions so generously given to the Institute are so largely required to keep existing boats in repair, that very little money can be devoted to the purchase and maintenance of new ones.

The desire to save human life has called forth many deeds of bravery at the shipwrecks which so frequently occur along our coasts. Indeed, the records of life-boat services will show examples of courage which will compare with anything exhibited on our battle-fields. The illustration on page 95 represents the heroic effort of a man named Desreaux, who swam his horse into the surf in order to rescue one of a number who had put off from the wreck of the *North Britain*, off the Cornish coast, one wild day in dark December. The boat had capsized, but its occupants were rescued by the brave men on shore, of whom Desreaux is a noteworthy example. The horse, too—shall we omit to say a word about the brave creature that so readily obeyed its master by plunging into that raging sea? And this is only a specimen of the thousands of brave deeds accomplished by the hardy fishermen on our coasts.

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THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL IN CONTRAST.

THE celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans (whose Life has recently been published) has said:—The glory of the moral law kills the sinner; the glory of the Gospel quickens him; the former kills him with terror, the latter sweetly and powerfully draws him by the cords of love to God, that he might enjoy His smile, which is life, and be prepared for His more immediate presence in glory, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. All the glory of the law can throw no light on the Gospel; but the Gospel, like the sun in the firmanent, shineth most brilliantly on the divine character, the fall of man, and all over Mount Sinai, and removes the thick veils that were between us and the eternal God. Christ Jesus is the sum and substance of the Gospel, the foundation of our hope, the object of our faith, and the centre of our affections. It is by Him alone we can be reconciled to God. The Moravian missionaries preached three years in Greenland on the being of God, and the nature, excellency, and requirements of the moral law, without doing any good in the conversion of sinners—not one sinner brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; but the first sermon in which they exhibited Christ crucified, as the only Saviour of lost and perishing sinners, the doctrine became the power of Cod for the salvation of one of the heathens. Christ crucified is the glorious subject that God has owned and blessed for the conversion of sinners everywhere and at all times.

DUTIES, RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL.—Must I allow my understanding to be stormed by such arguments as that the chief business of poor men is to attend to politics, or their best happiness to be found in elections? I know far better that he has duties imposed on him by nature, and, if his heart is right and his head clear, while he is not indifferent to such subjects, there are a hundred other duties he must perform, far more important; he may be reading one Book, which tells him in what happiness consists, but to which I have seen but few allusions made by the reformers in modern times. In reading those weather-stained pages he is taught at once religion towards his Maker, and not to forget the love and duty he owes to mankind—to prefer deeper interests, because everlasting, to those little turbulences which now agitate the surface of society.—*Professor John Wilson*, (" *Christopher North.*")

Putting off till to-morrow
May lead us to sorrow;
Beginning to day
Is the very best way.

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THE HOUSEHOLD CORNER.

Six Ways of Cooking.*

ROASTING is one of the most simple and wholesome modes of cooking. During the operation a portion of the fat is melted, and escapes, forming the dripping, and some of the water of the juice evaporates. When meat is put down to a brisk fire, the albumen in the outer portions is hardened, and thus an impervious external layer is produced, which prevents the escape of the nutritive juices. If the temperature of the inner parts is raised to a sufficient degree, the colouring matter of the blood is coagulated, and so changed that the meat loses the natural red tint it posseses when raw, The albumen also is coagulated, and the flesh rendered sufficiently firm to retain its form when cut into thin slices. It is a common but erroneous opinion that meat underdone is more nutritious than when perfectly cooked. There is no ground for such an opinion; on the contrary, well cooked meat is readily digestible, and is free from the objection to half-cooked meat, that the latter may contain certain minute living organisms, which thorough cooking would render harmless.

Roasting developes peculiar odours and tastes which are not brought out when the flesh is cooked by means of moist heat. Roasting is more fitted for large than for small joints, as the latter become dried and hardened, and less palatable and digestible. Sinewy joints, if roasted, become dried and almost uneatable. It is better to boil or stew them, when they afford much more nourishment. The time usually allowed for roasting is a quarter of an hour for each pound of meat; but when the joint weighs less than five pounds, the time is greater in proportion. The larger the joint the further it should be hung from the fire, so as to permit the gradual passage of the heat to its centre without scorching or burning the outside. In roasting, considerable loss of weight takes place, amounting in the case of a joint without bone to one-third of the original quantity. This is through the evaporation of the watery part of the juice, and the melting of the fat. The meat should be placed before a brisk fire at first, but its cooking should be completed slowly.

Baking closely resembles roasting in its effects; but in overheated ovens, the flavour of the meat is apt to be injured by the burnt odour arising from the decomposition of the fat which falls on the heated floor of the oven. The steam arising in the process should be permitted to escape, or it soddens the meat. Ovens should have small apertures to allow the escape of steam. There is less loss of weight in baking

* Condensed from "A Manual of Domestic Economy," by W. B. Tegetmeier. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; and Home and Colonial Repository, Gray's Inn Road.

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than in roasting, as in the former process the moisture does not so readily evaporate. Baking is a more economical process than roasting.

Broiling produces the same effect as roasting, but more rapidly: the albumen on the outside is more quickly hardened, and retains the juices, thus rendering the meat savoury. The lean of the meat should not be pricked or cut, or the juice will escape at the apertures, and the meat will become dry.

Frying renders the fibres of the flesh more dense and tough than any other mode of cooking. In addition to this evil, the melted fat becomes partly decomposed, and converted into acrid substances of offensive odour, difficult of digestion, and very irritable to weak stomachs. Hence fried meats are not proper for sick persons.

Boiling is one of the most wholesome modes of cooking. It is usual to place the meat in cold water, and bring it slowly to boiling point. During this time some of the albumen is dissolved, and as the water approaches the boiling point, it coagulates, forming a scum; if this scum is not removed, it adheres to and disfigures the joint. Boiling is a more economical process than roasting, because there is no waste from dried portions. The time allowed for boiling is generally somewhat less than twenty minutes to every pound. A fork should never be thrust into the meat, nor should skewers be used, so that the juices may not escape. The boiling should not be done rapidly, as in that case the meat will become tough.

Stewing is perhaps the most economical of all modes of cooking. By its use every part of the meat is retained, and nothing is wasted. Joints too tough or sinewy to be cooked in any other way may be stewed with advantage. Stewing consists in subjecting meat for a considerable time to a very moderate heat in a small quantity of water. The meat, closely packed, should be barely covered with cold water, or with broth, and the stew-pan placed where it will become gradually warm, and kept some hours at a heat considerably short of boiling. The albumen is thus dissolved, and the fibres so far softened and separated that the toughest parts become tender and digestible.

"Dusting," says Miss Nightingale, "in these days means nothing but flapping the duster from one part of the room to another. You had better leave the dust alone, if you are not going to take it away altogether. Flapping, by way of cleaning, is only admissible in the case of pictures, or anything made of paper. The only way I know to remove dust, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth.

The Value of Vegetable Food.—Green vegetables form an essential portion of the food of man, and the continued use of a diet from which they are excluded produces a diseased state of the body, often terminating in scurvy.

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A BANQUET to the bishops will be given by the Lord Mayor of London on June 13.

A THREE-LIGHT window has been placed in Addington Church, Croydon, by the parishioners, in memory of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE Queen has contributed £100 to the fund which is being raised for the purpose of securing the preservation of the tombstones and other memorials of our countrymen who fell in the Crimea.

As the reredos of Canterbury Cathedral is not worthy of the edifice, it is proposed to ask the trustees of the Tait National Memorial Fund to erect to the memory of the late Primate a new reredos, instead of the tomb which it is at present contemplated to place in the Cathedral.

THE Missions to Seamen has within the last year enrolled 8,659 merchant seamen as total abstsining members of the Church of England Temperance Society. This makes 24,019 merchant seamen enrolled during the last four years.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S Memorial Fund has reached £9,000. This sum is sufficient to pay for all the statues of him which are to be erected in London and at Canterbury, and leaves £4,000 for particular mission work. Another £10,000 is needed to establish a worthy scheme for the evangelization of the masses.

AT the Sons of the Clergy banquet, held at the Merchant Taylors' Hall last month, the table was lined with Apollinaris water. In consequence of the numerous company of abstainers present, however, before half an hour had elapsed the temperance drink had vanished, and the temperance men had to fall back upon soda and water.

A LARGE number of fisher-folk now in London at the great Fisheries Exhibition were paraded at Marlborough House before the Prince and Princess of Wales recently. When refreshments were served out, such a large number of the people were found to be abstainers that the supply of temperance drinks was unequal to the demand, and the Prince's butler had to send for a fresh store.

A DAILY service for jockeys will shortly be held at Newmarket. The Dowager Duchess of Montrose intends to remove the remains of the late Mr. Stirling Crawfurd, her husband, to Newmarket, where she will build a mausoleum, attached to which will be a chapel, where daily afternoon service will be held for the jockeys and stablemen who crowd the neighbourhood.

ON Whit Monday a largely attended meeting of the working classes of London in favour of the Sunday Closing of Public Houses was held. A procession was formed on the Thames Embankment about noon, and a start made for Hyde Park. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., Rev. G. M. Murphy, Rev. J. W. Horsley, Dr. Norman Kerr, and many others. Several meetings were held simultaneously, at which similar resolutions were adopted.

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"Vino Sacro"

(REGISTERED.)

THE PERFECT NON-ALCOHOLIZED WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

THE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE, NOURISHING, NON-HEATING, FOR NVALIDS AND PERSONS OF WEAK CONSTITUTION.

The recognized need for many years of a REALLY PURE and NATURAL Wine for use in the Holy Communion has induced the Proprietors to introduce "VINO SACRO" for this special purpose.

The absence of acid, and extremely low alcoholic strength of "VINO SACRO," also render it a Wine which delicate persons and invalids can take with safety and advantage.

CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Light Ruby Red Colour.
2. Delicious Flavour.
3. Natural Sweetness.
4. Minimum of Spirit.
5. Never Thickens in Bottle.
6. Guaranteed Purity.
7. Will Keep for all Time.
8. Moderate in Price.

"VINO SACRO" is recommended by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, and by hundreds of Clergymen in the Church.

In order to meet the scruples of the Clergy, and to satisfy them that "VINO SACRO" is in reality what they have long asserted it to be, viz.: *an absolutely pure and natural wine*, Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. have submitted it to the Chemical Analysis of Professor Attfield, whose report is herewith appended.

ANALYSIS OF "VINO SACRO,"

By PROFESSOR ATTFIELD, F.R.S., Ph.D., F.C.S., F.J.C., &c., &c.

Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c.

"I have carefully analysed this Wine. Unlike most of the wines of the Spanish Peninsula, it contains NO ADDED ALCOHOL, while it has sufficient to stamp it as a TRUE GRAPE WINE of natural strength, viz., 10½ per cent. It possesses an extremely pleasant, fruity, vinous ODOUR AND FLAVOUR and a rich NATURAL COLOUR.

"Its proportions of fruit acid, saline substances, and grape juice solids generally are exactly what they should be IN A NATURAL WINE.

"The proportion of saccharine matter is appropriate in a wine intended chiefly for Altar use. (Signed,) JOHN ATTFIELD, F.R.S."

January 1st, 1883.

Terms for "VINO SACRO."—Bottles 30s. per dozen; Half-Bottles, 33s. per two dozen; Sample Phials, 1s. each, carriage free. 12 Half-Bottles, 18s.; 6 Bottles 16s. 6d., free to all stations in England and Wales, or freight paid to Greenock, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Belfast Half carriage paid to Scotch Railway Stations on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque. "VINO SACRO" may be shipped with safety to any part of the world, being eminently suited to stand the test of climate. Special quotation for shipment on application.

Hicks & Co., IMPORTERS OF SACRAMENTAL WINES. GEORGE ST. PLYMOUTH

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MILES DOUGHTY'S

VOICE LOZENGES

Keep the Voice in Tone, Give Mellowness to the Voice,

Are Invaluable to Speakers and Singers.

From the Swedish Queen of Song, Mdlle. Jenny Lind.

Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton, *June* 22, 1847.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my experience extends, the testimony already so general in favour of the Lozenge prepared by you. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Mr. MILES DOUGHTY. JENNY LIND.

From Sir Michael Costa, Italian Opera.

I am glad to give my testimonial to Miles Doughty's Lozenges for the Voice.

From Signor Salvini, the Eminent Tragedian.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, *May* 23, 1875.

Sir,—The other night, when my voice would have otherwise failed, I was able to accomplish my duty to the very last in 'Othello,' which I owe entirely to your Lozenges.

From Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Prima Donna, Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

August 2, 1869.

I find your Lozenges most excellent for the Voice. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Copy of Telegram received Sept. 20, 1869, from Mr. GAWITH, Chemist, Liverpool, to Miles Doughty, London.

Forward by first passenger train, to Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Victoria Hotel, Preston, two largest boxes (11s. each) Voice Lozenges. Charge to me.

From Herr Theodor Wachtel, Court Singer to the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, *June* 4, 1870.

I am pleased to give my testimonial for your excellent Voice Lozenges. I have proved them to be the best preparation for the voice.

Sole Proprietors, **NEWBERY & SONS**, 1, King Edward Street, E.C. Sold by all Chemists at 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 11s.; or by post for 7d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 9d., or 5s.; the 11s. size sent free to any Railway Station for P.O.O. for 11s. 6d.

Printing.

WM. POOLE, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., is prepared to undertake every description of Printing—Sermons, Pamphlets, Reports, Balance Sheets, Magazines, Circulars, Cards, &c. &c. Estimates Promptly Given.

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SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

EDINBURGH: 6 St. Andrew Square.

LONDON OFFICE: 17 King William Street, E.C.

THIS SOCIETY differs in its principles from other Offices.

Instead of charging rates higher than are necessary, and afterwards returning the excess in the shape of periodical Bonuses, it gives from the first as large an assurance as the Premiums will with safety bear—reserving the Whole Surplus for those members who have lived long enough to secure the Common Fund from loss.

The PREMIUMS are so moderate that at most ages an assurance of £1,200 or £1,250 may be secured from the first for the same yearly payment which would generally elsewhere assure (with profits) £1,000 only—the difference being equivalent to an immediate and certain "Bonus" of 20 to 25 per cent.

The WHOLE PROFITS go to the Policyholders, on a system at once safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss*. The 5th SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION showed a SURPLUS of £624,473, which, after reserving £208,158 for future division, was divided among 6,662 Policies entitled. Policies of £1,000 sharing a first time were increased to sums varying from £1,180 to £1,300 or more. Other Policies were raised to £1,400, £1,500, and upwards. A few of the early Policies have been doubled.

The New Assurances effected in the year 1881 were for £1,063,109; the Total Receipts of the year were £579,032; and the Fund accumulated entirely from Premiums amounted at its close to £4,201,930.

The ACCUMULATED FUND has increased in the last nine years by upwards of Two Millions; and it may be noted that of a hundred Offices not more than four (all of much longer standing) have as large a Fund.

Copies of the REPORT *with* STATEMENT *of* PRINCIPLES *may be had on application.*

JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

J. MUIR LEITCH, *London Secretary.*

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"Vino Sacro"

The Perfect Non-Alcoholized Wine for Holy Communion.

The Pure Juice of the Grape. Nourishing and Non-heating. A real boon for Invalids.

'VINO SACRO' has been introduced by Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. for the purpose of supplying to the Clergy A PURE RED WINE of natural sweetness, and entirely free from added spirit or anything foreign to the pure juice of the grape. The leading characteristics of 'VINO SACRO' are—[1] A lovely light red (ruby) colour; [2] natural sweetness; [3] entire absence of added spirit; [4] warranted to 'keep' for any time; [5] does not thicken or deposit in bottle.

'VINO SACRO' is recommended by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, and by hundreds of Clergymen in the Church. 30s. per 12 Bottles; 33s. per 24 Half-Bottles.

In order to meet the scruples of the Clergy, and to satisfy them that "VINO SACRO" is in reality what they have long asserted it to be, viz., *an absolutely pure and natural wine*, Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. have submitted it to the Chemical Analysis of Professor Attfield, whose report is herewith appended.

ANALYSIS of "VINO SACRO" *by* Professor ATTFIELD, *F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c.*

"I have carefully analysed this Wine. Unlike most of the wines of the Spanish Peninsula, it contains *no added alcohol*, while it has sufficient to stamp it as a *true grape wine* of natural strength, viz., 10¾ per cent. It possesses an *extremely pleasant fruity, vinous odour and flavour, and a rich natural colour.*

Its proportions of fruit acid saline substances, and grape juice solids generally, are *exactly what they should be in a natural wine.*

The proportion of saccharine matter is appropriate in a wine intended chiefly for Altar use.

"JOHN ATTFIELD."

The following UNSOLICITED testimony has reached Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. from Scotland under date of October 12th, 1882:—

"Messrs. HICKS & COMPANY,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your 'VINO SACRO.' It has a distinct flavour of its own, unlike Port, Sherry, or Claret, and does not call up any associations connected with the dinner-table. It is sweet, but not thick and syrupy, as 'Tent' often is. I have just tasted some from a bottle opened more than a month ago, and it is not in the least acid. This is very important in small congregations with few communicants, where a pint bottle will often last two months. I thought it desirable to send a sample to a chemist for analysis, and received the following most satisfactory report:—

'Sound and good. No deleterious ingredient. Foreign colouring matter absent. Its colour is natural. The quantity of saccharine matter is small. No trace of the usual materials used in making cheap wines. Percentage of alcohol from 12 to 20.'

I hope the publication of this testimony may tend to increase the sale of 'VINO SACRO.' You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter."

Terms for "Vino Sacro."— Bottles, 30s. per dozen; Half-Bottles, 33s. per two dozen; Sample Phials, 1s. each, Carriage Free. 12 Half-Bottles, 18s.; 6 Bottles, 16s. 6d., free to all stations in England and Wales, or freight paid to Greenock, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Belfast. Half carriage paid to Scotch Railway Stations on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque. "VINO SACRO" may be shipped with safety to any part of the world, being eminently suited to stand the test of climate. Special quotation for shipment on application.

Messrs. HICKS & CO., Importers of "Sacramental Wines,"

PLYMOUTH.

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Thomas Fuller.

THOMAS FULLER was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608. His father, the Rev. T. Fuller, was the rector of St. Peter's Church, at that place. Young Thomas was educated at home, to such good effect that at the early age of twelve he was sufficiently advanced to be sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, the master of which college was his mother's brother, Dr. Davenant, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Having taken his degree of M.A. in 1628, he removed to Sidney College, and after a short interval he was appointed master of St. Benet, Cambridge, where he soon made his mark as a talented and popular preacher. He was married in 1638, but his wife died in 1641, at Broad Winsor, Dorsetshire, of which parish Fuller had become rector. In order to divert his sorrow-smitten mind, Fuller applied himself diligently to literary work, and presently he gladly availed himself of an invitation to London; so that in 1643 we find him preaching in Westminster Abbey.

At that time, political prejudice was unhealthily sensitive, and it happened that some innocent remarks of Fuller's in this sermon gave great offence in some quarters. Upon this account he left London, and went to Oxford, where he was again so unfortunate in his obser-

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vations as to offend the opposite party to that which had blamed him in London! Evidently Fuller was no partisan. His historical work bears witness to his fairness and impartiality, as well as to his patience and industry in research. These are admirable qualifications for an historian; yet his talent for wit and his love of the humorous completely spoiled him as a writer of history. He was the favourite author of Lamb and Coleridge; and his works are read less for the instruction they contain, than for the wholesome morals they convey in an amusing and attractive manner. He seemed altogether incapable of making a dry and dull matter-of-fact statement, and all his writings sparkle with irrepressible wit and humour, and abound with lively allusions, apt anecdotes, and entertaining stories. He gets fun out of the most unpromising subjects, in the most astonishing manner. His imagination could "invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty—make flowerets blossom even on the brow of the precipice, and when nothing better could be had, could turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichen." His wit was never ill-natured, nor was it ever allowed to outstrip his wisdom. The writer from whom this passage is quoted, adds that this faculty is extremely important to the vivid and attractive exhibition of truths to the minds of men. In illustrating his subjects, Fuller was as happy as Jeremy Taylor; and with regard to the value of this particular talent, Fuller himself says, "Though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights." Here are a few samples of Fuller's similitudes, selected at random:—

"Some people, handsome by nature, have wilfully deformed themselves—such as wear Bacchus's colours in their faces, arising not from having, but being, bad *livers*." "A hypocrite is himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit." "Men commonly do beat and bruise their links [torches] before they light them, to make them burn the brighter; God first humbles and afflicts whom He intends to illuminate with more than ordinary grace." "It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of hell, for fear of falling in." "Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune."

Felicities of this sort might be multiplied abundantly. The buoyancy of spirits which led him to write and speak in such a playful style sometimes troubled Fuller, lest it should make him appear to lack earnestness. For at heart he was a truly pious man, and one whose exemplary life and conduct command our veneration. He died in 1661, at Cranford, in Middlesex, of which place he was rector, and where a monument marks his resting-place. His most popular works are "The Church History of Britain," "The Worthies of England," and "The Holy State and the Profane State."

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

JULY.

JULY 25: *St. James the Apostle.* St. James the Great was related to our Saviour, his mother—Mary, surnamed Salome—being sister to the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord. By the term sister is meant cousin; the Jews having been accustomed to call all degrees of their kindred brothers and sisters. This James was the brother of John. They were the sons of Zebedee, and they were following their father's employment, as fishermen, at Bethsaida of Galilee, when Jesus called them to be His disciples (Matt. iv. 21). They were then called "Boanerges," meaning "the sons of thunder." This name may have been bestowed upon them in view of the earnestness and intensity of their preaching. The ancient historians affirm of them that "they did not so much preach as thunder." Or they may have received the title, as some suppose, as much in regard to their matter as of their manner; for it seems to have been their special mission to proclaim the more profound doctrines and mysteries of the Gospel. Again, they were men of warm and hot and imperious temperament, as witness their appeal to our Saviour that they might pray down fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritans who refused to receive Him (St. Luke ix. 54). Our Lord severely rebuked their thunderous fierceness, which was altogether contrary to the spirit of the Gospel of peace. Their bold, ambitious nature was also plainly manifested in the request which, through their mother, they preferred to our Lord—that they might possess the seats of honour next to Him when He should come into His Kingdom. Yes, they were bold to rashness; and when Christ told them, "Ye know not what ye ask," and said, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with," they said, "We are able." How little they could at that time have understood of the real nature of that Kingdom. Probably they supposed it was to be a kingdom of earthly power and splendour, and not a spiritual Kingdom, as it is. But Jesus showed them their error, and rebuked their lack of humility. His Kingdom is not of this world, and His subjects must not set their hearts upon worldly ambition.

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."

There is an untrustworthy tradition that St. James the Apostle was the first to plant Christianity in Spain. After the Resurrection, he

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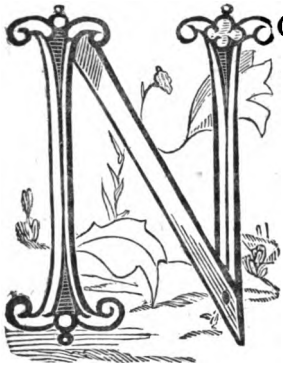
preached to the Jews in and about Jerusalem. Herod caused him to be beheaded, and he was the first martyr who laid down his life for the cause of Christ. Concerning his martyrdom, there is another tradition, the truth of which, though not very probable, is not impossible, and it is so sweetly touching in character that it may be reproduced here:—"His accuser, being enlightened by the courage and constancy St. James showed at his trial, repented of what he had done, and falling at the Apostle's feet, heartily begged his pardon for what he had testified against him. The holy man, after a little surprise, raised him up, and embracing him, said, 'Peace be to thee.' Whereupon he publicly professed himself a Christian, and was beheaded at the same time."

FAMILY TIES.

By the Author of "Chislington Chimes."

CHAPTER I.—Nookham and the Nookhamites.



NOOKHAM is within ten miles of London; yet one can hardly believe so when breathing its pure air, and listening to the sweet notes of its innumerable birds, the buzzing of the bees, the whirring of the grasshoppers. Note the rosy cheeks of the children, and the pleasant burr in their cheerful voices; gaze at the unsullied sky, or catch its reflection in the clear stream which meanders through the smiling meadows, wherein the sheep and kine are plentiful in number and comely to behold. Indeed, rural sights and sounds are here so plentiful that Londoners have been heard to declare that Nookham is "more like the country than the country is itself."

Then there is the grand old parish church—grand because it is old, and old because it is grand. It was built in the days when people took pains with and pride in their work. That was surely a very long time ago. Yet, for soundness and solidity, the edifice is still "as good as new." The storms it has weathered have only made it more beautiful to look upon. They have softened its angles and smoothed its roughnesses until at the present time it is more sweet and peaceful and pleasant to the eye than ever it was before. It has existed so long because the materials of which it is built were not only well chosen, but also well

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put together; therefore it is old because it is grand—grand as a specimen of true and honest workmanship. It is also grand because it is old—grand because of the memories which cling to it—grand because it has a history of its own, and because it seems to link the present with the past. The Nookham worthies of bygone centuries who worshipped within its walls now sleep within its quiet graveyard. Its tall steeple, its red-tiled, moss-grown roof, its smooth lawn, its golden-gravelled paths, and its old-fashioned low rubble boundary wall, altogether make up a picture which both the eye and the mind delight to dwell upon, and which the roving artist loves to sketch. The Nookhamites may well revere their dear old parish church, and feel so proud of it.

Then Nookham Common is a charming stretch of landscape, with its tangled wealth of golden gorse, its brown brakes, its blackberry and elder bushes, its luxuriant carpeting of velvet moss, purple heather, sweet-scented clover, and soft green grass; these dwarfish growths all sheltered and protected by giant trees—the graceful chestnut, the sturdy oak, and the stately poplar.

The Common is jealously guarded and cherished by the good people of Nookham; not only because they love it, but also because it brings them Trade—it attracts the jaded townsfolk, who, when they wax weary of making money in London, sometimes venture to spend a little of their substance in ruralizing at Nookham, in order that they may go back again with renewed energy to make more. A few city merchants, indeed, have permanently taken up their abode in this charming retreat. Of these, some go and return daily by the Nookham coach, whilst others drive in their gigs to the nearest railway station—happily nearly two miles away. Others, again, having altogether done with business, have come to spend the evening of their lives at this haven of rest. With thus much knowledge of the place, we can form some idea of its people. We can now partly understand how the good folk of Nookham live. Nothing is manufactured there. Its labouring classes, both men and women, earn their living solely by attending to the wants and wishes of the gentry who visit or who have settled in the snug little town.

The shopkeepers gain their subsistence chiefly by supplying the wants of these workfolk; for the gentry get most of their goods from town. Consequently most of the shops present a very humble appearance; they are not brilliant or showy, but pretty and picturesque, like everything else in Nookham.

But in quantities suitable for household consumption, such things as meat, bread, and beer are seldom sought at a distance. Next to the gentry, therefore, the butcher, the baker, and the innkeeper are the most dignified folk in Nookham. Of their importance to the community

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no one is more thoroughly aware than these three worthies themselves. Consequently, while they are all three very friendly together, they will only occasionally tolerate the company of the chemist, not so much in regard for his personality as for his attainments; while as for the grocer, he was utterly beneath recognition before he managed to obtain the postmastership, and they have been on little better than nodding terms with him ever since that important appointment; and they still make it a point of honour to discredit any remarks he may venture to make to them, in passing, about the weather and suchlike debatable and weighty topics. So stiff is social etiquette at Nookham.

CHAPTER II.—A CATASTROPHE.

A SULTRY summer afternoon. In fear of being roasted before their time beneath the blazing sun, the beasts of the field have sought the shadows of the trees and hedgerows. Not a breath is stirring; the voices of the birds are hushed, and even the poplar trees have ceased their sighing. The noontide stillness is almost as oppressive as the noontide heat. All nature is hot and drowsy. Larkspur-lane, Nookham, is covered an inch thick in fine white powdery dust, which the footfalls of the weary wayfarer send into the air, to rest upon the hedgerows, disfigure the dog-roses, and disgust the humble-bee, whose hum of discontent is an agreeable break in the monotonous stillness, albeit the buzz-z-z-z of the grumbler only makes one feel all the drowsier. A panting fox-terrier eagerly jumps into first one and then the other of the ditches which border the lane on either side. But they are as dry and parched as he is. Poor animal! he is grievously disappointed. His ears fall flat; what remains of his tail droops despairingly, and the poor creature whines piteously.

"Quark! Quack! Cawk-kuk-kwarkwark!" Sweet music was this in the thirsty dog's ears. He cocks them jauntily, triumphantly twiddles his stumpy tail, cleverly wriggles his way through the thick hedge, and is soon off at a good round trot in the direction whence the grateful sounds proceed. He has sufficiently reflected on the ways of the world to be well aware that a quack usually premises a duck (or at least a goose); that duck means water; and on this occasion water means bliss. But he does not know, and as little cares he, that he is trespassing upon the land of Sir Job Stocker, a city magnate, and eke the most important personage in Nookham—so great a man that in his presence the grocer trembles, the baker stands abashed, and even the independent, surly, burly, broken-nosed butcher grows bland. And dogs care nothing for such flimsy superficialities as rank and riches. They estimate a man as they find him, and not according to his position.

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or possessions. This fox-terrier was himself of goodly birth and breeding, but he had been stolen in his infancy, and now his master was a vagabond tramp; yet he was kind, and the dog loved him with all his faithful heart, and could not have yielded more heart-whole allegiance to a prince. Ingenuous creature! We hope to meet with thee again, and make thy better acquaintance. Meanwhile we heartily congratulate thee upon the sincerity of thy affection, as well as upon the possession of that fine intelligence of thine, which enabled thee to infer the existence of the whereabouts of the duckpond. For the present, fare thee well!

And water means bliss to others also, on this fervent day. The weary children in the Nookham National School are anxiously scanning the drooping countenance of their still more weary schoolmistress. They are looking there for the dawn of freedom. The school clock struck months ago—struck work, that is—and *its* face conveys no intelligence to them. But children are real "thought-readers," and they can anticipate almost everything their schoolmistress is about to say or do, by studying her face. Presently they perceive a hopeful sign, and almost before they receive the word of command, they spring to their feet with a degree of activity of which no onlooker could have considered them capable, considering their former limp and listless attitude. Prayers over, out they scamper, helter-skelter down the dusty lane, many of them in the direction of "the river." Foremost among them is Master Tommy Copeland, to whom water is bliss indeed; for he was passionately fond of it—as a feature in the landscape.

On this midsummer afternoon, two girls linger on the rudely built but picturesque little bridge which spans the Dabble in Larkspur-lane, near the mill-race. To all but the natives, the Dabble is, as to size, a mere ditch; though just below this bridge its current, accelerated by the dam, is sufficiently rapid to turn the town mill. Though the Dabble is in some places rather deep, a donkey could easily leap it at its widest part, so that, viewed from the top of the adjacent hills, it looks like a glittering silver snake winding in and out at the foot; but the Nookham folk never fail to dignify it with the title of "the river." The two girls have stopped to watch the youngsters on the sloping grassy banks, who are fishing for sticklebacks, locally termed "tiddlers." The Dabble was not one of those little rivers which bear big fish.

"Just look at that young Copeland, Jeanie! splashed from head to foot with liquid mud. See! he's going into the water now! What will his mother say?"

It was the taller and more stylishly dressed of the two who spoke. The younger and more soberly clad girl was evidently a near relation, for although one was tall and slender, and the other was considerably

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shorter and much more sturdily built, their faces bore a strong family likeness. They were in fact sisters—Rosina and Jeanie Ross. And yet their features were strangely different in expression. The face of the one addressed as Jeanie was lit up and beautified by a half-amused, half-pitying smile as she glanced in the direction indicated; while Rosina's countenance wore a very unbecoming expression of scorn.

"There," she went on, "I knew he would! The wretched little mudlark has ventured too far. He will get wet through."

"But," replied Jeanie, tenderly, "his poor clothes are too old to spoil; and the little fellow is too hardy to take any harm from a wetting. Poor child!" she continued, compassionately, "although he is bright and bold, he is by no means a bad boy, Rose. He has very few sources of enjoyment. This is one of them, and we must not blame him too severely for trying to make the most of it."

This Master Copeland might have numbered some seven summers, but, as Jeanie's words implied, he was venturesome beyond his years. Having doffed his heavy hobnailed boots, he had tied them together by their laces, and had slung them round his neck in order that he might have free use of his hands. Why he did not leave them ashore is a mystery which defies inquiry, unless we suppose that our sportsman was afraid they would walk off without him at the instance of one or other of the bigger boys on the bank. He had then made such arrangements as enabled him to wade up to his knees without wetting his clothes; but in his eager pursuit of the sport he had unconsciously gone in up to his waist, when, suddenly reaching forward to clutch at a spiny specimen, his naked feet slipped in the soft mud, and his heavy boots, dangling in front of him, bore the child head-foremost under the water; and, to the indescribable horror of the sisters, he was instantly swept away by the rapid current out of their agonized sight, and under the bridge upon which they stood.

"Rosina! the mill wheel!" gasped Jeanie. "He will be drowned under the mill wheel! Help me to save him, dear! Quick!"

But Rosina's only response was a wild shriek, as she fell into her sister's arms in a dead swoon.

(To be continued.)

True self-knowledge always produces humility. Pride is ever the offspring of self-ignorance. The reason men are vain and self-sufficient is because they do not know their own failings; and the reason they are not better acquainted with them is, because they hate self-inspection. Let a man but turn his eyes within, scrutinize himself, and study his own heart, and he will soon see enough to make him humble. "Behold, I am vile" (Job xl. 4) is the language only of self-knowledge.

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THE LOVE OF NATURE.

By William Cowper.

The love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, through the Almighty Maker, has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of His hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points, yet this obtains in all—
That all discern a beauty in His works,
And all can taste them; minds that have been formed
And tutored, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame, that dies not even there
Where nothing feeds it; neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possesor, much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well he cultivates.
These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives, that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear.
And they that never pass the brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct.
How close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more!

A Parent's Example.—This will have the strongest influence over the children. If a mother speaks in a noisy, quarrelsome manner, or uses bad words, who can wonder that the child should early learn to do the same? But if the father and mother are in the habit of speaking kindly to each other and to their children, and in this way check any rude ways in the little ones, how differently will they be likely to grow up!

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THE NEARNESS OF EXTREMES.

SHORT SERMON BY THE REV. J. H. HILL, D.D., VICAR OF ALL SOULS', CAMBERWELL.

"So Tibni died, and Omri reigned."—1 KINGS xvi., 22.

THE text is a short but significant declaration of the death of one king and the reign of another. The inspired historian says, with inimitable beauty, that the one died and the other reigned. The lesson taught is this—that the throne and the grave are very near to each other. They appear extremely distant the one from the other, but in reality they are not. "The Proximity of Extremes" is the principle that we shall illustrate. Circumstances which appear very different are not so when viewed aright.

I.

Men of wealth sometimes illustrate the principle. Persons of princely fortunes last year are reduced to beggary this. There are hundreds who possessed considerable wealth who are now in want. Losses have impoverished their homes and blighted their prospects. The changes of fortune are many. Wealth has wings, and it does sometimes fly away. The master, in instances not a few, has become the servant, and the servant the master.

II.

Official life sometimes displays the principle. An emperor bears a sword to-day, but to-morrow he hands it over to his conqueror. Such is "the proximity of apparent extremes" that the throne and the prison may be viewed as near to each other. The hero of a thousand battles may die in chains. There are more places than the Island of St. Helena for banishment and imprisonment. There are hundreds at this moment in thraldom and misery who once occupied elevated stations in life. There are men in chains who once lived in palatial residences, who, with one stroke of their pens, have done more harm than all your wandering street Arabs and garret people have had power to do.

III.

The history of human opinions illustrates the principle.

In the region of politics there is perpetual change. At one period men of strong conservative tendencies rule, then those of professed

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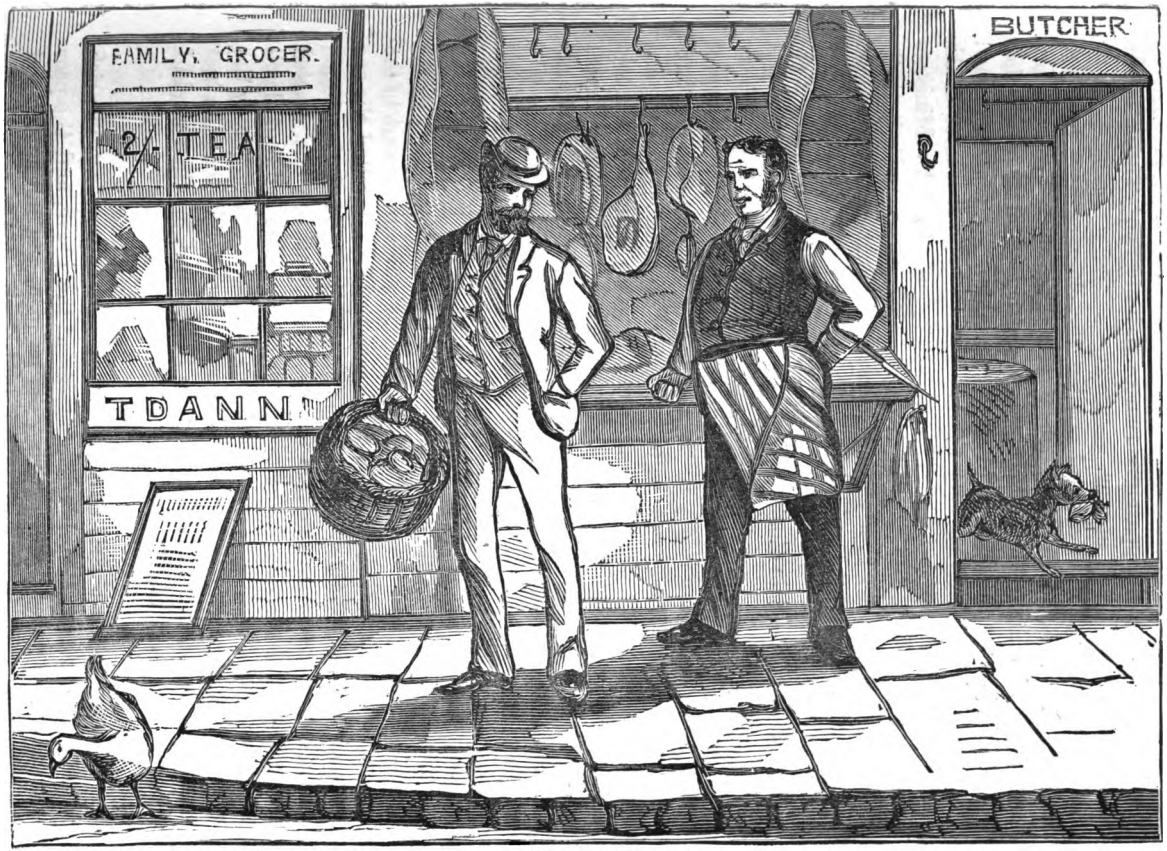

NOOKHAM'S BUTCHER AND BAKER.

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liberal opinions hold the reins of government. Legislation is a history of eventful change. One Cabinet enacts laws, and another repeals them. But all shades of politicians are in close proximity to each other, although apparently remote and diverse. They all strive for power, wealth, and honour.

In the region of theological opinion the changes have been and will be great. Some years ago polemics preached eternal reprobation; and those who differed from this opinion experienced bitter persecution. But this is an age of great liberty; men think for themselves and express their opinions as they think. The catholic character of the Gospel is boldly preached. The generality of Christ's Ministers preach the universality of the Atonement. They unhesitatingly assure congregations that there is amply sufficient merit in Christ to save all men, and that none have been decreed by God to be damned. Far as these views are apart, yet the men who preach them are near: they all meet in Christ.

IV.

The principle is sometimes unfolded in the physical history of man. We see a man to-day robust and brave, but in a few days he is prostrated by disease, and helpless as a little child. Disease and death revel in every street and in many houses. The partition that separates you from physical ruin is very slender. A blow or a breath of pestilential air may destroy that partition, and leave you the victims of exquisite pain and the sport of some raging epidemic.

V.

The principle shows itself in change of destiny.

The splendours of the palace are not unfrequently eclipsed by the breath of death, and the throne changed for a sudden descent to the grave. "So Tibni died, and Omri reigned." Death levelled the one from his exalted position, and, as he fell, Omri ascended the throne and grasped his sceptre to rule Israel. The fall of the one created the opportunity for the elevation of the other. The blow of death sent Tibni to the grave, and Omri was carried in triumph by the people to the throne. Such are the vicissitudes of life, that the best of men has said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

VI.

The principle is clearly developed in change of worlds. The rich man in his exit leaves all his distinctions at the grave, and the poor man leaves his poverty there. They die as men, and not as rich and poor persons. There is no poverty in heaven, nor are there any coffers of gold there. The grave is the solemn spot where numberless burdens are for ever thrown off. Men as far asunder as the

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poles in circumstances are brought into close proximity at the grave. Kindred corruption feeds on prince and peasant in yonder graveyard.

VII.

This principle is especially brought to view in the history of the redeemed.

The pious rich and poor are alike beyond the grave made glorious in spiritual honours. Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom, the penitent thief in Paradise, and King David is satisfied with the likeness of God. Endless beatitudes are enjoyed by the pious poor and rich in the Kingdom of Heaven. The crown gives no advantage to its possessor over that of the beggar in glory. The virtue of the poor will shine with peculiar lustre in the skies, and the happiness of the rich will be so perfect as to teach them the worthlessness of all human distinctions. An alliance with Christ elevates the poor man from the dunghill and sets him among princes, and makes the king a spiritual prince that he may reign with God in the kingdom of immortality.

The blood-shedding of Christ, when applied by the Holy Spirit to the rich and poor, prepares them for the distinctions of celestial life, and the enjoyment of the loveliest regions of the universe.

There are great extremes in earthly circumstances; but all have sinned, hence all need the purifying influences of the Gospel and Spirit. The intolerable burden of guilt is as much felt by a king as a pauper, and no being but Christ can remove it. When removed, the pauper and prince shine in supernatural beauties, and are heirs to an incorruptible crown. The real principle of unity runs throughout the dominions of Jehovah. The greatest extremes meet. The palace is but a royal footpath to the grave, the garret may become the spot where the Christian may poise his wings and soar to the skies. Gethsemane and Calvary are scenes, though bloody and awful, through which the Captain of our Salvation passed to the throne of His Father, and to the thrilling and endless raptures of mediatorial exaltation. The grave is the seed-plot where you, in the full possession of resurrection-life, shall for ever bid adieu to corruption and death, for it is written, "This mortal must put on immortality."

PROUD people are, of all others, most apt to give offence; and so high is their opinion of themselves, that they are continually finding themselves offended by those things of which a humble man would take no notice.

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LITTLE AMY'S JOURNEY.

An Allegory for Children.

A LITTLE while ago, I had a dream which has since lingered in my mind; and thinking it may be interesting to my little friends into whose homes this Magazine finds its way, I have determined to tell it.

I had been busy all day; and in the evening, having got through the work I had set myself to do—for I am one who does not like to attempt a certain amount of labour and only do half of it—I had settled down in a chair for a quiet read. For a little while I managed to fix my attention upon the book before me; but gradually fatigue overcame me, and I was soon comfortably dosing. And it was at this time that I had the dream I am going to talk to you about.

It seemed to me to be early morning, and I was wandering about rather aimlessly on a very wide, open plain, which stretched away on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Such a dreary, desolate place it seemed to be—I am sure none of you would care to be alone there. I could see no human being about—no, not an animal either; and the only things the earth had been able to produce here were a few stunted trees. Scattered about on the dry, uneven ground were many large stones, which to my mind seemed only to add to the desolate appearance of the place. Feeling very much depressed at the scene, I was looking around me to discover a way to escape from such a dreary waste; when I noticed that on my right, at no very great distance, stood a low-built hut.

I felt curious now to know who had taken up his abode in such a strange spot, and went towards the building. It was of wood, and seemed to contain only one room and one window. There were no signs on the outside that it was inhabited, so I peered through the window. The walls and floor of the room were quite bare, and the whole of the furniture consisted only of a table and a couple of broken chairs. But in the corner was a strange sight which commanded my attention.

There, on a heap of straw, lay a little child, evidently asleep. After making quite sure that she was all alone, I determined to go inside to her. Approaching the heap, I found myself beside a little girl about eight years old— a pale, thin little mortal, with long fair hair, which had mingled itself with the materials of her poor couch. She was fast

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asleep; but her rest was a troubled one, for every now and again she sighed heavily, and there were traces of recent tears upon her cheeks. What could be her trouble? I wondered; and pitied her in her loneliness. Who was she? How came she to be alone in such a place, apparently uncared for?

As I stood there musing, I noticed that I had a companion in my watch. Standing by my side was a tall and beautiful lady, arrayed in a loose white robe, which was confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her face was very calm and pale, but had in it an expression of extreme sweetness and gentleness; yet I felt awed in her presence. She gazed earnestly at the child for some moments; then stooped down and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Slight as the touch seemed, it was sufficient to waken the little sleeper. She at once opened her eyes, and gazed first with surprise and then with great interest and pleasure at the lovely lady. Neither the one nor the other took any heed of my presence—indeed, they seemed to be quite unaware of it.

For a little while the child was speechless; then she exclaimed—

"Please tell me how you came here." Then, looking again at the lady, she added, "Oh! how beautiful you are!"

The lady smiled, and replied, "I am your friend, my dear Amy. You see I know your name. I knew you were in trouble, so I have come to see if you will let me help you."

"Good lady," replied the little one, "I am all alone now. My father and mother have gone away to another country, and there is no one who loves me, amd no one to take care of me. My mother used to tell me that if I were very good and patient I should one day go to the place where she was going to live—in the land where father and mother both are now; but the time seems long, and I am very lonely."

"No, no, my child," interrupted the lady; "you are wrong in thinking there is no one who loves you. In that land where your father and mother have gone there is a kind friend who cares for you very much—more than they did, even. He is the king of that lovely country, where all is bright, and every one is happy; and it is he who has sent me to show you the way to his kingdom. Would you like to know the way?"

"Is it really true, dear lady?" asked Amy, looking wistfully at her companion. The dear child seemed inclined to sob for joy. "Does some one really love me? and can I go to my mother in that beautiful country you speak of? Please let us go now! Will it take a very long while to reach there?"

"Sometimes it takes a very long time, my child; and sometimes those who start for this land never reach there. They get to it soonest who keep most closely to the path I show them. I do not think it will take you a very long while to get there; but you must be

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very careful to mind what I say, or you will lose your road, and have a great deal of trouble to get to your journey's end in safety. Come with me, and I will show you the road you are to take; and so that you may be always guided in your choice of the right path, take this little book with you, which will tell you all you need to know, and and make the way quite plain." Saying this, she handed Amy a small book with gilt edges. Then, taking a bottle from her pocket, she added, "And take this, too; and when you feel weary, drink a little from this bottle, and it will quite refresh you."

Holding Amy by the hand, the lady then led her from the hut. Feeling very curious about the child, and sorry for her in her present lonely state, I followed them out of the hut to see the path the child would take, and watch how she commenced her journey to rejoin her parents.

After walking some distance, the lady and child stopped at the entrance to a long, narrow lane.

"This path," said the lady, "is the road to the country of the good king I have been been telling you about. And now be careful to remember my warnings. Do not eat any of the fruit you see growing by the wayside; and be sure you do not leave this path on any account. If at any time you are in trouble, kneel down and say, 'Kind friend, please send me Grace,' and I will be with you directly."

The child smiled, and as they parted said, "Grace is a very pretty name, and I shall be glad to see you again."

Although I felt that I could not interfere with the child during her journey, I was so anxious about her that I determined to follow.

She walked along very quietly for some time. The lane we were traversing was very narrow, and seemed to be of very great length; but here and there it widened out considerably, and at these wider parts numerous bye-paths, very much like the one we were travelling along, led away from the lane. Indeed, they so much resembled it in appearance that the child often had some difficulty in finding the right one, and sometimes she could not tell until she looked in the book which Grace had given her, but this book seemed to make the matter clear. On each side of the lane was a high hedge of bushes, on which grew long, sharp thorns, the points of which were turned away from the narrow path, so that anyone wishing to get through from the other side would find it a very difficult matter, but anyone desirous of getting away from the path could do so easily enough. Here and there, on the other side of the hedge, were trees laden with tempting fruit, the branches of which trees hung over our path and bent down to the ground, so that even little Amy could pluck the fruit without difficulty.

(To be continued.)

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DANISH SUPERSTITIONS.

IN a work published many years ago on the history of the Church from the earliest ages, an account is given of the superstitious beliefs which were held by the Danish people in early times.

The Danes were of the same race as their northern predecessors in England, but they were far more ferocious than those tribes who conquered the country from the Romans and the Britons; and their insatiable appetite for war and carnage was inflamed by a wild and fierce mythology. This mythology was founded on the traditionary belief of their predecessors; but upon that foundation an extraordinary system of fable had been constructed by the Scalds, or poets, who wrought in the old Scandinavian faith a change similar to that which was effected in Jewish theology by the Rabbis, and in the Romish belief by monks and friars. Perhaps, like the bards among the Keltic tribes, the Scalds may have originally belonged to the sacerdotal class. It was their office to record in verse the actions of kings and heroes; no other histories were preserved by these nations, for though they possessed an alphabet, their state of ignorance was such that they scarcely applied it to any other use than the imaginary purposes of magic. These historical poems were recited at public ceremonies and at feasts; they served as war songs also. This custom, according with other circumstances, made their chiefs beyond all other men ambitious of military renown; and the Scalds were liberally requited with gifts and honours for that portion of fame which it was in their power, and in theirs only, to award. The authority which they derived from their office, as historians, may not improbably account for the belief that their mythological fables obtained. What ever the cause may have been, those fables became the belief of the people, as the theogony of Hesiod and the machinery of the Homeric poems were accredited in Greece.

The accounts which have reached us of their system are of undoubted authenticity; and they are more complete than those of any other barbarous superstition. It acknowledged the patriarchal truth that one Almighty God hath existed for ever, by whom all things were made. Alfader, the universal parent, was the name by which he was known. Long before the earth was made, he formed Nifleheim, or Evil-Vome, the abode of the wicked, in the remotest north. Opposite to this, in the remotest south, there existed a fiery region, called Muspelsheim, the dominion of a dreadful being, by name Surtur, which is to say, the Black, who held in his hand a burning sword. Between the world of fire and Nifleheim there was a great abyss, into which rivers of venom, rising from a fountain in the middle of hell, rolled and concreted, filling that side of the abyss with incrusted poison and ice and cold vapours; beneath which, in the interior, there were whirlwinds and tempests. On the other side, sparks and lightnings continually proceeded from the world of Surtur. Thus, there breathed always an icy wind from the north, and a fiery one from the south; in the middle of the abyss, beyond the influence of either, it was light and serene. To the north of this clear calm region the work of creation began. A breath of life went forth, and warmed the cold vapours; they resolved into drops; and by the power of him who governed, the giant Ymir was produced. A

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male and female sprung from under his arm during his sleep, and a son from his feet, and these begat the race of the Giants of the frost, who multiplied, and were all wicked like Ymir their father. At the same time that Ymir was produced, the same liquefaction gave birth to the cow Oedumla, by whose milk, which flowed in rivers, the giant Ymir was fed. From the cow there sprung a man gifted with beauty and power; he was the father of Bore; and Bore marrying the daughter of a giant, begat Odin and his two brethren, between whom and Ymir there was enmity.

These brethren were gods; they slew Ymir, and the blood which issued from his wounds drowned all the giants of the frost, except one wise giant and his family, who escaped in a bark, and perpetuated the race of the giants. The three brethren then dragged the body of Ymir into the midst of the abyss, and of it they made the heaven and the earth. They made the water and the sea of his blood, the mountains of his bones, and the rocks of his teeth; the firmanent they made of his skull, and placed four dwarfs, called East, West, North, and South, to support it at the four corners where it rested upon the earth; they tossed into the air his brains, which became clouds, and from his hair they made the herbs of the field. They then seized fires from Muspelsheim, and placed them in the upper and lower parts of the sky, to enlighten the earth. The earth which they made was round; round about it was the deep sea, and the shores were given to the giants; but they raised a fortress, called Midgard, against the giants, which, with its circumference, surrounds the world; and in the middle of the earth they built Asgard, which is the court of the gods. There Odin had his palace, called Lidskialf, the Terror of the Nations, from whence he beheld all places and all things. He and his brethren one day, as they were walking upon the shore, found two pieces of wood floating upon the waves, and taking them they made of the one a man, and a woman of the other; the man they named Aske, and the woman Emla, and these were the parents of the human race.

But Odin took Frigga, who is the earth, his daughter, to wife, and from that marriage the Ases, that is to say, the Gods, proceeded. Their sacred city is in heaven, under the ash Ydrasil, which is the greatest of all trees, for its roots cover Nifleheim, and its branches spread over the whole earth, and reach above the heavens. The way from heaven to earth is by a bridge, which is the rainbow; and at the end of that bridge, Heimdall, the sentinel of the gods, hath his station to watch the giants. He sees an hundred leagues round him by night as well as by day; his hearing is so acute that he hears the wool grow on the sheep's back; and when he blows his trumpet it is heard throughout all worlds. The souls of all who were slain in battle were received in heaven, in the palace of Odin, called Valhalla, which had five hundred and forty gates. There they passed their lives in continual enjoyment, fighting and cutting each other to pieces every morning, then returning whole to dine upon the boar Serimner, who was hunted and eaten every day, and restored to life every night that he might be ready for the morrow; their drink was ale out of the skulls of their enemies, or mead, which a she goat produced every day, instead of milk, in quantity sufficient to inebriate them all. But this life of perfect enjoyment was not to endure for ever; for, mighty as the gods of Valhalla were, they had enemies mighty as themselves, and who were destined to prevail over them at last.

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The most remarkable of these was Loke; he was of the race of the giants; handsome in his person, of extraordinary ability and cunning, but wicked and malicious, and of so inconstant a temper, that he often associated with the Gods, and on many occasions extricated them from great dangers. This Loke had three dreadful offspring by a giantess. The wolf Fenris was one, the Great Serpent was the second, and Hela, or Death, the third. The Gods knew from many oracles what evils would be brought upon them by this accursed progeny, and to defer a destiny which was not to be averted, Odin sent for them from the country of the Giants. Hela he placed in Nifleheim, and appointed her to govern the nine dolorous worlds, to which all who die of sickness or old age are fated. Grief is her hall, and Famine her table; Hunger her knife, Delay and Slackness her servants, Faintness her porch, and Precipice her gate; Cursing and Howling are her tent, and her bed is Sickness and Pain. The Great Serpent he threw into the middle of the ocean, but there the monster grew till with his length he encompassed the whole globe of the earth. The wolf Fenris they bred up for a while among them, and then by treachery bound him in an enchanted chain, fastened it to a rock, and sunk him deep into the earth. The Gods also imprisoned Loke in a cavern, and suspended a snake over his head, whose venom fell drop by drop upon his face. The deceit and cruelty which the Gods used against this race, could not, however, change that order of events, which the oracles had foretold. That dreadful time, which is called the Twilight of the Gods, must at length arise; Loke and the wolf Fenris will then break loose, and, with the Great Serpent, and the Giants of the Frost, and Surtur with his fiery sword, and all the powers of Muspelsheim, pass over the bridge of heaven, which will break beneath them. The Gods, and all the heroes of Valhalla, will give them battle. Thor, the strongest of the race of Odin, will slay the Great Serpent, but he himself will be suffocated by the floods of poison which the monster vomits forth. Loke and Heimdall will kill each other. The wolf Fenris, after devouring the Sun, will devour Odin also, and himself be rent in pieces by Vidar, the son of Odin; and Surtur, with his fires, will consume the whole world, Gods, heroes and men perishing in the conflagration. Another and better earth will afterwards arise, another Sun, other Gods, and a happier race of men.

Such is the brief outline of that mythology which is detailed in the Edda. It had grown up in the interval between the Saxon conquest and the first Danish invasions. The deified progenitors of the Anglo-Saxon kings were here converted into beings, wholly mythological; and, except in their names, there appears to have existed little or no resemblance between the earlier and latter religion of these kindred nations. How much of the fabulous superstructure was intended to be believed by those who framed it, or how much was actually believed, cannot at this instant of time, be determined. Possibly, as among the Greeks, and as perhaps was the case with many Monkish legends, tales which were invented in mere sport of fancy, obtained a credit that had neither been designed or foreseen, but which was allowed to prevail by those who found advantage in its prevalence. There were some daring spirits who disbelieved such Gods, and openly defied them; but such doings arose from the excess of that ferocious spirit which the system itself produced and fortified; for, monstrous as the mythology is, it had a dreadful effect upon the national character.

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE Young Abstainers Union now numbers 7,000 members.

UPWARDS of £20,000 has been already subscribed for the Manchester Cathedral Restoration Fund.

THE centenary of the establishment of the Church in the United States was celebrated in May last.

THE Rev. Canon Farrar has been appointed Archdeacon of Westminster in succession to the late Archdeacon Jennings.

Two of the candidates at a recent confirmation held by the Bishop of Glasgow were 73 years old.

MR. DILLWYN, M.P., has prepared a Bill for introduction into the House of Commons moving for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. It will not be brought forward till next session.

A PROJECT for a Church School Board has, owing to the threatened closing of three Church day schools in Nottingham caused by a lack of funds, been floated. The Bishop of Lincoln is taking an active part in the matter.

AT a recent meeting in Exeter Hall, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., stated that the working classes of England received £300,000,000 annually in wages, of which £25,000,000, perhaps £30,000,000, were spent in drink.

A PARLIAMENTARY return issued recently, shows that there were 38,377,820 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom during 1882, of which 19,206,802 gallons were distilled in Scotland, 10,124,461 in England, and 9,046,461 in Ireland. The number of gallons of proof British spirits consumed was, however, 16,811,494 in England, 6,502,955 in Scotland, and 5,239,815 in Ireland.

THE Rev. Canon Anson, for eight years Rector of Woolwich, near London, has resigned his living to take part in mission work in North West Canada. The rev. canon is about to proceed to the West to examine the field of work, and will then return to England in the autumn to organize a band of workers to assist him in his undertaking.

A KNIGHT-TEMPLARS CHURCH.—The church at the villlge of Temple, near Bodmin, after existing in a state of ruin for a century, has been restored, and re-opened by the Bishop of Truro, who preached to a large crowd in the open air, the church being found too small to accommodate the people. Temple Church was undoubtedly built in the first place by the Knight Templars, and it is first mentioned in ecclesiastical records 1288-1291. At one time this church was as nortorious as Gretna Green for the peculiar kind of marriages which took place in it, as, not being under diocesan supervision, its curates exercised the right to marry without banns or licence. That the edifice has been in ruins for a very long time is testified by the fact that a very large ash-tree flourished, until recently taken down, within the ruined walls.

FOR relieving the poor clergy and their families there are no less than 81 general institutions, besides 168 clerical charities, connected with the various dioceses. Of these institutions, five are societies with a total income of £50,000 a year. Last year help was given by them to 680 of the poorer clergy and to 1,742 widows and children.

Cases for binding Volumes of this Magazine will be issued at the end of the year.

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THE

MONTHLY WELCOME

AND

Parish Visitor.

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PUBLISHED BY

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

John Howe.

THE father of John Howe was a clergyman who had been persecuted for his Puritan tendencies. The son also was a Churchman of the Puritan mould. As an example of the severity of his religious exercises, it is said that on special occasions he and his Devonshire congregation would assemble together for purposes of worship from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, taking only a quarter of an hour's rest.

John Howe was born in 1630, and went to Cambridge as a sizar, or servitor-student, in 1647. He entered Christ's College—that at which Milton studied. In 1653, having graduated Master of Arts, the Rev. John Howe became minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. This parish is set on a hill-top, and the beautiful hills which surround it are said to suggest a comparison with the site of Jerusalem. In 1654, Howe was married to the daughter of a minister; and two years later, at the age of twenty-six, he visited London, and saw Cromwell at the chapel at Whitehall. The Protector caught sight of him, and being favourably impressed with his appearance, desired to speak with him. At the close of this interview, Cromwell invited the young clergyman to preach. In the result, Howe's sermon so thoroughly

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commended itself to Cromwell that the Protector persuaded him to take up his abode in London, and become his chaplain.

The following extract from a sermon of Howe's is characteristic of him, and will furnish a better idea of his cast of thought, as well of his style, than any description that we could give. It is a passage from a sermon upon "Christian Love," based upon the text, "This is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment" (1 John iii. 23):—"The sincere love of Christians to one another would be a happy means of preserving the truly Christian interest among us. It would inspire Christians generally with a sacred courage and fortitude, when they should know and even feel themselves knit together in love. How doth the revolt of any considerable part of an army discourage the rest! or if they be not entire and of a piece! Mutual love animates them, as nothing more, when they are prepared to live and die together, and love hath before joined whom now their common danger also joins. They otherwise signify but as so many single persons, each one but caring and contriving how to shift for himself. Love makes them significant to one another, so as that every one understands himself to be the common care of all the rest. It makes Christians the more resolute in their adherence to truth and goodness when, from their not doubted love, they are sure of the help, the counsels, and prayers of the Christian community, and apprehend by their declining they shall grieve those whom they love, and who they know love them."

These words are as applicable and yet as instructive to-day as they were when John Howe uttered them. When he did so he was chaplain to Cromwell; but he lived to see the Restoration, and died early in the reign of Queen Anne.

GOLDEN POVERTY.

Pyrrhus, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them; whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king her husband to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold; and the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. "Nay," said the queen, "if you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold; for nothing else can your kingdom afford."—*Fuller.*

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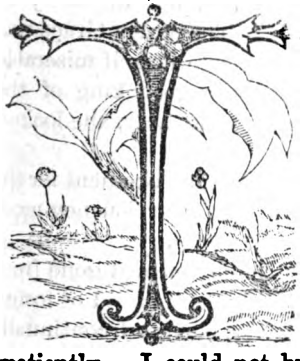
LITTLE AMY'S JOURNEY.

An Allegory for Children.



THE path along which Amy was travelling was very rough, and covered with sharp stones; but occasionally during her journey she came across small patches of bright green grass, which were very refreshing to the eye. On these she occasionally rested for a short time, and appeared much refreshed after these short stoppages.

The sun now began to beat down upon the path; but Amy continued her journey patiently. I could not but wonder that she was able to go along so contentedly; but especially noticed that she frequently refreshed herself by drinking from the bottle which Grace had given her. At last, however, her steps grew slower, and her head drooped; and she seemed inclined to pause in her journey for a long rest.

Presently, she caught sight of some fine ripe-looking fruit on the way-side. She looked at it longingly for a time, and I heard her murmur—

"It looks very nice, and I do not think a little would hurt me. I am hungry and tired; and I will only take a very little bunch."

She plucked a little of the fruit, and sat down to eat it. She had scarcely finished before she began to feel very drowsy, and was soon fast asleep. I remembered Grace's warning to the little one, and felt very sorry for her disobedience. Would she now be able to get to her journey's end in safety? I wondered. But just then I noticed a very ugly old man who was peering through the hedge at the child. He looked so malignant that I quite feared for Amy; especially when I heard him mutter—

"I should like to kill her; but I know a better way of making her suffer. She shall never get to the country she is bound for."

Saying this, he reached through the hedge, and took away the little book which had been given to Amy, and on which she had not kept a firm hold when she fell asleep. On awaking, the child appeared rather unhappy. I suppose she then remembered Grace's counsels, and her own forgetfulness of them. Starting up, she resumed her journey, and at first did not miss her book. But when she did, what a piteous cry she gave! She seemed almost heartbroken, and sat down crying bitterly. At last, however, she dried her eyes, and kneeling down, said the prayer Grace had taught her.

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When she rose from her knees, the prayer had been answered, and her beautiful friend was once more at the little maid's side. She did not speak, but listened gravely whilst Amy told her the story of her disobedience, and of the loss of her book. The lovely Grace was very sad, and told Amy that she had not only made herself miserable by her naughtiness, but had greatly grieved the good king of the country she was journeying to. Then, as she went away, she looked down kindly upon her, and said,—

"Here is another book for you, my child. Be more obedient for the rest of the journey; for these stoppages will make your journey more difficult than ever."

Amy once more set off on her journey. The joy seemed gone from her face, and she clutched the little book tightly, as if afraid of losing it, as she had done the former one. Moreover, she read continually from it; and did not seem at all uncertain about the road she was taking. But she was evidently growing very tired, and looked wistfully ahead, as if anxious for the end of her journey.

At length the lane opened out into one of those pleasant grassy glades I have told you of. The grass looked very tempting, and the path seemed to curve, as if it would lead back into the road Amy was travelling along. It was a great temptation, for the straight road was hard and difficult; but Amy resolutely turned her eyes away from the shady trees and the lawn-like opening, and pressed onward. Just as she passed it, however, she heard a voice behind calling her. Turning round, she saw a little girl about her own age sitting in the long grass, tying up a bunch of flowers. She jumped up as soon as she saw Amy stop, and ran towards her.

"Where are you going, little girl?" she said. "What is your name? I think you are taking the wrong road; for most people who get as far as this along the road you have come turn off here. Come and sit down and talk to me, will you?"

"My name is Amy," she replied, "and I am going to the country of the good King, where my father and mother have gone. I cannot go along that lane, because Grace has told me which road to take and my book says that path will lead away from the King. What is your name?"

"Well, I do not that I have a proper name. Sometimes I am called Mischief, or Good-for-nothing, and all sorts of names; but none of them are very pretty.—But look at this nice grassy lane, with its beautiful flowers. It is a shorter way to the country you want; and it is now evening, and you will never get there by the ordinary road."

I trembled for Amy when I saw her hesitating. I would have 'led out, but my tongue seemed to be fixed to my mouth. How I

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hoped she would look again in her book, and decide to keep in the straight path. But no! she stretched out her hand to the strange child, and they went off down the lane together. The stranger was gay and chatty, and soon made Amy laugh merrily; but I felt sure she was going on the wrong road for the country Grace had directed her to. The new path was bright with flowers, and birds were singing blithely in the trees; but suddenly the two children were startled by a terrible roar. They stood still in terror, and I was greatly alarmed when I noticed that the sound grew nearer and nearer. Poor Amy! She was indeed very soon to find out to what danger she exposed herself by not keeping to the path the book directed, and in which Grace had told her to walk; for presently a savage-looking lion came bounding down the lane. Seeing the children, he at once made towards them. Amy's companion quickly slipped through a gap in the hedge; but she herself was too terror-stricken to run, and dropped down on her knees. The lion was getting nearer and nearer, and I began to fear that Amy was altogether lost, when suddenly her face brightened, and I heard her gasp out—

"Kind friend, please send me Grace."

Immediately the same kind lady was beside her again. Against her the lion seemed to have no power; for at her appearance he turned away again, howling spitefully. The lady's face was still sweet and beautiful, but there was a shade of disappointment on it. She looked sorrowfully upon the child at her feet; then stooped and lifted her up.

"Oh, Amy, Amy," she said, "how could you so disobey me? Look how late it is getting. You may now have great trouble in getting to the end in safety. If you disobey me again, I am afraid you will lose your way altogether."

She then led the child, who was crying bitterly, back to the path, kissed her, and left her again.

Amy's face was now very sorrowful. Poor little girl, she was once more alone in that road. The day was fast wearing away, and long shadows were cast along the pathway. It was too dark for Amy to read; but I noticed that she often drank from her bottle, and seemed to get the stronger for it.

As the darkness came on, she had many a stumble in her journey, but I could now see a bright figure walking beside the little one, directing her footsteps. The two walked on together for a long time; and I felt no fear for the little one whilst she kept near to the beautiful One close by her, and walked in His footsteps.

At length I could see the end of the lane, and the young traveller was soon up to it. Here she found a great mansion, with a high gate; and over the knocker ran the words, "Knock and it shall be opened

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unto you." After looking at this for some time, Amy very timidly stretched out her hand, and gave a gentle knock.

It was opened instantly; and oh! how can I describe the sight within. Such brightness as was there I had never seen before: it seemed as if a thousand suns were shining, and in this bright light myriads of happy robed figures passed to and fro; and as the little one passed through the gate, a choir of beautiful voices sang to the sweetest music, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

As she went forward to join the throng of beautiful beings in this place, the great light shone upon her, and she became as beautiful a being as the others I could see in that glorious house.

The door closed, and I was left outside. The little one had reached her journey's end through toil and trouble; and the happy future before her in the land I had seen her enter would more than atone for all she had gone through.

At this point I awoke. The fire had gone out, and I was in a darkness greatly in contrast with the brightness I hadbeen looking upon. My dream was over; but I have often thought about it since, and felt how happy I should be to commence the same journey, with the same good, though often unseen, friends about me, and with the same happiness for a reward before me. What are the troubles of a short pilgrimage, when compared to a lasting home in that bright country, in the presence of such a King?

How to Estimate a Book.—Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration of what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these defects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it into the fire, young man?—Southey.

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SIMPLE SCIENCE GOSSIPS.

A Big Block. By H. Major, B.A., B.Sc.

IN the middle of England there is a very charming country district to which I am going to invite you in this paper. It is known as Charnwood Forest, but you must not think it is covered all over with trees. In many other parts of England there are districts known as "Forests," such as the Sherwood Forest, in the very next county; but in most of these instances, the greater part of the forest growth has been long since cut down.

This Charnwood Forest is a hilly region, rising above the level of the country all around; and when the greater part of England was beneath the sea, this part stood out of the waters as a rocky island, or rather as a cluster or lot of rocky islands.

In those days, ages and ages ago, these hard rocky hills rose high above the level of the ocean, and from the tops of some of them smoke came as out of giant furnaces. You will understand, that is, that some of them were burning mountains, or volcanoes. But besides smoking, volcanoes send out streams of molten rock and lava; so you would now expect to find this molten rock on the sides of these mountains. This is found, and so this is the only district in all England where we get the hard rock commonly called granite. You will find plenty of this in Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland, but nowhere else in England. In fact, this little district is a kind of English Wales, or a Wales on a small scale in the centre of England.

Of course you will, therefore, find quarries where this rock is blasted. As I sit here writing this paper, the dull boom of the blast many miles away can be heard, telling me that the miners have "fired a shot," and sent tons of this hard mass into the air.

In the middle of this Charnwood Forest, some monks have made their home, and here they live, die, and are buried in this quiet place just as they did hundreds of years ago, in many other parts of England. They spend most of their time tilling the land around their home, and they have turned many a wild rocky district into fruitful fields of corn.

But this is not what I have invited you to Charnwood Forest to see. What I want you to know, is, that all around this central hilly region, miles away from the middle of it, great masses of rock are found, lying scattered and alone. These are the big blocks which have given the name to my paper.

These blocks are the same kind of rock as the mountains are made of, but they are miles and miles away from the mountains. They are as strange to the place where they are found as an Englishman

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would be in France. How, then, did they come where they are? They have always within the memory of man been where they now are; they are too big to have been moved from the mountains by man, even with the steam engine. What could carry them to their present resting-places.

No floods could have washed them down the mountain sides. They are too big and heavy for that—besides, they would have had to pass over rocky hill-edges to get where they now are, and floods will not flow up-hill.

There is only one thing that can have carried them, and that is Ice. At one time great ice-rivers, or glaciers, as they are called, spread from the tops of these mountains along the sides and down the valleys, miles and miles from the summits. As these ice-rivers slowly travelled on their way, they scraped and tore away great masses of the rock from their bottoms and sides, and left them when the ice melted, just where we now find them.

If we look at some of these big blocks, we can see the scratches that were made on their sides as they were being scraped along the bottom and sides of the valley through which the ice-river was grinding its way.

Many of these are tons and tons in weight, and half as big as a house. Is not that a very wonderful history for a block of stone? First, to have been sent out of a burning mountain as a river of melted rock; then to have cooled down into solid rock; and lastly to have been carried from their cradle by an ice-river, and to have been left high and dry upon the shoal and strand of time!

THE CHURCH AND THE MEETING-HOUSE.—I am convinced a man runs less danger of being misled, or of building on false foundations, in the Establishment than out, and this, too, for plain reasons. Dissenters are apt to think they are religious *because* they are Dissenters, "for," argue they, "*if* we had not a regard for religion, why should we leave the Establishment at all? The very act of leaving it shows we have a regard for religion, because we manifest an aversion to its abuses." Besides this, at the meeting-house you are not likely to hear plain and unwelcome truth so honestly told as in the Church, where the minister is not so dependent on his flock, and the prayers are so properly selected that you will meet with petitions calculated for all your wants, bodily and spiritual, without being left at the mercy of the minister, to pray for what, and in what manner he likes.—*Henry Kirke White, in a letter to his brother James.*

"SELF-PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION."—He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth."—*Fuller.*

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THE SOURCE OF TRUE WISDOM.

By Richard Edwards (1576).

WHOSO will be accounted wise, and truly claim the name,
By joining virtue to his deeds he must achieve the same.
But few there be that seek thereby true wisdom to attain:
O God, so rule our hearts therefore such fondness * to refrain.

The wisdom which we most esteem, in this thing doth consist,
With glorious talk to show in words our wisdom when we list:
Yet not in talk but seemly deeds our wisdom we should place,
To speak so fair and do but ill doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargain well and shun the loss a wisdom counted is,
And thereby through the greedy coin no hope of grace to miss.
To seek by honour to advance his name to brittle praise
Is wisdom which we daily see increaseth in our days.

But heavenly wisdom sour seems—too hard for them to win,
But weary of the suit they seem, when they do once begin:
It teacheth us to frame our life, while vital breath we have,
When it dissolveth earthly mass, the soul from death to save.

By fear of God to rule our steps from sliding into vice
A wisdom is which we neglect, although of greater price:
A point of wisdom also this we commonly esteem—
That every man should Be indeed what he desires to Seem.

To bridle that desire of gain which forceth us to ill,
Our haughty bearing, Lord, repress, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should above each thing desire;
O heavenly God, from sacred throne that grace in us inspire!

And print in our repugnant hearts the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deeds in worldly life may like thereof ensue:
Thou only art the living spring from Whom this wisdom flows;
Oh! wash therewith our sinful hearts from vice that therein grows!

Religion in India.—The latest statistics upon this subject, founded on the census of 1882, show that out of the grand total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects and castes of Hindoos made up no less than 187,937,450. The Mahometans, who came next in order, numbered 50,121,585. The nature worshippers, or demonolaters, numbered 6,426,511; the Buddhists, 3,418,844; Christians, 1,862,634; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindooism, 1,221,896; the Sikhs, who are simple Theists, 853,426; and those who came under the heading of other creeds, or were altogether unspecified, 3,057,130. The Christians enumerated are exclusive of persons of European nationality. The figures relating to native Protestants show the very satisfactory increase of 86 per cent. in 10 years.

* *Fondness* formerly signified foolishness.

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FAMILY TIES.

By the Author of "Chislington Chimes."

CHAPTER III.—Nookham Nursery.

"TASTES differ." Allowing the force of the axiom, it is still safe to assert that a florist's shop is, on the whole, more admired than any other. If it be suggested that a bonnet-shop sometimes attracts more attention, the answer is that the florist—the artificial florist—furnishes the bonnet-shop with half its charms; and so the proposition holds.

In a bricky, smoky, stuffy city, with its seemingly endless succession of shops, what a relief it is to come upon a florist's! But linger awhile to feast your eyes upon the refreshing sight, and to regale yourself with the sweet odours, and your pleasure will presently become alloyed with a preponderance of pain. A closer inspection shows that the poor flowers are as unhappy and as unhealthy as birds in an aviary, or fishes in a globe. And having noted this, you soon begin to perceive that with their fragrance is mingled a certain fulsome and sickly sweetness that suggests decay. Poor flowers! they have been torn from their happy country haunts, and sent to seek their fortunes in this close, unwholesome city. Alas! here there is little scope for their ambition, and the pushing proclivities of their roots are confined within the bounds of ugly earthen pots. Thus exiled from their own native paradise, for awhile they languish in this mock Eden of a florist's shop. There is "no heart in them," as country folk would say; and they are but just kept alive by stimulants administered by the cunning man their master, who, when he can, will sell them to someone who will probably cherish them as kindly but less wisely for the short remainder of their miserable lives. Thinking all this, you sadly pass on, with a sigh which is half for the fate of the flowers, and half at the recollection of those delightful scenes denied to you as well as to these unfortunate members of Flora's family.

But Nookham has a "nursery," whereat Flora's children are treated with even more than parental care. There they reside under the most healthy conditions; there they are sustained by the most nutritious food; there they are so lovingly cherished, trained, and educated, that they not uncommonly grow to twice the size and gain twice the beauty of their kindred that are subject to less favourable conditions than those which obtain at Nookham Nursery, and that receive less tender treatment than that bestowed by that fond foster-parent Crawfurd Rota.

One could remain at Nookham Nursery, or wander over its extensive grounds, for an indefinite period with pleasure unalloyed. It lies just off the High Street, some distance back from the regular line of houses.

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"STRODE HOMEWARDS, HOLDING FAST BY THE ARM THE TROTTING LITTLE TOMMY" (SEE P. 156).

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Shop, properly so called, it has none; but the forepart of its conservatory is furnished with neat mahogany counters and a snug little desk so completely fitted as to form a cabinet counting-house. A few choice flowers are in the windows, but the usual collection of giant pumpkins and dwarf orange trees is thrust far into the background. Such things are part of a florist's stock-in-trade, and so they are here; but Crawfurd Ross hates and positively feels pained at the sight of floral and vegetable monstrosities, and he is careful not to give them prominence. A flourishing grape vine runs around the walls and over the roof of the conservatory; and here and there its grateful greenery is relieved by exquisite little pictures suspended from the beams or attached to the sashes. Crawfurd Ross is very proud of these. He never enters the conservatory without casting an affectionate glance towards them. He has some reason to be proud. The pictures are water-colour drawings, exquisitely done by his elder daughter, Jeanie Ross; and they all represent either new varieties of flowers first introduced by the studious old gardener, or else old favourites reared by him in such perfection as to startle the floricultural world, and to make it ring with the name and fame of Crawfurd Ross of Nookham Nursery.

There is apparently no one in the shop this summer afternoon. The round-faced, briskly and busily ticking little clock behind the desk strikes the hour with rapid and impatient strokes upon a mellow-sounding gong. Its manner somehow reminds one of a busy neighbour, who is quite willing to "pass the time o' day" with you, but in whose sharp tones there is a something that reminds you he cannot stop to gossip. "One-two-three-four"—there was hardly any interval between the decided strokes. Ere the sound had died away, a movement under the counter was audible. Then came another sound—this time it was as of a long-drawn, languid, protesting, and unmistakably drowsy mid-summer afternoon sort of yawn. It proceeded from one Ken, the florist's invaluable assistant, who had been enjoying his usual *siesta* under the counter; and now he comes towards the front door, strenuously stretching and straightening his limbs, yawning most contagiously, and gazing quite reproachfully at the faithful clock. Trying the door, he finds it locked. Growling out some unintelligible but obviously impatient remark, he again yawns stupendously, and glances towards the door at the other end of the conservatory—the door which leads to the nursery grounds. This door is open, as Ken with evident satisfaction perceives, for he at once shakes off his languor and walks forth with resolution re-braced. Turning sharply to the left, he comes to the front gate of the grounds. This is shut, but it is not locked, and Ken easily raises the latch. Arrived at the roadway, he smartly sets off in the direction of Larkspur Lane.

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Ken is evidently a well-known character in Nookham. First he meets the baker's man, who says, "Hullo, old man! So you're off, then!" Ken simply gives a dignified nod and passes on. Then the butcher goes by in a cart, and hails Ken with a most condescending whistle, but Ken does not seem overwhelmed by the honour. Indeed, he looks after the butcher as if he is thinking that the cart is being driven at a pace far greater than that prescribed by statute law, and much exceeding that indicated by nature on such a day. Next, the postman comes lamely toiling along, with a heavy bag on his shoulders, and his "cheese-cutter" cap thrust as far back as it will go without falling off his head. His face is as scarlet as the collar of his coat. His careworn countenance brightens up as he sees our friend, and he says, cheerfully, "Well, Mr. Ken, how are you to day, sir? Keep yourself warm!" Ken does not reply verbally, but he offers to shake hands in a way that is extremely sympathetic and expressive. It seems to imply, "My dear fellow! That goes without saying! The day is, indeed, too warm for words; pray let us shake hands and drop the weary subject." All this the postman understands most thoroughly, and he replies, "Well, I daresay you've got your work to do, and have no time to spare, like me. Good-bye, old fellow!" And again shaking hands—this time very heartily—they part, rather reluctantly, for they are very great friends.

Ken had not gone far before his progress was again interrupted. This time he paused not to exchange another friendly greeting; his attention was arrested by the appearance of a stranger upon the horizon. A stranger in Nookham was rather an unusual sight. The advent of a stranger would bring two-thirds of the inhabitants to their doors and windows, where they would remain wasting the time in speculative gossip long after the phenomenon had disappeared. Ken, although of Scottish birth, was a thoroughly naturalized Nookhamite, and he was endowed with more than his due share of the native curiosity, especially concerning strangers. And this stranger, as he came within the range of observation, was seen to be an object that might afford ample excuse for curiosity. True, it was only a patch-eyed, stumpy tailed fox-terrier; but the animal was all wet and bedraggled, and stained with mud and blood, and his outline was dim and vague to the distant observer, by reason of the cloud of vapour which reeked from the dog's damp coat. Under the hot sun the terrier was toiling along, bearing in his mouth a heavy burden—something bigger than himself.

"Hullo!" thought Ken, "what a suspicious looking customer! How wet and muddy he is; and there's blood on his coat. And surely that's a duck he is carrying! Ah! I see what it all means! The rascally tramp has been poaching. I'll make his hide smoke!"

The terrier saw the approach of Ken, and knew that he could only

escape by forsaking his prey. He scorned to do that, so, dropping his burden, he planted his sturdy little feet upon it in an attitude of defiance, and bared a formidable array of gleaming teeth. Yet, insolent as was his manner, he obviously knew that he was in the wrong. Even as he growled and showed his teeth, his tail at the same instant was agitated by two or three beseeching little jerks, as though its possessor would say, "Peace is my policy. Why can't you let me be? But if you won't, why, I'm a desperate dog, and I will rather die than yield."

But Ken, on his part, was stern and uncompromising. He was determined to vindicate the right even at the cost of bloodshed. He took a brief survey, gathered his forces, and was about to storm the position, when his attention was startlingly diverted. That piercing shriek—surely it was none but Rosina Ross who uttered it. Ken had never heard her shriek, except when she was singing, which, with her, was mostly a sort of artistic shrieking. And, in truth, there was a good deal that was either artistic or artificial about this particular shriek, which had so suddenly arrested Ken's inquiry into this matter of police. At any rate, Ken at once recognized Rosina's voice, and he supposed that she would not raise it in the public highway, excepting under circumstances which rendered his presence beside her eminently desirable. Accordingly, the evil-disposed terrier was allowed to remain master of the situation, for Ken at once wheeled round and ran off at the top of his speed, to attend to what he conceived to be a superior call to duty.

CHAPTER IV.—"My Brother Randall."

"Oh, Ken! you dear, dear doggie! You splendid creature! Won't the master be proud of his collie when he hears of this!" exclaimed Jeanie Ross, as she absolutely hugged the four-footed hero, all heedless that his dense coat had absorbed a quantity of water which, in such dry weather, must have represented a really serious loss to such a tiny river as the Dabble.

He had arrived just in the nick of time. Sagacious fellow that he was, he saw at a glance why Rosina had shrieked, and without a moment's pause he plunged into the stream, and seized hold of the drowning boy's garments. Master Tommy Copeland was perhaps not quite so heavy as Ken. The gallant collie, swimming strongly against the current, opposed his substantial body against the slight bulk of the child, and soon succeeded in steering him to the bank, where Jeanie was waiting with arms eagerly outstretched to assist in the landing.

Tommy was instantly grassed, and was found to be little the worse for his mishap. In fact he had not received nearly such a shock as

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Jeanie. After a little preliminary gasping and coughing, rubbing of the eyes, and wringing of the hair, he suddenly exclaimed, half triumphantly, half shyly—

"Got him, see, Miss Jeanie! Ain't he a big un? And he's got a gold breast. Will he grow into a gold fish if I keep him in a glass bowl, and feed him on dandelions and buttercups?"

And opening the hand which had until then remained convulsively clasped, he displayed the half-dead fish the capture of which had so nearly proved fatal to himself.

Jeanie, half inclined to laugh, half inclined to cry, and trembling violently, could not speak. Tommy, feeling somewhat embarrassed, sought relief by talking garrulously—

"Ain't your Ken a fine dog! May I give him a kiss?" suiting the action to the word; Ken accepting the caress with becoming dignity. "Is Ken a sheep dog? Why don't Mr. Ross get some sheep for him? My brother Randall, what's a soldier in the Royal Ingeneers, he's going to buy me a dog like Ken, when he goes to Scotland, and when the Queen makes him a sergeant. He's a full corp'ral now, and he wears two gold stripes on—— Hullo! where's my boots?"

They were at the bottom of the Dabble, and Jeanie, having seen that Rosina had thoroughly recovered from her really self-imposed swoon, indicated their whereabouts to Ken, who speedily restored them to their delighted owner. The boy would have renewed his demonstrations towards the dog; but this time Ken evaded his grasp, and, with an impatient bark, went off about the business upon which he had originally started from the nursery.

Master Tom again grew talkative. "There's a proper chap—to fetch up my boots! My murrer says she got them boots out o' the wash-tub, and when I arksks her why they wasn't wet, and was they made o' wash-leather, then, she larfs, and she says, 'Ah, Tommy, you're too mattererfack!' I don't know what she means, d'you? Would Ken fetch my boots if they was in the sea? I ain't never been to see the sea, have you? My brother Randall says he'll take me and murrer to the sea, one of these days, when he gets his stripe. My brother Randall's got the marksman's badge. Its guns and stars, on his arm. My brother Randall says you're——"

"You'd better let your brother Randall speak for himself. Why, you little pickle! what have you been about?" Randall Copeland, as he spoke, greeted Jeanie Ross with a military salute, and stooped down to kiss the wet face of his little scapegrace brot ier. Explanations ensued on both sides. Jeanie modestly related Tommy's adventure, and Randall, after cordially thanking her for the important part she had played in it, and after lavishing the most extravagant praise upon the canny collie Ken, intimated, with much bashfuln ess of manner,

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that he had just received his sergeant's stripes,—he blushingly glanced at his arm as he alluded to them—and that he had for that reason unexpectedly been able to obtain leave for a few days, in order to bring home the joyful news. All Nookham would feel promoted by that extra stripe, so it was due to Nookham that he should at once share the honour. When they saw it, the butcher would nod, the baker would chat, the chemist would desire to engage the sergeant in discourse upon military medicaments and the chemical composition of gunpowder. Knowing all this, Randall felt that he must at once convey the news to his Nookham neighbours. Hence his sudden appearance in his native place.

Having received Jeanie Ross's congratulations, he strode homewards, holding fast by the arm the trotting little Tommy, who had come so near to turning all his joy to sorrow, and all his innocent pride to pain.

Jeanie presently wondered what had become of Rosina. Ah! there she was, under Queen Elizabeth's oak, apparently engaged in earnest conversation with a tall, dark young man, who was abstractedly tracing figures with his gold-headed cane, on a dry puddle-patch made by the drippings from the tree, the while that he was addressing Rosina in low and impressive tones.

The pair were the most striking features in the landscape, because they were so utterly out of harmony with it. Both were dressed in the height of fashion, and so each was a sight to make a sensitive artist shudder. Jeanie was an artist; but it was for a far different reason that her lips quivered at the sight. Sergeant Copeland was not an artist; yet the sight of these two young people, both of whom he knew right well, made him feel positively unhappy, in spite of the newly won stripe. Why should the sergeant frown and bite his lips? and what should make the scalding tears start to the ordinarily calm eyes of sturdy brown Jeanie Ross?

(To be continued.)

God's calendar is more complete than the best martyrologies; and their names are written in the book of life who on earth are wholly forgotten.—*Fuller.*

For every trifle scorn to take offence:
That always shows great pride, or little sense
Good nature and good sense must always join—
To err is human, to forgive divine.—*Pope.*

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks which time has made.—*Waller.*

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

AUGUST.

ON the 24th of this month is celebrated the festival of St. Bartholomew the Apostle. That he was one of the twelve Apostles is clear from Matt. x. 3; but since no further mention of him is made by this name, it is supposed that he possessed another, and that he was probably identical with Nathanael, one of the earliest of Christ's disciples. It will be remembered that it was of Nathanael whom our Saviour spoke when He said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile" (John i. 47). This Nathanael was the friend of Philip; and Bartholemew is in the Gospels almost invariably mentioned in connexion with Philip. Bartholomew was rather a distinctive designation than a name—Bar-Tolmai, the son of Tolmai. Nathanael may have received this additional description from having been the pupil of Tolmai or Ptolemy. Altogether there is little or no doubt that Bartholomew and Nathanael are names belonging to one and the same person.

When Jesus had characterized him in the words above quoted, Nathanael responded, "Whence knowest Thou me?" Jesus answered, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." At first sight, our Saviour's reply seems a very simple one. There would appear to be nothing in it calculated to call forth the intensely reverent acknowledgement of Christ's divinity which it drew from Nathanael. When his friend Philip had announced to him, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law, and the prophets, did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," Nathanael replied, half incredulously, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And now, by this simple answer to a question which he asked of Jesus, Nathanael is not only thoroughly convinced, but his rejoinder betokens the awe he feels on finding himself, perhaps unexpectedly, in the presence of the Holy One—"Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

It is probable that Christ's words had for Nathanael a deeply penetrating significance. The tone in which they were uttered, and the eloquent gaze with which they were accompanied, may have shown Nathanael that Jesus knew of the grand crisis in his spiritual life which had culminated under the fig-tree, where he had bared his soul and given his heart to God; and so Nathanael at once saw that this Jesus of Nazareth could be none other than the searcher of hearts, the Son of God, and the Divine King of Israel.

It is believed that St. Bartholomew (or Nathanael) preached the Gospel in India and in the northern and western parts of Asia, and in Lycaonia; and that he finally suffered martyrdom in Armenia. "O

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Almighty and Everlasting God Who didst give Thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach Thy Word; grant, we beseech Thee, unto Thy Church, to love that word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

SOME ABSURDITIES OF AUTHORS.

EVEN the wise ones of various ages have at times unintentionally contributed to the amusement of their readers by reason of the slips they have made and the absurdities they have been guilty of in their compositions. For the edification of our readers we have collected the following specimens of some strange turns of thought which have been written down at different times by various authors.

THE PRECISE MOMENT OF THE CREATION.—Chevreau, in his History of the World, tells us, that it was *created* the 8th Sept., on a Friday, a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon!

NICE CALCULATIONS.—Stelm calculates that there are thousands of insects in a crumb of bread. And Malezieu says he has *seen* living animalcule twenty seven millions of times smaller than mites. And as life and light are concomitant ideas, Niewentyh has computed, that in a second of a minute there escapes of a burning candle particles of light ten *million* of *millions* of times more than the number of the grains of sand computed to be contained in the whole earth.

PLURALITY OF SUNS.—"I would," said Lord Shelburne, speaking of the American war, "I would," said he (after prophesying that England's sun would set for ever if Independence was granted to America) "keep up a little twilight, to light up another, and another, and another sun." The twilight which his lordship recommended England to keep in her pocket for future use! was (it has been observed), perhaps, prophetically allusive to Botany Bay, the Hottentot settlement, and future Pargas.

ANTIQUITY OF IRON.—Captain Ashe asserts that iron axes were used in the Ohio country in America *long before the flood.*

REWARD FOR INGENUITY.—The "Searchers into Nature," a philosophical society at Berlin, were pleased to offer a reward to any one "who can prevent hail from gathering into clouds."

DR. DARWIN proposed the scheme of towing the ice-islands to the tropics. He had also a very ingenious theory of governing the winds.

WOODEN RELATIONS.—A man may have a numerous stock of relations upon whom he may very innocently turn his back, and very sensible and sensitive ones they are too, for "trees are *animated;* they have their *food,* their *enjoyment,* their *grief,* their *health,* their *illness,* their *watching,* their *sleep,* their *emanations,* their *absorptions,* their *infancy,* their *growth,* their *puberty,* their *manhood,* and their *love.* The man who does not find in *animals* YOUNGER BROTHERS, and in *plants* COUSINS, more or less removed, is unacquainted with his own nature, and is devoid of the elements of morality."—*White on the Gradation of Man.*

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SIMPLE DEFINITION.—In the early editions of Doctor Johnson's Dictionary is the following meaning to the word Net-work: "Any thing *reticulated* or *decussated*, with *interstices* at equal distances between the *intersections*."

MATHEMATICAL ACCURACY.—Dr. Robertson, in the Recreations of Agriculture, says: "The mathematician can demonstrate with the most decided *certainty*, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without *communicating motion to it*, and he can ascertain with the most accurate *precision* (if he so chooses to do), what must be the exact amount of the motion so produced."

ALARMING DIMINUTION OF THE MOON.—Dr. Olbers, the astronomer, remarks, "that if stones fall from the moon, she must decrease in size: for that these stones should be able to reach our earth, it is necessary that she should throw out masses of matter: a moon-mountain perhaps! So that, in due time, we shall have no moon left to lighten us by night, and the selenographists will cease to speculate thereon by day; all of which will be extremely awkward."

NEW THERMOMETER.—Grimm speaks of a gentleman whose *valet de chambre* had established a sort of concordance between the state of the thermometer and his master's dress; and when his master asked him in the morning, *how is the thermometer?* he answered, *at ratteen*, or *at velvet*, or *at fur*, according to the degree of cold.

VEGETABLE STONES.—Some philosophers have asserted that stones *are vegetables*, that they grow and increase in size like a plant. Lord Gardenstone goes even further, and very gravely says, "that a stone found at Naples has this curious quality, that if laid in a cellar or any damp place, and sometimes sprinkled with water, a little crop of *mushrooms* rises and grows to perfection. It answers only in the spring-time, and continues to be productive for five or six years."

A LITTLE OF THE MARVELLOUS OF THE ANCIENTS.—Cælius Rhodiginus says, that *elephants* have been *known to write*. Herodotus, in Euterpe, tells us, that the *sun* did several times set and hide itself in the east, instead of the *west!* Rhodius says, that "in India the ants are *larger* than foxes." Livy asserts that an ox in full market cried out, "Rome, take care of thyself!" Suetonius has it, that a rook exclaimed, when they were going to assassinate Domitian, "Etai panta kalos;" well done! or all is well! Valerius Maximus says, that the son of Prusias, king of Bithynia, instead of separate teeth in the upper jaw, had one solid undivided piece from side to side. Historians say, that on the first day of the opening of the Colisseum at Rome, Titus produced 500,000 wild beasts, which were *all* killed in the arena.

COLOSSAL BONES.—St. Augustin tells us, that *he* found on the sea-shore, near Utica, a fossil human tooth, which was *only* a hundred times larger than the tooth of any person living. Pliny says, that by an earthquake in Crete, a part of a mountain was opened, which discovered a skeleton sixteen cubits, or *twenty-four feet long*, supposed to be that of Orion. At a much later period, Kircher tells us of a skeleton dug up near Rome, which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas (slain by Turnus), and was *higher* than the walls of the city: the same author says, that another skeleton was found near Palermo, that must have belonged to a man *four hundred feet high!*

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

PUBLIC-HOUSE property has so depreciated in value in Oldham that the Assessment Committee has ordered a new valuation.

A RECTOR FOR SEVENTY YEARS.—The Rev. John Abbiss, whose decease was recently announced, was rector of the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, for the extraordinarily long period of seventy years

THE "Archbishop Tait Memorial Fund" now amounts to £10,000, and towards the £50,000 which the friends of the late Dr. Pusey hoped to raise as a memorial fund to the High Church leader, the sum of £24,000 has been contributed.

FROM a Parliamentary report just issued, on the motion of Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P., we learn that there has been a decrease in the alcoholic expenditure on inmates of workhouses in England and Wales during 1881 of at least £20,000 as compared with 1871. Not many medical men now believe in alcohol either as a wholesome stimulant, or as a medicine.

DR. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, in a letter addressed to the archdeacons and rural deans of his diocese, announces his impending resignation. He remarks that, being far advanced in his seventy-sixth year, he is conscious of not possessing the physical strength needful for the due performance of the episcopal work of the diocese, the largest in extent among the diocese, of England. He says he would endeavour to continue for a time to perform the episcopal duties of the diocese if it were reduced to the county of Lincoln, in which case he would surrender £500 of annual income towards the endowment of the see of Southwell. But as £19,000 has now to be raised for the endowment and erection of the see of Southwell, the prospect of the near accomplishment of that design hardly seems to be such as to justify him in the retention of an office the duties of which, as it is now constituted, he is not able adequately to discharge.

THE parishioners of Sandford, near Crediton, were recently called upon to give their vote for or against the new vicar who had been appointed by the three governors of the parish. There are now very few churches throughout the country in which the appointment of a vicar is effected by the vote of the parishioners; and where this system still prevails, unseemly brawls sometimes occur. From the account of the proceedings on this occasion given in the *Family Churchman*, it seems to have been an exception. "At the conclusion of the afternoon service all but the ratepayers present were requested to leave the church. Capital arrangements were made for correctly and expeditiously taking the votes, a table having been placed inside the porch door, at which each one leaving the church stated whether he assented to or dissented from the nomination of Mr. Gardner. The interior of the church and the spacious galleries during the afternoon service were crammed with people, many of whom came from Crediton; and great interest seemed to be manifested on the occasion, though the result was a foregone conclusion. The utmost good nature prevailed throughout, and no unseemly conduct took place, which was in marked contrast to what occurred on the election of the late Rev. C. Gregory some 47 years ago, when the two parties were nearly balanced. The proceedings on Sunday show that the vast majority of the parishioners (though about 80 or 100 did not vote) wish for the appointment of the late Mr. Gregory's curate, the Rev. G. T. Llewellyn, who is very popular at Sandford. It is understood that Mr. Llewellyn will now be appointed. The tithes of Sandford, amounting to about £1,110, are paid to the governors of Crediton Church, who allow the vicar of Sandford £300 a year, besides a good residence and the surplus fees.

Cases for binding up Volumes of this Magazine will be issued at the end of the Year.

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"Vino Sacro"

The Perfect Non-Alcoholized Wine for Holy Communion.

The Pure Juice of the Grape. Nourishing and Non-heating. A real boon for Invalids.

'VINO SACRO' has been introduced by Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. for the purpose of supplying to the Clergy A PURE RED WINE of natural sweetness, and entirely free from added spirit or anything foreign to the pure juice of the grape. The leading characteristics of 'VINO SACRO' are—[1] A lovely light red (ruby) colour; [2] natural sweetness; [3] entire absence of added spirit; [4] warranted to 'keep' for any time; [5] does not thicken or deposit in bottle.

'VINO SACRO' is recommended by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, and by hundreds of Clergymen in the Church. 30s. per 12 Bottles; 33s. per 24 Half-Bottles.

In order to meet the scruples of the Clergy, and to satisfy them that "VINO SACRO" is in reality what they have long asserted it to be, viz., *an absolutely pure and natural wine*, Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. have submitted it to the Chemical Analysis of Professor Attfield, whose report is herewith appended.

ANALYSIS of "VINO SACRO" *by* Professor ATTFIELD, *F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c.*

"I have carefully analysed this Wine. Unlike most of the wines of the Spanish Peninsula, it contains *no added alcohol*, while it has sufficient to stamp it as a *true grape wine* of natural strength, viz., 10½ per cent. It possesses an *extremely pleasant fruity, vinous odour and flavour, and a rich natural colour.*

Its proportions of fruit acid saline substances, and grape juice solids generally, are *exactly what they should be in a natural wine.*

The proportion of saccharine matter is appropriate in a wine intended chiefly for Altar use.

"JOHN ATTFIELD."

The following UNSOLICITED testimony has reached Messrs. HICKS & COMPY. from Scotland under date of October 12th, 1882:—

"Messrs. HICKS & COMPANY,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your 'VINO SACRO.' It has a distinct flavour of its own, unlike Port, Sherry, or Claret, and does not call up any associations connected with the dinner-table. It is sweet, but not thick and syrupy, as 'Tent' often is. I have just tasted some from a bottle opened more than a month ago, and it is not in the least acid. This is very important in small congregations with few communicants, where a pint bottle will often last two months. I thought it desirable to send a sample to a chemist for analysis, and received the following most satisfactory report:—

'Sound and good. No deleterious ingredient. Foreign colouring matter absent. Its colour is natural. The quantity of saccharine matter is small. No trace of the usual materials used in making cheap wines. Percentage of alcohol from 12 to 20.'

I hope the publication of this testimony may tend to increase the sale of 'VINO SACRO.' You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter."

Terms for "Vino Sacro."— Bottles, 30s. per dozen; Half-Bottles, 33s. per two dozen; Sample Phials, 1s. each, Carriage Free. 12 Half-Bottles, 18s.; 6 Bottles, 16s. 6d., free to all stations in England and Wales, or freight paid to Greenock, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Belfast. Half carriage paid to Scotch Railway Stations on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque. "VINO SACRO" may be shipped with safety to any part of the world, being eminently suited to stand the test of climate. Special quotation for shipment on application.

Messrs. HICKS & CO., Importers of "Sacramental Wines,"

PLYMOUTH.

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

No collection of English hymns would be complete which did not include the famous Morning Hymn, and its no less famous companion, the Evening Hymn which most of us have learnt in our childhood—"All praise to Thee, my God this night," and "Awake, my soul, and with the sun." Who does not know and love them? They were written at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, by the then rector of that place, Thomas Ken, who was presented to that living by the Bishop of Winchester, in 1667—a year which is memorable in the annals of sacred poetry as that in which the sublimest of all poems, Milton's "Paradise Lost," was published. Ken used to sing these two hymns himself, every night and morning.

The son of an attorney, Thomas Ken was born in 1637. When a boy, he lived with Izaak Walton, the quaint and world-famous author of "The Compleat Angler." Ken's eldest sister was "gentle Izaak's" second wife. Young Thomas was educated at Winchester School, whence he proceeded to New College, Oxford. Whilst a student there he delighted in poetry and music. He wrote hymns, and played on the lute, viol, and organ. In 1681 he published "A Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College." This

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beautiful collection is still held precious; it has had a very wide circulation, and has been published in a variety of forms. The prayers breathe an intensely devotional spirit, and are in close sympathy with the soul's aspirations and needs.

Ken became Bishop of Bath and Wells a few days before the death of Charles II., who held him in great respect. In 1688, he was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower for their opposition to the revival of popery. In 1689, when William and Mary were invited to England, those clergymen who for conscience' sake refused to subscribe to the oath of allegiance were deprived of their benefices. Ken was amongst them. He was then maintained by his staunch friend Lord Weymouth, until, in 1711, after long years of suffering, he died. For many years Bishop Ken had been in the habit of travelling with his shroud in his portmanteau, as from his bodily infirmity he believed that that might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments.

CHURCH BELLS.

NO sound is, perhaps, more strikingly connected with the idea of worship than that of the deep-toned bell; and we cannot wonder at this if we remember that its chief use is to call people to the service of God. Bells being so intimately connected with the church and its services, a few remarks upon them will probably be considered opportune in this Magazine.

The introduction of bells into the services of the church is usually assigned to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola and Campania, who lived at the beginning of the fifth century after Christ. There is, however, no evidence of their existence until a century later. Their use in churches and monasteries soon spread. About the year 550 A.D. they were introduced into France; and Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, bought one for his church, about 680 A.D. Since that time they have steadily increased in number in this country, until in our own day a peal of bells is quite a common addition to a well-appointed church.

In consequence of their close connexion with churches, bells have acquired a sort of sacred character. They have been founded with religious ceremonies, and in some instances have had quite a bap-

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tismal service performed over them, when they have received names previously to being hung.

There are several superstitions connected with bells, some of which we may mention. It was an old practice to ring the bells for persons about to expire, and advertise good people to pray for them—whence our passing bell. There was formerly, however, another reason for which the passing bell was rung. It was believed that when a person was about to die, evil spirits waited at the foot of the bed to try and seize the departing soul, and carry it away to their own dark abode. The sound of bells was believed to be efficacious in driving these spirits away, and were vigorously rung with that object.

The vindictiveness of the evil spirits in the air was also popularly supposed to be the cause of tempests, hurricanes, and thunder-storms. In the times of bad weather, therefore, the bells were rung with the same object as when anyone was passing away—viz., to dispel the evil spirits; and as late as 1852 the Bishop of Malta ordered the church bells to be rung for an hour to allay a gale. One author observes that the idea was not so much to shake the air and dissipate the thunder as to call the people to church to pray that the parish might be preserved from the terrible effects of the lightning.

The following lines, from the "Helpe to Discourse," are quoted in Warner's History of Hampshire, as enumerating the virtues of a bell:—

"Men's death I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I doe disperse;
Men's cruel rage I doe assuage."

Epitaphs, legends, and strange inscriptions on bells are not at all uncommon. The ancient Abbey of Hexham formerly had a peal of six bells, four of which had been baptized. The old bells no longer exist; but the inscriptions which they bore have been preserved, and ran as follows:—

I.

Even at our earliest sound
The light of God is spread around.

II.

At the echo of my voice,
Ocean, earth, and air, rejoice.

III.

Blend thy mellow tones with mine,
Silver voice of Catherine!

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IV.

Till time on ruin's lap shall nod,
John shall sound the praise of God.

V.

With John in heavenly harmony,
Andrew, pour thy melody.

VI.

Be mine to chant Jehovah's fame,
While Maria is my name.

At Oldbourne, on the first bell, the inscription runs, "The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn.

"Music and ringing we like so well,
And for that reason we gave this bell."

Whilst on the fourth bell we read—

"Humphry Symsin gave xx pound to buy this bell,
And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

At St. Mary, Devizes, the bells would appear to be affected by the spirit of rivalry. The first bell, at least, boasts—

"I am the first, altho' so small,
I will be heard above you all."

On the third bell at Coln one Robert Forman is rendered immortal by the inscription—

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell,
Of well-disposed people, as I do you tell."

Newcombe, of Leicester, seems to have had a sharp eye to advertizing his business, for on a bell at Stowe, Northamptonshire, and on another at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, you may read—

"Be it known to all that doth me see,
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

These instances of notable inscriptions might be multiplied indefinitely, but space forbids.

Although we have no intention of giving an array of figures on the size, weight, &c., of the various big bells of Europe, some remarks on the Great Bell, or Monarch of Moscow, may prove interesting. This bell, the largest in the world, is 21 feet in height and diameter, and weighs 193 tons. It was cast in 1734, and fell down during a fire in 1737, was injured, and remained sunk in the earth till 1837, when it was raised, and now forms the dome of a chapel made by excavating the place beneath it.

The metal from which bells are made is an admixture of copper and tin. The notion that in old times silver was mixed with bell-

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metal is an erroneous one. The admixture of silver in any quantity would spoil the tone of a bell. The quality of a bell depends not only upon the metal, but very much also upon its shape—on the proportion between its height, width, and thickness. The experience of the founder, and certain ascertained rules, guide him upon these points. Some bells have been made of steel; but although the tone was good, it was deficient in length, steel being incapable of the same amount of vibration as bell-metal. Glass has also been used in the manufacture of bells, but has been found too brittle to stand the continued use of the clapper. J. S.

MARY REDPATH'S RESOLUTION.

CHAP. II.—A CATASTROPHE AND ITS RESULTS.

ALTHOUGH Mary really endeavoured to alter, her effort was a failure. The ties she had contracted were too much for her, and she soon lapsed into her old state.

One day, however, a climax arrived. Robert had to go in the afternoon to Todlington. Sharp to his time, he appeared at his cottage door at one o'clock for his midday meal, only to find no Mary there and no dinner for him. This was indeed too bad, he felt; and as he stood there, his heart filled with anger against her who had neglected him, his wife ran in.

"Oh, Robert! I'm so sorry——"

"Sorry! It's little sorrow you feel on my account!" he cried bitterly. "Sorry, indeed! and yet you always serve me like this. I tell you, you wouldn't care a pin if you never saw me again."

He turned on his heel, and left the house. He had never spoken like this before; he was not a man who would use many words, especially to women; but his few bitter sentences cut his wife to the heart.

Mary was startled by her husband's abrupt departure, and by the words he used. She felt that they were not true; she knew that although her kindnesses to him had been few, it was because her character had suffered through her bad choice of companions; and that if she could only give them up she could prove to him that he was very dear to her.

"Oh, Robert," she murmured, as she looked after him, "you shall not complain of me again. I am determined to alter, and if possible make amends for the past."

She watched him turn the road to the station without looking back. He used to look back from there, she thought, with his smiling face, and wave his hand; but she had caused him to grow indifferent in that respect.

"He will leave Todlington by the six o'clock train," she thought. "I will be ready with a different welcome than I have usually provided."

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The afternoon seemed very dull and long to her. She busied herself with her household work, but in her mind all the time was the thought of her husband's abrupt departure; his angry look; his strange words; and she was very anxious for the time to come when she should hear the rattling of the train on its way from Todlington to Greytown.

Six o'clock came, and by that time she had set the house in order, and made the place more neat and trim than it had been for many a month. The dinner which Robert had gone without was ready for him, and Mary took her stand at the door, to watch for the arrival of the train.

Ten minutes past six came. Todlington was only five miles distant, and the train was but just due; but Mary was so impatient of any delay in her anxiety to see her husband home again that she chafed under the idea that the train might be a little late. A week earlier she would have been only too glad of a little delay, in which she could try to make up for the time she had spent in idleness during the day.

A quarter past six came, and twenty minutes, and half past, but no signs of the train. She could see the bank on which the lines were; and whilst she stood at the door looking towards the bank she became aware that there was an unusual commotion. Porters and various railway servants were hurrying along the line towards Todlington, and with them labourers and other people from Greytown.

What could it mean! Had any accident occurred! Oh! what a sharp fierce pain she felt as that thought came to her.

But she could not stay to wonder. Hurriedly putting on her bonnet and jacket, she ran down to Greytown station, dreading what news she might hear there.

As she came near the station her heart sank within her. What was the cause of all these people hurrying in the same direction? Something had happened on the line, and oh! Robert was in that fatal train.

She hardly needed to inquire what had happened. The news was in everybody's mouth, and everyone seemed anxious to explain to the other how the accident—for accident there had been—had happened.

About three miles from Greytown there was a junction of the lines that ran from Westerton and Todlington to Greytown. The train from Westerton was due at the junction five minutes after the train from Todlington. The Todlington train was a little late, and the Westerton train was a little early; and the latter had not received the necessary warning on approaching the junction that the line was not clear, and had run up the incline at full speed, and dashed into the train from Todlington.

"It's a fearful sight," said one of the porters, who had just come back from the scene of the disaster; "both the up and down lines are blocked at the junction. Some of the carriages have been knocked over on to the up line."

Everybody pressed round the man for information as to friends or relatives who might be in the train; but he had little to tell. He had not been long enough at Greytown to know the people, he said. There were a number of men at work at the scene of the accident, and a spare engine and carriages had been run down from Todlington, in which as many of the sufferers as could be got out in the short time he had been there had been taken back.

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"Will any of them be brought to Greytown?" a gentleman asked.

"No, sir," the porter replied. "You see we have no spare engine here; the one in the front of the train that was coming from Todlington is injured and the spare from that town cannot pass by the place where the accident was."

Poor Mary! Her heart grew fainter and fainter as she heard the man's tale. What could she do? Her husband was in this train, she knew, and might be lying injured in some stranger's care, or—oh! what a dreadful thought that was—might even be among the killed.

The traffic along the line was entirely suspended, and everyone who had any reason to believe that friends were in the trains, or who was willing to go and relieve the sufferers—and there were many—was walking along the line to the junction. Mary at once determined to go and see or hear for herself what had happened to Robert. The journey of three miles seemed a never-ending one; and all the while she ran and walked she painted in her imagination horrid pictures of Robert's sufferings.

When she got to the junction she found that everyone who was killed or injured had already been taken to Todlington. The spare train was standing at the junction, and Mary, with others, went on to the town to commence the sad search for her husband.

Who can say with what a sad, sick, sore heart Mary performed the task? The dead-house of the parish church, the town dispensary, the various houses where sufferers had been taken in—all were visited, and the faces of the dead or injured peered into; but nowhere could she find Robert.

Then she heard that numbers of people from Greytown had driven over to Todlington, and some few of those who had been in the accident had been taken away in traps.

Though completely worn out, Mary determined to at once start on the homeward journey. A hope had come to her that perhaps after all Robert might not have been amongst the hurt. She knew she had been to every place where any of the injured were known to have been taken; and she had begun to hope that perhaps he was not even in the train at all. How long the five-mile would seem to her. Tired and faint as she was, it would be midnight before she could get home.

Oh! if she should find her husband safe there, how happy she would be. There would be a change in her which should make their home as happy as it always might have been. The knowledge that she had not been good to him had made the fear that he was injured strike her with tenfold force. She had thought how his sufferings would be increased by the thought that he had no one who would carefully attend to him and try to cheer him and lighten his pains. If he had but escaped this time, she would never give herself reason for self-reproach again.

A little good fortune was in store for her. A tradesman in Greytown had driven over, and was just about to return, and invited Mary to take a seat in his cart. He was happy, for he had discovered that his son, who was in the Westerton train, had escaped uninjured, and had set to work directly to help those less fortunate than himself. The father was glad at his son's escape; and doubly glad that even in a time of danger and alarm the youth had remembered the lessons of tenderness, charity, and mercy

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which he had been taught. Mary gladly accepted the offer made to her, and was cheered by the kind reassuring speech of the tradesman. She would find her husband all right, he said. And so he tried to keep her from feeling hopeless, and make the time pass quickly; and driving rapidly, was very soon able to set her down within a minute's walk of her home.

"Come and tell me in the morning you found Robert all right," was his cheery parting.

"Thank you for your kindness; I will," said Mary, as she turned to run home.

Oh, with what joy she saw that there was a light in the window of their cottage as she neared it.

She ran quickly, dashed up to the door, pulled the latch, and ran in. There was Robert, sound and well.

"Oh! Robert," the poor little woman cried, as she threw her arms around his neck. Then utterly broken down by anxiety and fatigue, she cried as she lay in his arms; though there was a ray of happiness in her heart she had not known for many a day.

The sight of Mary so affected and broken-hearted at once dispelled all the anger Robert had ever felt. He was at once the most tender of men.

"My poor girl," he said, "whatever is the matter?"

"I—thought—you—were—killed," sobbed Mary.

"Killed!" laughed Robert, stroking her hair, "I look a long way from being killed. What can have made you think that?"

"I thought you were in the train from Todlington."

"Oh, dear no; I was done early in the afternoon, so I made up my mind to have a long walk. I knew nothing of the accident till I got here at eight o'clock to-night, and thought you were out and about talking over the news with the neighbours."

"Please don't reproach me now," Mary said, "I think I have had a lesson during this day that I shall not soon forget. Will you promise to tell me in three months' time if you have seen any result from the lesson?"

Robert understood her, and readily promised. And Mary attended to her duties, at the cost of a little abuse got rid of the acquaintances who had been the cause of her temporary downfall, and became altered in herself and in her home.

The neighbours began to talk again. There was evidently another change that did not escape their observation, which was so vigilant when other people's business was concerned. Mary and Robert were frequently about together, and constantly attended church together on Sunday. What was the reason of it? Well, after a good deal of speculation they gave the question up. It was found out that the wife was accustomed to speak as little about her business as the husband; and the gossips of Greytown have never yet discovered the reason of Mary's Reformation.

[THE END.]

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THE HARVEST MOON.

By W. Millar.

All hail! thou lovely queen of night,
Bright empress of the starry sky!
The meekness of thy silvery light
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,
While from thy peerless throne on high
Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—Harvest Moon!

In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene;—how bright
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair moon of harvest! hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down upon the silent world,

Dispel the clouds, majestic orb!
That round the dim horizon brood,
And hush the winds that would disturb,
The deep, the awful solitude,
That rests upon the slumbering flood,
The dewy fields, and silent grove,
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo! scattered wide beneath thy throne,
The hope of millions richly spread,
That seems to court thy radiance down,
To rest upon its dewy bed:
O let thy cloudless glory shed
Its welcome brilliance from on high,
Till hope be realised—and fled
The omens of a frowning sky!

Shine on, fair orb of light! and smile
Till autumn months have passed away,
And labour hath forgot the toil
He bore in summer's sultry ray;
And when the reapers end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon!

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FAMILY TIES.

By the Author of "Chislington Chimes."

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

JEANIE and Rosina did not speak upon the painful subject, though it was naturally uppermost in the thoughts of both; for just as they met, Rosina, noticing that Jeanie endeavoured to conceal her agitation by shivering violently, as if from cold, seized her opportunity, and said, lightly—

"Why, Jeanie, how you shiver! You must have caught a sudden chill."

Jeanie, keenly feeling what a terrible secondary meaning this commonplace phrase had for her just then, quietly answered, "Yes, that is it—a sudden chill."

Immediately afterwards the sound of a horse's hoof was heard, and Rosina, turning round, drew attention to Ken, who was leading by a halter a pony not so very much bigger than himself. The collie had been to fetch him from the farrier's. That was one of his duties; and that was the mission upon which he had started out when he met with the adventure the particulars of which we have already narrated.

CHAPTER VII.—Conscience-smitten.

It was a very important event for Nookham, the assassination and abduction of that duck. Metaphorically speaking, the gossips fed on that duck for a fortnight; nay, rather, since one duck was but a scanty provision for such huge appetites, the good people, in imagination, slew half a dozen others, and stuffed, flavoured, and basted them to taste. The marauder was a huge cross-bred lurcher, so the rumour went. It was a gaunt and hungry animal, and had evidently been artfully trained by the tramp its master. In slaking its unexampled thirst, it had licked up half the pond; then, after having devoured as many ducks as it and credulity could swallow, the voracious creature had carried off another for its master. How was all this known, and yet not prevented? Why, Sir Job saw it from the window. He would himself have hurried out to put an end to the sanguinary scene, only he was crippled with a bad bout of the gout; and by the time he had directed a servant's attention to it the mischief was done.

We already know the facts of the case. We have seen that the "cross-bred lurcher" was a neat little fox-terrier of excellent dispositions, but who had lapsed into crime through evil associations and

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"CAUGHT HER BY THE HAND" (SEE PAGE 198).

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grim necessity. Sir Job Stocker had really witnessed the deed. It had greatly disturbed him to be thus robbed before his very eyes; and having thrown open the window and shouted at the terrier without avail, he procured a gun with the object of shooting the canine desperado; but by the time he was primed and loaded, the dog also, having rifled the pond, had loaded himself, and, moreover, had gone off!

Then Sir Job politely addressed his excited attendant. "Why do you stand there mopping and mowing at me, you chuckle-headed booby? Fetch back that rascally thief!"

The middle-aged man, only too glad to get away, was hobbling off in obedience, when Sir Job, painfully limping after him, called out, "Here, you bumble-footed old hulk! What's the use of *your* going in pursuit? Pretty chase you'd make of it! Send that skulking loblollops up to me."

The servitor knew well enough to whom this reference applied. This was the affectionate way in which Sir Job alluded to his son Wilfrid. That young man, who had just come in from we know whence, aroused by the breathless urgency of the servant, was soon in his father's angry presence. Wilfrid listened very patiently to his father's abuse, to which he was so thoroughly accustomed that it had very little effect on him. He knew that it was greatly owing to the gout; although he sometimes wondered how far the temper was due to the gout and the gout to the temper. The two things were intimately connected, and evidently acted and re-acted on each other. Besides, he knew that he deserved little consideration at his father's hands; and, in his repentant moods, he felt it to be almost just that he should, in some form or other, feel the twinges at his father's feet. At length he gathered that he was desired to follow the fox-terrier with the object of bringing its master to justice.

He managed to trace the tramp: but he adopted a very peculiar way of bringing him to justice. The tramp protested, with every appearance of truth, that the dog had acted on its own responsibility. He was willing to restore the duck, which, he argued, was as valuable dead as alive. He also urged that the dog had only obeyed a natural instinct. Then he artfully diverted the interest into another channel, by extolling the merits of the dog—"as game a hanimal as ever tackled a rat, and a pure-bred tarrier from nose to tail." Wilfrid being a susceptible young man, was charmed; and, the recital of some of the "tarrier's" achievements, with the exhibition of some of his tricks, caused him to fall in love with the dog. What a pity, he thought, that such a well-bred and sagacious animal should share the hardships of a common tramp! It was a dog that would adorn any sphere! So he offered to buy the animal. The tramp at first said that money

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would not buy him; he was the only friend he had in the world. In the end, the sight of a bright half-sovereign overcame him. He parted with the dog, and as he did so he fondled it, and the tears actually started to his eyes, and Wilfrid left him blubbering like a child. The terrier, for his part, was by no means a consenting party to the bargain. When Wilfrid took him up to carry him away, the dog, struggling to escape, at first whined pitifully, and then bit his captor severely. Nevertheless, Wilfrid, admiring the dog all the more for this display of pluck and feeling, stuck to him, and carried him home, whither he returned with a dead duck under one arm, and a very lively dog under the other—an uncommonly close association of cause and effect, as he remarked on his arrival home.

He offered no personal explanation to his father, who, ere Wilfred's return, had locked himself in his own room, to "have it out" with his special enemy the gout. Next day the dead duck was sent to Sir Job, cooked; and he made no further inquiry as to who had "cooked its goose." His encounter of the previous day had left him too feeble to care much about anything. The dog, sumptuously fed, and kindly treated, soon became reconciled to his new quarters.

One morning, as our old friend Ken, the courageous collie, was taking a constitutional with his master, Crawfurd Ross, in the lane near the duck-pond, he made his way through a gap in the hedge with which he was familiar, in order to enjoy his customary swim in the said duck-pond. He preferred it to the Dabble, because that majestic river was too narrow and too turbulent (little and bumptious, like some people) to admit of the enjoyment of a quiet bath. As he approached the pond, he found himself confronted by a particularly smart, sleek-coated, and apparently well-to-do fox-terrier. Ken, surveying him critically, could hardly believe that he was the same ill-conditioned brute whom he had caught poaching a short time previously. Yet surely he was the same. Yes; Ken was convinced of it. "Now, then," thought he, "I will punish the rascal as he deserves, both for his theft and for his impudent defiance of me when I was suddenly called away on more urgent business."

So, elevating his ears and his elegant flag of a tail, he trotted towards the terrier, who, nowise alarmed, advanced to meet him with an equal display of spirit, albeit he was not half the size of Ken.

Suddenly the collie halted. An idea had struck him. Surely there was some ground for the terrier's jaunty and confident demeanour. On the first occasion of their meeting, the behaviour of the little fellow had been as far as possible conciliatory. Then his defiance had arisen from despair. Now, whence sprang his present abounding confidence? And why did Ken feel as he never had felt before—that his courage was forsaking him? Well, appearances seemed to

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show that the terrier was upon this occasion actually guarding the ducks. He was evidently there by right and by authority; whereas Ken, although innocent of sinister motives, still knew himself to be a trespasser. Law-abiding Scot and keenly sensitive dog that he was, these convictions came home to him just then with overwhelming force. For once in a way he failed to face his opponent, and momentarily losing all self-respect and self-possession, he turned tail, and incontinently and ignominiously fled the field, with the terrier yelping triumphantly in his rear, whilst Ken's master looked on in blank amazement.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Once on the public highway, however, he recovered his self-control, and, peering through the gap in the hedge, angrily challenged the terrier to come forth and be conquered; but that hero, though brave to a fault, was discreet withal, and declined the challenge, on the ground that duty kept him within bounds, whither Ken, still dominated by his sense of legality, would not venture to follow him, but left him with a threat that he would take the bounce out of him on the first opportunity. And then he followed tamely at his master's heels; and so keenly did he feel his shame, that for the rest of that day, his family wondered what could have made the usually bright and amiable Ken so dull and disagreeable and sulky. He was brooding over his disgrace, and nursing his revenge.

CHAPTER VIII.—"Breaking up."

Crawfurd Ross was not, properly speaking, an old man. Yet the too-observant Nookhamites were whispering that he was "beginning to break up." In truth, his iron-grey hair seemed to have suddenly become a shade lighter, and a degree less crisp. His gait was less firm; the slight stoop at the shoulders, which had formerly merely served to emphasize his general erectness, and to suggest the attentive student—the man accustomed to bend long and lovingly over his flowers and books—had become more pronounced; it began to look like infirmity. His cheery laugh was less frequently heard; his full rich voice now seldom lent itself to song—those quaint old Scottish songs which delighted Jeanie, they were so full of homely humour, of simple pathos; but which Rosina held in contempt—she found them so different, you see, from the sentimental rubbish which delighted her because it unfortunately happened to be fashionable. Nor did Crawfurd so frequently as of yore address Rosina by the old pet names, nor playfully affect to treat her as actually the little spoilt child she had always been to him. It must have pained him

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sorely to be angrily reminded by her that she was no longer a child; yet thus she often met his fond caressing manner; whilst Jeanie, whom he jestingly pretended to regard as a typical matter-of-fact, hard-headed, unemotional Scottish lassie—"My granite Janet"—accepted his affectionate teasing with the greatest possible delight. But lately she had sadly missed it. Ross was not himself. Mental worry may have had something to do with it. Unfavourable seasons had affected his delicate gardening operations, to such a serious extent that not only had his pet projects been defeated, but his income had suffered in consequence. Then his health began to fail, until he himself began to fear that he was indeed "breaking up."

Jeanie was the first to detect the change. Oh, that she might do something to lighten her dear father's burdens! For she knew that though he had been a thrifty and abstemious man, he had saved little or nothing. Had he "seized all his chances" he might have been wealthy. But to Ross's upright mind such seizure would often have appeared to be grasping and unlawful; he was so unselfish that he would never press his own advantage to the possible injury of others. He would scarcely claim his own; and he would deny himself for the sake of his fellow-men. Therein Rosina thought him weak and foolish: but Jeanie knew him to be strong with the strength of self-abnegation, and she knew that he was wise unto salvation. And now, the earthly fruit of these good deeds—was it to be bitter? So it seemed to Rosina; but Jeanie had faith, patience, hope.

But she did not believe in sitting down helplessly by the side of a burden which might possibly be lifted. Pray *and labour* was a motto which she thoroughly appreciated. To her prayers she would add labour. Her artistic sketches had often received high praise. Indeed, some of them had been so greatly esteemed by several of her father's customers that she had received more than one offer of purchase. She had responded by giving them away, much to Rosina's annoyance. But the good father had smiled his approval, and had coupled his commendation with a little joke at Jeanie's expense, "Quite richt, Jeanie, lassie. Ye're a true amateur. Ye work for love, and not for the penny-siller. I'm thinkin' that one o' these days ye'll gi' yoursel awa to some braw laddie for love, and no for money!" When pleased and playful, he generally reverted to the dear old brogue of which not a suspicion could be detected when he chose to conceal it. But now that money was needed, why should not Jeanie work for it? And in doing so she would work for love as well, and that of a two-fold description—the love of art, and the love of father and sister.

So, unknown to either of them, she tried to sell some of her dainty little sketches; but, alas! the steps she took were unsuccessful. After much disappointing experience, she was almost tempted to give up the

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effort. But she was not easily daunted, and resolved to persevere until affairs reached a climax, in which event she would have to tear herself away from home, to sever the family ties which were so dear, so sacred to her, and go out into the world as the bread-winner. For could she not teach? But alas! not in Nookham. Should the crisis arrive which then seemed imminent, she would have to leave that dear spot—she had never loved any other—which was hallowed to her from its inseparable association with all that she held dear. Brave as she was, she could not shake off the dismal foreboding of a "breaking-up" of their "sweet, sweet home."

Rosina saw that all was not going smoothly. She did not know how bad things really were, because, although she was her father's pet, Jeanie was his business assistant and confidante; and Jeanie knew that Rosina had a strong objection to being "troubled with disagreeables;" therefore she would not enlighten her blissful ignorance; to do so would not be to share, but only to increase the unhappiness. Nevertheless, Rosina felt that there was something depressing in the home atmosphere. What wonder that she should seek to breathe it as little as possible? She had never cared very much for home. Jeanie, who was passionately fond of it, had long ceased to marvel at the fact. And now, it was matter of common rumour in Nookham that Rosina was very strongly attracted in another direction. People began to hint at moonlight walks with Wilfrid Stocker. At any rate, Rosina's friends were not Jeanie's. Rosina, the frivolous and dressy, was found to be an agreeable companion by girls who could not tolerate her commonsense and "dowdy" sister. So Jeanie did not wonder when one evening Rosina carelessly intimated her intention of spending the next day in London. She had often been there before—with whom, Jeanie seldom inquired. This journey, then, explained, as Rosina had not cared to do, why she had the day before taken somewhere a bundle of finery—as Jeanie silently surmised, to feast "the lust of the eye" of some of her sister's clothes-worshipping friends.

Early next morning, Rosina departed, after having kissed her father and sister with unusual effusion. Indeed, Jeanie was surprised to think that she saw a little tear glistening like a dewdrop on her father's favourite Rose; and Jeanie was glad—this Rose was not entirely eaten up with the canker of selfishness, then.

In the course of the day Jeanie had reason to feel thankful for Rosina's absence. As she sat in the little counting-house, finishing off a sketch and waiting for customers, one of the gardeners came running along the gravel walk at the back with great speed, overturning a pot containing a choice flower, and never pausing even to look at the damage he had done. Jeanie felt frightened, and her

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heart beat quickly, she knew not why. She ran to meet the man.

"What is it, John?"

"Oh, Miss Jeanie! the master! He ain't right—fit, or summat! Now, don'tee be afeared, miss! I'd ha' managed un a' raight, on'y for the dorg. Ken, he won't let nobody go near un. We dursn't lay a finger on un. The dorg, he be on'y doin's dooty b'his master, but he be a main orkard customer, and he won't see as he's actin' on mistaken motives."

All this as Jeanie hurried with the man down the nursery grounds. There, by a bed of his choice chrysanthemums and pompoms, to all appearance lifeless, lay Crawfurd Ross, with the faithful Ken stretched across his body, emitting alternately pitiful little whines of distress and low growls of defiance at the surrounding little group of awe-stricken men. When he saw Jeanie the collie feebly wagged his tail, and uttered a cry which was touching and eloquent in its inarticulateness.

"Puir dumb beastie," said the head-gardener, a withered weather-beaten old Scot; and a sympathetic tear trickled down his furrowed cheek. "Hey, but he's sair vexed * the noo!"

At a word from Jeanie, Ken left his post, and permitted the men to lift his master, which they did with tender care, for they all loved him almost as much as did poor Ken, whose doggy heart was indeed full of sadness.

Then was Jeanie thankful that Rosina was away. She would have made such a scene; and that, with Jeanie's own deep distress, would have been insupportable. No time this, for the indulgence of weak emotion. The men saw that she was deeply affected, but she nevertheless moved them to admiration by her wonderful self-restraint, and by the calm and practical manner in which she took the command. Dr. Drinkwater was sent for, and was speedily on the spot. In his hands Mr. Ross soon rallied, and was able to speak.

"You need not be alarmed, my dear. There is no immediate danger," the doctor said to Jeanie, at the door. "Only keep him quiet, and make him take rest. Stooping over those pompoms, wasn't he? Thought so. Determination of blood to head. Giddiness. Heavy fall. Stunned. That's all. Ah, Ken! my heathery feathery whiff o' the Hielans! how's a' wi' ye, my canny old hero? 'Bye, my dog! 'Bye, my dear!" And off went the good doctor, glove and stick in hand, at a rapid pace. Presently he retraced his steps, and peeped in at the door, saying impressively, "Send to me if he laughs, m'dear. Nasty symptom. 'Bye." And away he went at redoubled speed.

After resting for awhile, Mr. Ross was up and out again. "I feel better now, my dear lassie, than I have done for months," he said, in

* *Vexed*, grieved.

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reply to Jeanie's solicitations. "Don't worry yourself, dear; I'll be cautious; I'm not going to stoop, but simply to walk about and look after the men."

At tea-time he was his old quaintly humorous self, passing his quiet jokes on Jeanie's thrifty and clever housewifery. Occasionally he alluded to Rosina, speculating as to what she was doing at that particular moment. Presently, as Jeanie was passing him to replenish the teapot, he caught her by the hand. "Ah," he said, as he did so, "dear Rose! she's a showy flower; I hope that the Londoners think her a credit to Nookham Nursery. But"—taking Jeanie's glowing face between his great brown palms, and fondly kissing her forehead—"but the showiest flowers seldom carry the sweetest fragrance."

Just then they were startled by the postman's rat-tat. The postman asked after Ken's health, as he handed in a letter bearing the London postmark. Jeanie trembled as she opened it; but when she hurriedly read the few lines it contained, she uttered a cry of pain which she had vainly tried to suppress, and, with her heart palpitating and her temples throbbing, scarce knowing what she did, she handed the note to her astonished father. Ross hastily glanced through it; then groaned out, "This is indeed a breaking up. But it is impossible! This is a wicked jest!" Then, to Jeanie's amazement, he burst into an extravagant fit of laughter. But in a moment the poor girl recollected herself. With a pitiful glance at her father, she hurried down to the tollhouse, where John was still employed.

"John," she said quietly, "go at once for Dr. Drinkwater."

(To be continued.)

A Truly Good Memory.—A man that knows himself will have regard to the furniture of his memory; not to load it with trash and lumber, a set of useless notions, or low conceits, which he will be ashamed to produce before persons of taste and judgment. That it may not be cumbered with trash, take heed what company you keep, what books you read, and what thoughts you favour; otherwise a great deal of useless rubbish may fix there before you are aware, and take up the room which ought to be possessed by better notions.—*Mason on Self-Knowledge.*

The beauty of the mind and of the conduct is that which endures. The beauty which is but skin-deep does not last one-quarter of a life-time; and after death it is subject to corruption. But beauty of character, if properly cared for, grows more lovely with increasing years; yea, not only does it last a life-time, a blessing to its possessor and to every observer; but it endures through all eternity, if it have religion for its mainspring.

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

OCTOBER.

THE festival of *St. Luke* the Evangelist is celebrated, as the calendar in our prayer-book reminds us, on the 18th of October. St. Luke is believed to have been born at Antioch, the chief town of Syria, a town famous in many ways—for its commerce, for its learning, and for the fertility of its surrounding soil; but the circumstance which renders it most interesting to us is that St. Luke was probably born there. He was a Gentile by birth; for in Col. iv. 11 St. Paul speaks of him as "of the circumcision"—that is, of those who had become converts to the faith, and who had undergone the usual rite in token of their conversion. In the same chapter, at verse 14, St. Paul throws additional light on the antecedents of St. Luke. There he speaks of him as "the beloved physician." Tradition would have that Luke was also skilled as a painter; but that is a point about which we need not trouble ourselves. Well may St. Paul call him "the *beloved* physician;" for St. Luke was the companion of St. Paul in some of his most perilous journeys; and the two were in companionship together through all the dangers of the voyage to Rome, when St. Paul was sent thither as a prisoner; and Luke alone seems to have dared to remain with the Apostle during his last imprisonment, shortly before St. Paul's death. St. Luke may be regarded as the great Evangelist of the Gentiles, for whom especially he wrote the Gospel which bears his name. St. Luke was not an eye-witness of what he wrote; but he carefully gathered together and arranged the records of those who were eye-witnesses; and his Gospel is the most complete narrative in detail; he gives the fullest account both of the birth and of the resurrection of our Lord. This Gospel was written in Greek. St. Luke is believed to have laboured for many years in Greece, and there to have died a natural death.

October 28: *St. Simon and St. Jude.* St. Luke, in the fifteenth verse of his sixth chapter, speaks of Simon Zelotes. He was so called, probably, on account of his zeal in the cause of the Christian faith. After Pentecost he is believed to have laboured in Egypt, Cyrene, and Africa. Tradition holds that he preached the Gospel to the heathen in Britain, at whose hands he is said to have perished; but it is also affirmed that he was slain by idolatrous priests in Persia.

St. Jude was related to our Lord, being brother to James the Less. In St. Matthew xiii. 55 he is called the brother of Jesus Christ, upon Whom he was in constant ministry and attendance. He preached in the cities of Arabia, in Judea in Galilee, in Idumea, in Syria, and in Mesopotamia. He is also said to have suffered martyrdom in Persia.

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

CLOSE TO CANON WILBERFORCE'S CHURCH at Southampton, it is stated that there is a street which contains 72 houses, and of these no less than 21 are licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks.

AN association has been formed to bring together churchwardens, ex-churchwardens, and sidesmen, for the purpose of interchanging ideas, and agreeing as to common measures and united action for preserving the Protestant character of the Church of England.

IN the annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue lately issued, a large decrease is reported in the manufacture and consumption of alcoholic stimulants. During the year ending 31st March last, the revenue from excise duties upon spirits decreased by £62,295, and upon beer by £130,451.

AN exhibition to promote the culture of æsthetic taste in church decoration is to be a prominent feature of the coming Church Congress, to be held at Reading. This exhibition will not be an official undertaking, and is not to be regarded as being carried on under the auspices of the Congress Committee.

A STAINED glass window, intended as a memorial of the tragic death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and as a token of the esteem that was felt for his lordship by the tenants of the family estates in Derbyshire, has just been completed, and is to be placed in Edensor Church. The subject, illustrated in various parts of the design by scenes from Holy Scripture, is the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder."

THE following statistics, recently compiled, present in brief compass a view of missionary success throughout the world. One hundred years ago there were but two missionary societies in existence. There are at the present time no less than 70; 27 being in Great Britain, 18 in the United States, nine in Germany. There are now about 1,650,000 converts to Christianity on the various mission fields. Seventy years ago the first Hindoo was baptized. There are at the present time in Burmah, Ceylon, and India, 600,000 of the native population professing and ranking themselves as Christians. The money raised by missionary societies amounts annually to about £1,500,000, of which nearly one half is contributed in this country. The Bible has been translated into 226 languages, and the copies circulated amount to about 148 millions.

A LONDON daily paper which has not always been remarkable for its advocacy of the temperance cause recently contained the following testimony to the value of abstinence principles:—"Who can honestly say that the use of alcohol as a daily beverage is advantageous from a physiological or dietetic point of view? Who can afford to scoff at a movement which is causing such a reduction in the consumption of liquor as to seriously affect the revenue? The utility of a stimulant cannot be denied in certain circumstances of strain and pressure. It is like drawing a bill on one's capital of health—but it is a bill that will have to be met, sooner or later, as all bills must be. The other day Dr. Norman Kerr pointed out that the annual mortality from alcoholic excess was 120,000, of which 40,500 deaths were due to personal intemperance, and 79,500 to starvation, disease, accident, or violence, caused by the intemperance of others than those killed. Any movement, no matter how odd and grotesque some of its incidents may be, which is organized for preventing such frightful misery as these figures denote, deserves our sympathy and respect."

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Dr. John Tillotson.

JOHN TILLOTSON was the eldest of three sons of a clothier, at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1630. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he entered in 1647, proceeding B.A. in 1650, and M.A. in 1654. His first curacy was held at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. In 1664, his learning and eloquence had attracted attention, for in that year he was chosen preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and in the following year lecturer at the church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. In 1666 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and in 1672 he became Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, of which he had been made a prebendary two years previously.

In the reign of James II. Tillotson was very zealous against Popery and infidelity, and on the accession of William III. he became the confidential friend of that monarch, who bestowed on him the Archbishopric of Canterbury. That was in 1691. Tillotson died in 1694.

He took great pains in the preparation of his sermons, striving to make them clear in style and close in reasoning. His sermons are still highly appreciated, and are much resorted to by students of

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theology. It is upon them that his fame chiefly rests, although he played a prominent part in stirring times, and his political influence was considerable. He ministered to Lord William Russell when that unfortunate nobleman was condemned to death. When Tillotson preached, crowds went to hear him, and he was regarded as a model of pulpit eloquence. He was of an amiable disposition, and shared the love of all around him—"edited the books of his friends, acted as guardian to their orphan families, or as executor to their wills." It has been said of him that "in his living day, Tillotson's arguments and affectionate appeals were profoundly felt by listening thousands, and long after he was gone, his name continued in the kingdom a tower of strength to the Church of England."

WHEN THERE WAS NO PENNY POST.

MR. ROWLAND HILL, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Mr. Hill paid the postage, in spite of the unwillingness of the woman that he should do so. As soon as the postman was out of sight, she showed Mr. Hill how his money had been wasted, so far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself that as long as all went well with him he should send a blank sheet every quarter, and she thus had tidings of him without expense of postage.

Most people would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but Mr. Hill's was a mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. There must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare. It was easy enough in those days for any one whose attention was turned towards the subject to collect a mass of anecdotes of such cheating. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, must have tidings of each other, where there is any possibility of obtaining them: and those who had not shillings to spend in postage—who could no more spend shillings in postage than the class above them could spend hundreds of pounds in pictures—would resort to any device of communication, without thinking there was any harm in such cheating, because no money was kept back from Government

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which could have been paid. There was curious dotting in newspapers, by which messages might be spelled out. Newspapers being franked by writing on the covers the names of members of Parliament, a set of signals was arranged by which the names selected were made to serve as a message. Men of business so wrote letters that several might go on one sheet, which was to be cut up and distributed. The smuggling of letters by carriers was enormous.

We look back now with a sort of amazed compassion to the old crusading times, when warrior husbands and their wives, grey-headed parents and their brave sons, parted with the knowledge that it must be months or years before they could ever hear of one another's existence. We wonder how they bore the depth of silence. And we feel the same now about the families of the Polar voyagers. But, till some few years ago, it did not occur to many of us how like this was the fate of the largest classes in our own country. There were few families in the wide middle class who did not feel the cost of postage a heavy item in their expenditure; and if the young people sent letters home only once a fortnight, the amount at the year's end was a rather serious matter. But it was the vast multitude of very poor people who suffered like the crusading families of old, and the geographical discoverers of all times. When once their families parted off from home, it was a separation almost like that of death. How thankful we should be for the penny post, which was founded by Sir Rowland Hill, and came into operation in 1840.

The General Post Office, the Government department through which all postal business is carried on, has greatly enlarged its area of operations of late years. The telegraphic business of the country is now conducted by the same department; and some idea of the vastness of this branch of its work may be obtained when we state that in the telegraphic operating room (an excellent illustration of which appears in this number of the MONTHLY WELCOME, on page 211) some 700 machines are at work, attended to by a staff of 1,000 persons, male and female. Recently, too, thrift has been encouraged by the operations of the Post Office Savings Bank, and the system of annuities connected therewith; and within the present year the G.P.O. has commenced transmitting parcels of less than seven pounds weight at cheap rates throughout the kingdom.

GOD'S calendar is more complete than the best martyrologies; and their names are written in the book of life who on earth are wholly forgotten.—*Fuller.*

CHARITY'S eyes must be open, as well as her hands.—*Fuller.*

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THE INDIAN FAKIRS.

PERHAPS the most wonderful of all instances of religious fanaticism is that presented by the Fakirs of India and other countries of the East. In all ages and countries, men have been known to inflict upon themselves bodily suffering from mistaken religious zeal. The natural religious instinct universally found in man leads him frequently to inflict upon himself grievous penalties for sins either real or imaginary; and wherever Christianity does not exert its benign influence, we find this tendency occasionally exercised in ways repulsive and abhorrent to the general feelings of humanity. Even Christianity itself, in some of the forms by which men have debased it, has not been free from fanaticism of the same description, many of the professedly religious orders having, even down to the present time, systematically practised self-punishment in one shape or another. On this portion of the subject it is not our province to enlarge. We purpose now to deal with religious fanaticism simply as exhibited by the Fakirs.

The Fakirs of the East Indies are a very large class, numbering, it is believed, more than three millions of people, of whom about three-fifths are adherents of the Hindoo, and the remainder of the Mohammedan religion. The word *fakir* is of Arabic origion, signifying *poor* or *beggarly*, and is applied to all those enthusiasts who separate themselves from the ordinary pursuits of the life around them, to give their whole time to religious observances, and the practice of self-mortification. The Fakirs are of different grades, some bearing a respectable character for learning and piety, according to their religion, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan; while others, forming the mass of the order, are signalised only by their wretched condition, and the disgusting character of the inflictions which they impose upon themselves. There are among them also, it must be remarked, a large number of impostors, who make a trade of their spurious form of self-denial, and adopt it merely as a cloak for all kinds of crimes.

The Fakirs generally go entirely naked, and live in caves and holes, whence they occasionally start out to supplicate the passer-by for charity, sometimes for themselves, but more frequently as an offering towards the building of a temple, or in honour of a god. Many of them present deplorable spectacles, with the body unclothed and filthy, and the hair and nails allowed to grow to a frightful length. Some bend the body into a painful and unnatural position, from which at last they have no power to raise it; others tie round them heavy weights and chains, which gall and eat into the flesh; many crawl about continually on their hands and knees, or roll over the ground from place to place for hundreds of miles without attempting to regain the erect

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posture. One writer says, "I have seen a man who had made a vow to hold up his arms in a perpendicular manner above his head and never to suspend them, until he totally lost the power of moving them. He seemed more like a wild beast than a man; his arms, from having been so long in one posture, were become withered and dried up while his outstretched fingers, with long nails of twenty years' growth, had the appearance of extraordinary horns; his hair, full of dust and never combed, hung over him in a savage manner; and except in his erect position, there appeared nothing human about him. This man was travelling throughout Hindustan, and being unable to help himself with food, women of distinction among the Hindoos contended for the honour of feeding this holy person wherever he appeared. I saw another of the devotees who had made a vow to fix every year a large iron ring into his body, and thereto to suspend a heavy chain, many yards long, to drag on the ground. I saw this extraordinary saint in the seventh year of his penance, when he had just put in the seventh ring, and the wound was then so tender and painful, that he was obliged to carry the chain upon his shoulder until the orifice became more callous." Another example of self-imposed torture and bodily contortion is depicted in our illustration.

AN INDIAN FAKIR.

The Fakirs sometimes submit to tortures of another description,

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such as roasting before a slow fire, or hanging suspended by hooks thrust through their flesh. An American missionary thus describes a spectacle of this kind which he had witnessed :—"I was residing upon the sea-shore near the spot where the cruel festivity was to occur. At mid-day the multitude began to assemble, and before five o'clock the crowd could not have been less than five thousand persons. A beam about forty feet in height had been erected, across the top of which was placed a transverse pole of smaller size, to each end of which was tied a rope; the end of one rope trailed upon the ground, while to the shorter one were attached two iron hooks, strong, rounded, smooth, and sharp-pointed. The devotees were retained in an adjoining temple until the fitting hour arrived. One of them was then led out, preceded by Brahmins, and musicians, and friends. He approached the upright pole, lay upon his face while the hooks were thrust under the flesh on either side of the vertebræ, just below the shoulder-blade, and then, the other ropes being well manned, he was hoisted up in mid-air, and swung round and round to the number of ten to thirty times, according as strength allowed, or the vow made necessary. Twenty or more went through this ceremony that afternoon, many of whom, by way of manifesting their indifference to pain, scattered flowers and fruit, beat a tomtom, or smoked a cigar. Being sceptical as to the statement that the hook went into the flesh, and was supported by it alone, unaided by any exterior bandage, I went near enough to convince myself that such was the fact, and that no deception was practised. The muscles are strong, and accidents from falling seldom occur."

The origin of Fakirism is lost in antiquity. There is a tradition to the effect that the first Fakir was an Indian prince, who made a vow to lead a life of penury and self-mortification, and to found an order of his countrymen who should habitually practise the same mode of life; but history does not tell us of any such person. The early Fakirs were known to the Greek and Roman world as *gymnosophists* (from the word *gymnos*, naked), and Alexander the Great, when pursuing his conquests in Asia, about 320 B.C., was astonished to meet men who lived habitually in bodily pain, and voluntarily submitted themselves to cruel tortures.—*World of Wonders.*

Let proud resisting mortals know
The arm parental, and the indulgent blow.
To Heaven's corrective rod submissive bend;
Adore its wisdom, on its power depend;
Whilst ruling justice guides eternal sway,
Let Nature tremble, and let men obey.

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

NOVEMBER.

On the 1st of this month is celebrated the festival of *All Saints*. In early days the term saint was applied to all believers, as we may learn from the use made of it in Acts ix. 13, Rom. xvi. 15, 2 Cor. v. 1. Afterwards the designation was only applied to such servants of God as were eminent for piety. In answer to the question, "What persons may be denominated saints?" Robert Nelson replies, "Such who not only believe the doctrines of the Christian religion, but conform their whole lives to the precepts of it; such who not only have a holy faith, but are purified thereby; who have a sincere regard to God and another world in all their actions, and are constant and uniform in the discharge of their duty; who abstain from all kinds of evil, 'perfecting holiness in the fear of God.'" The same writer further adds that the design of the Church in instituting this festival is to honour God in His saints; it being through the assistance of His grace that they were made conformable to His will in this life, and through the bounty of the same gracious Lord that His free gifts are crowned with happiness in the other; and further, to encourage us to run with patience the race that is set before us, seeing we are "compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" to work in us firmness and resolution of mind, by reminding us of the examples and patterns of holy men gone before us, who in their respective ages have given remarkable testimony of their faith in God and constant adherence to His truth. In Ephesians ii. 19, the righteous upon earth are called "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

November 30th. St. Andrew the Apostle.—St. Andrew was born at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee. He was the son of Jonas, a fisherman, and he was brother to Simon Peter; but which is the elder was not quite determined, though most suppose that Andrew was the younger. St. Andrew was a disciple of St. John the Baptist, and thus had been led to expect the Messias, whom he followed before he was called upon to do so. He was called, together with his brother, Simon Peter, whilst the two were engaged in fishing. In commanding them to follow Him, our Lord told them that He would make them fishers of men (St. Matt. iv. 18.) After severe and successful labour in preaching the Gospel, St. Andrew was scourged and crucified in Achaia.

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TOBIAS WITT'S PHILOSOPHY.

MR. TOBIAS WITT was born in a little town, and never travelled beyond its neighbouring villages. Yet he had seen more of the world than some gentlemen who have spent fortunes abroad; for he had lived with his eyes and mind open, and had drawn good lessons from common life. He was no tedious philosopher, but was fond of telling short stories founded on facts. These anecdotes were generally arranged in couples. It was necessary to hear two of them in order to find out the old man's purpose in telling them. For instance, a yonng man named Till was once praising the good sense of Mr. Witt. "Ah! indeed!" said Tobias, "you flatter me!"

"All the world says it," Till replied; "and as I should like to learn a little of your wisdom——"

"Oh! You wish to be a philosopher?" said Tobias. "Well, the way is plain. First, let me advise you to study the conduct of half-witted people."

"Half-witted people!" Till exclaimed; "must I follow *their* example?"

"Oh, no," said Witt; "but I will show you how *two* such people may teach a man how to be wise. When I was a youth, there lived in this town an old gentleman called Veit, who was a great student of arithmetic. He was a lank and sour-looking man, extremely reserved in manner. He would converse with nobody, but muttered to himself as he walked along the street. What do you suppose the people said of him?"

"Oh, perhaps they would say he was a deep thinker," said Till.

"No; they called him half-witted. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I will be warned by this example. I will not mutter to myself like Mr. Veit, but will chatter to my townsmen at all times.' But I had only learned *half* a lesson. There was another odd character in our town, a Mr. Flink, a dancing master, who was always ready to chatter to anybody who would listen. What, think you, did our people say of him?"

"Pleasant, sociable," said Till.

"Oh, no," said Witt! "he was half-witted too. So common sense said to me, 'Tobias, you must not be an imitator either of Mr. Veit or of Mr. Flink, but you must be sociable like the latter, and also reflective like the former.' This was my way of learning philosophy."

JACOB ENGEL.

A WISE man thinks before he speaks; but a foolish man speaks first, and afterwards thinks of what he has been saying.

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THE SAINTS' PREVAILING PRAYERS.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOVEMBER 1.

By JOHN KEBLE.

WHY blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And idly droops, to thee resigned,
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aërial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won,
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

* * * * * *

Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No; where the upholding grace is won
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing prayer.

On, champions blest, in Jesus' name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lightened of the world's misrule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

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FAMILY TIES.

By the Author of "Chislington Chimes."

CHAPTER IX.—A Will of His Own.

WELL-MATCHED pair—in utter selfishness, and in all that is comprehended in the word heartlessness. So Rosina Ross had married Wilfrid Stocker. "The designing, artful creature," said the Nookham old women. They always knew that she was setting her cap at that foolish ne'er-do-weel. Depend upon it, she was principally to blame, with her fine airs and graces and her showy dresses that her father could ill afford, poor man, and he going down in the world through his business not being so good as it was. It would be the death of him. Perhaps he was even then on his death-bed through it; though information on this point was not very definite; for when one of the gossiping old women had tried to wheedle the story out of Dr. Drinkwater, and in doing so had suggested that the letter containing the news of his daughter's flight had caused the good gardener's stroke of illness, the doctor had responded in his tartest and tersest style:—

"Fudge, ma'am. Fiddlesticks! Brought on by two exclusive devotion to his own business. You need not feel anxious. Never likely to suffer from same cause."

Nevertheless, the doctor felt inwardly convinced that the letter which Jeanie had told him of was indeed the immediate cause of Crawfurd Ross's prostration on that bed of sickness from which it seemed very likely he would never rise again. Everybody confided in the doctor. Even grim old Sir Job Stocker did so in his own peculiar way. On learning that his son had crowned his disappointing career by "marrying beneath him," and had thus summarily extinguished the last spark of ambitious hope which his father entertained in connection with him, Sir Job had at once sent forth two of his servants—one for the lawyer, and the other for the doctor.

The doctor was first on the spot. As he entered the alderman's presence, that dignitary loftily motioned him to a chair.

"Never mind my pulse," he said, testily. "Got the specific?"

The doctor handed him a small bottle. Sir Job, snatching it from his hand, hurled it through the window. The doctor was by no means disconcerted. Coolly glancing first at Sir Job and then at the broken window, he said, with a half-amused and half-contemptuous smile:—

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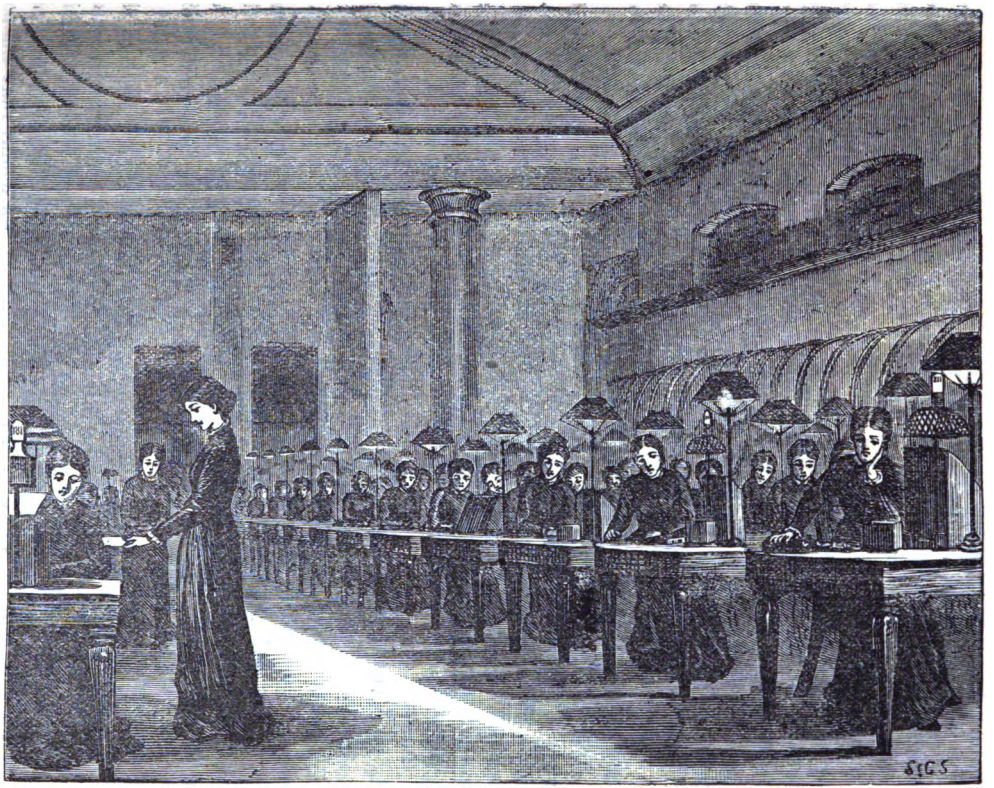

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"H'm! Good job I'm used to your tantrums. Physic's got rid of one of your *panes*, at any rate."

"Man!" said Sir Job, fiercely, "don't annoy me with your clownish quibbles. I sent for you to listen to me. Your rubbishing draught won't do me any good."

"No-o-o," said the doctor, with provoking calmness, "and as *your* rubbishing draught certainly won't do *me* any good, I'll take the liberty to change my seat." As he did so, Sir Job, glared at him for a moment with an expression that was so ludicrously fierce that the doctor could not forbear laughing at him outright. Sir Job's anger could go no farther, and, most inconsistently, he too commenced to laugh.

"You're a cool hand," he said, "but you shan't have the laugh of me. You ought to feel grossly insulted; but you ain't. I ought to be mad with rage and disappointment; but I ain't." Here a sudden twinge of gout brought back all his ill-humour, and seizing the poker he prodded the fire with all the furious energy of which he was capable, as he continued, "Oh, no! I ain't—not by any means."

Then the doctor became stern. "If you go on like this," he said, "I won't be answerable for the consequences—that's flat. I've a good mind to order you a strait waistcoat."

His change from playfulness to bitterness overawed the capricious Sir Job, who knew that the doctor was the most genuine friend that he had.

"There, there! I'm sober now. Bear with me, my dear Drinkwater. I know you will, when I tell you the terrible trouble I'm in. That cowardly, hypocritical sneak of a hobbledehoy of mine——"

"Be careful, Sir Job."

Sir Job took the hint, and summoning up all the patience he could command, poured out his troubles into the doctor's ear. He told him of all the hopes he had cherished with regard to his son—hopes which, one after another, had been grievously disappointed.

"And now," said he, "the scamp has forsaken me. He had the impudence to tell me that he intended to marry a common gardener's daughter; and I kicked the rascal out, and told him I would cut him off with a shilling. I thought that would cure him. I never imagined that, after all the kindness I have shown him, he would play his poor old father such a dastardly trick."

Sir Job was actually in tears. But the doctor, seeing that he was full of self-pity, offered him no further consolation. He keenly realised the grievousness of the whole affair; but just then he was thinking of the patient resignation of Jeanie Ross under her double burden of affliction, and of the suffering of the noble old man, her father, who

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had been so sorely stricken by the blow which he had done so little to deserve.

"Well," grunted the doctor.

"Well," continued Sir Job, "the rascal has had the impudence to write and tell me that he had married the girl, and to ask me to forgive him for his wife's sake. What do you think of that?"

"Best thing you can do."

"Humph! you think so, do you?" And Sir Job smiled sarcastically.

"Decidedly; your only course."

"Humph! Ah! Well, now, Dr. Drinkwater, your opinion reassures me. I have always made it my rule to act in diametrical opposition to your professional advice. That's the only way in which you have been useful to me. I shall be just the same in this instance. I have sent for the lawyer to make a new will; and I shall tell that boy what I now tell you, that I disinherit him, and that I wish I may die if ever I set eyes on him again."

The good doctor regarded the irate alderman with grave displeasure.

"Sir Job Stocker," he said impressively, after a pause, "I have humoured your infirmity as far as I conscientiously may; but when you choose to indulge in language which comes little short of blasphemy, I must draw the line. I most emphatically protest against it. I feel bound to tell you that your conduct is not merely childishly weak, but also extremely wicked."

Upon this Sir Job raved at him like a maniac, and in the midst of the storm the good doctor withdrew. After he had gone Sir Job continued to rage for a time; but finally he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. He had grown calm when the lawyer arrived. The first thing he said to the legal gentleman was—

"Here at last then, Scriven! We're going to draw up an entirely new will; the real 'last will and testament' this time. By the way, what is that man Drinkwater down for?"

"One thousand pounds, Sir Job."

"Hum! He's an impudent fellow—as proud as he's poor. I intend to reconsider his case."

"I venture to hope that Dr. Drinkwater has not offended you, Sir Job."

"He has—grossly."

"In that case, Sir Job, of course he forfeits all claim to consideration."

"Now, don't presume to lay down the law to me, Mr. Scriven, and don't commence to argue before you get your brief. The fact is, Drinkwater is about the only man I know who does not cringe to me,

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sir. He does not care a button for me, and does not expect a half-penny from me beyond what I owe him for physic. I respect his manly character as much as I admire his professional skill; instead of that paltry one thousand I intend to leave him ten."

And Sir Job was as good as his word.

CHAPTER X.—FAME.

Crawfurd Ross, the wreck of his former self, was once more about. His business was even more of a wreck than he was himself, but he was not able to realize the fact. During the long months of his tedious illness, Jeanie had managed to keep the home together—partly by paying what attention she could to the nursery business, but chiefly by the sale of her sketches. For in that direction success had come to her at last. The origin of it was somewhat of a mystery to her. One day when things were at their worst, and when she had all but abandoned herself to despair, a carriage had drawn up at Peckham Nursery—a strange carriage bearing a coat of arms; and a strange and aristocratic-looking lady had stepped out of it. The lady inquired not for Crawfurd Ross, but for Miss Jeanie Ross. When Jeanie with some trepidation announced her name, the lady looked at her with mingled interest and incredulity.

"It is Miss Jeanie Ross the artist I seek. Have I the pleasure of addressing her?"

Jeanie falteringly replied that she loved art, and was in the habit of sketching, but that she could not claim to be considered an artist.

"But," said the lady, with a triumphant smile, "I claim to be considered as something of a connoisseur; and some of your sketches which I happen to have seen are certainly the work of a true artist. More than that—I may at once tell you that the sketches were introduced to my notice and warmly commended by a gentleman who is probably the keenest art critic of the age."

At the lady's request Jeanie produced her portfolio, which contained some of the pictures on which the gardener's daughter had bestowed the most loving pains. The lady (the Hon. Katharine Farington was her name) went over them one by one with gradually increasing delight, until at last she raised a face glowing with admiration towards Jeanie, to whom she said—

"And will you sell any of these gems? By the way, do you exhibit?"

Jeanie said that she had almost wholly failed to sell any of her pictures; in fact she had no clear recollection of ever having sold a single one. Some she had given away; and exhibition was an honour she had not dared to dream of.

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"Then," said Miss Farington, starting up with a sudden sensation of enthusiasm, "surely I have actually discovered you! How charming! What a combination of genius! Let me embrace you, my dear." And the Hon. Miss Farington gave Jeanie a hearty kiss.

After this, Jeanie could not paint fast enough. Many were the visitors to Nookham Nursery to see the girl artist who had so suddenly sprung into fame. In time she exhibited at the Academy; and after her picture had been praised by all the critics, it was purchased for a sum which dazed and bewildered poor Jeanie. But she did not quite lose her head.

"The glory is not mine," she said to herself. She regarded her success as providential. It had come just in time to avert absolute ruin.

And so she became the real bread-winner; for the truth was (though she did her best to conceal it from her father) that the nursery was simply carried on at a loss. But it was her dear sorrow-stricken father's beloved occupation. How could she deprive him of it? She kept the books, and she was careful not to let him know the true state of affairs. How could she undeceive him? To do so would be, in effect, to show him his helplessness and uselessness—to inflict on him a blow more cruel than that which he had already received. The nursery must be kept on, and was kept on, to the amazement of all inquisitive Nookham. Over this local phenomenon the butcher, the baker, and the chemist had consulted in vain. They could not solve the problem. When the chemist ventured to affirm that he had read that Miss Jeanie was earning a good deal by painting, the other two worthies (who knew nothing of art) scorned the suggestion as childishly absurd. The idea of a Nookham girl earning heaps of money by daubing about with paints! Bosh!

But Jeanie's fame had reached the ears of Randall Copeland. Quartermaster Copeland now—far away as he was, fighting his country's foes; and what is more, his fame had reached Jeanie. The papers were full of the deed which earned him the Victoria Cross. Even the exclusive and sceptical trio of tradesmen believed in that, for was it not fully recorded in the *Times*? Yes; it was therein distinctly stated that the hero was none other than Randall Copeland, of Nookham, in Surrey; and nobody in Nookham, in Surrey, was particularly anxious to discredit the account.

(To be continued.)

The man whom Heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

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MARTIN LUTHER.

ON the 10th of this present month of November, Protestants in all parts of the world will celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the great Reformer, Martin Luther. He was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1483, the son of Hans Luther, a miner and metal-worker. In 1501 Martin was sent to the university of Erfurt, where he at first devoted himself to the study of law and philosophy. His plan of life was changed, however, in a very remarkable way. One day as he was walking in the fields with a fellow student, his companion was struck dead by lightning. This event so powerfully affected Luther, that he determined to retire from the world. Accordingly he entered a monastery, where he led the life of a pious student. Happening to meet with a Bible in Latin, Luther read it with intense interest, and he was at once struck with the wide difference between Gospel doctrine and Romish practice. In this circumstance lies the real beginning of the Reformation, but it was not until some years later that Luther commenced to take action. The immediate occasion was the publication by Pope Leo X. of his famous —or rather infamous—Bull, offering "plenary indulgences," or forgiveness of sins committed by those who would pay money for it. Thereupon Luther broke silence, by publishing his celebrated "Thesis on Indulgences." Luther was at once summoned to appear before the Pope, but he declined to go. He was then requested to give an account of his faith to Cardinal Gaietano, at Augsburg, who requested him to avow his full submission to the Pope, which Luther positively declined to do.

He boldly took his stand on the Bible; and he was so clearly in the right, that he soon was surrounded by followers, chief amongst whom was the great and good Melancthon. In 1520, the Pope issued a Bull formally excommunicating Luther, who calling the students of Wittinburg together, flung the document into the fire. The year following, he attended the famous diet of Worms, where he was urged to recant his opinions, which he steadfastly declined to do. As he was returning, he was seized and carried off to a castle. No one knew

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what had become of him; and here he remained, safe from the storm of hatred and malice which his courageous conduct had aroused. After ten months, he came forth, and at once published a German translation of the New Testament, which was widely read, though its circulation was forbidden. In 1534 his translation of the whole Bible was published. These, with his famous hymns, were the most powerful weapons with which he achieved such a remarkable victory over error and superstition; but so hard did he work in the cause of truth that his published writings make no less than twenty-six volumes. It is marvellous how he escaped martyrdom, so bold and fearless was the conduct of "the monk who shook the world;" but he died a natural death in 1546.

CURIOUS DISSECTION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF BOOKS, CHAPTERS, VERSES, WORDS, LETTERS, &c.

THE following curious facts concerning the Bible will doubtless be read with interest. It is said that the calculations took three years to complete:—

In the Old Testament:—		In the New Testament:—		Total.
Books	39	Books	27	66
Chapters	929	Chapters	260	1,189
Verses	23,214	Verses	7,959	31,173
Words	592,439	Words	281,258	773,697
Letters	2,728,100	Letters	838,380	3,566,480

Apocrypha—chapters, 183; verses, 6,081; words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cxviii.

The middle line is in 16th verse, 4th chapter, 2 Chronicles.

The word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times; in the New Testament, 10,684 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix.

The middle verse would be in the 2nd of Chronicles, 20th chapter, between the 17th and 18th verses.

The shortest verse is the 1st of Chronicles, 1st chapter, and 25th verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.

The middle book is 2nd Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans.

The middle verse is the 17th of Acts xvii.

The shortest verse is the 35th of John xi.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of the 2 Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah, are alike.

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SERMON SKETCH.—THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

By Bishop Thorold.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ has, without dispute, been more discussed, and sifted, and attacked, and defended than any other event in history. If this is, at any rate, an indirect testimony to the momentous issues that hang on it, as well as an indication of the profound mystery in it, from the side of our ordinary human life, surely we should be careful of rejecting it only because it is a mystery. The essential difficulty of it is as old as the human mind itself. *It has not happened because it cannot have happened.* This is perhaps the most plausible cavil that can be thrown at it, though somewhat coarse and shallow. More subtle, though less ingenious, is the polite complaint at being brusquely directed to accept from an unscientific age, and through witnesses absolutely devoid of scientific ideas, a unique phenomenon of which recent physical observation has no single instance to offer, and which is apparently inconsistent with nature's methods and laws.

Those who choose may, of course, accept on the authority of fervid and not quite unbiassed peasants the most incredible event of ancient times. Others cannot. While they deeply revere the goodness of Jesus, and hardly find words in which to express the value they set on His sublime self-sacrifice, they may not forego their right to bring both Himself and His teaching before the tribunal of pure reason.

With such men, when we meet them, how shall we deal? To you or to me Christ may be as near and real as the man that touches your elbow. But experience is not demonstration. Nay, if these difficulties really baffle us, who honestly seek God, and would give much to find Him, how shall we roll them away for ourselves? There are several ways, but I will indicate only one.

Let us love and wait, and as we have opportunity obey; and then sooner or later He will come to us, and we shall say, "It is the Lord."

That beautiful life of Jesus—is it hard, ought it to be hard to love it? Some one has said that admiration is the secret of greatness. Sincerely to admire *is* presently to imitate. Of that life, as the fourfold biography of the Gospels depicts it to us, no one can fairly say, that it is unreal or insipid, harsh or incomplete. I will suppose that you cannot accept the entire teaching of the Creeds about Him. But this is no reason why you should think it useless to accept something less to begin with. Of Him, the life and light of men, it is far truer than of the wisest, gentlest, kindest, of mere human thinkers, that the bruised reed He will not break, and the smoking flax He will not quench. So begin with Him, where men of old had to begin with Him,

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as Jesus of Nazareth, as Son of man, as man of sorrows, as friend of publicans and sinners. Love Him for all His simple goodness and unstained whiteness, and intrepid courage and unparalleled self-sacrifice. If other things must wait, let them wait. This need not wait, and cannot. It is before all. If He is what the Gospel says He was, and no one can have invented them, He must be good. If goodness, wherever it is and whosesoever it is, deserves to be loved, His goodness claims your adoration, and again I say, love Him. It will help you to understand His teaching better, and while it will strengthen you in your conflict with coarse and material temptations, it should presently entice you on into a fuller and sweeter light.

Then, do not be in too great a hurry, noble as is truth, joyful and desirable as is the repose of a satisfied reason, to get all your problems settled at once. If you do, the so-called maturity of your conclusions may be but the ripeness of fruit mellowed under the heat of gaslight, rather than by the genial rays of the tardy sun. God is eternal and we are immortal. If He takes abundant time in working out His purposes, He will not think ill of us if we are slow in our apprehension of Him.

Once more, obey. Love Him by serving Him, whether by the imitation of His character or the reproduction of His life.

Remember, moreover, one special word of His. It may help you more than you think of, if only with sincerity and humility you take it into your life and make it the secret of your power. I mean His parting command, to partake of His broken body and His poured out blood in the ineffable mystery of the Eucharist. For the sin penitently confessed there is the renewed assurance of full remission. For the weakness of the spirit, whether in will to purpose, or in heart to love, or in mind to apprehend, there is the food of the flesh of the Son of God. For hope deferred and plans disappointed, for parted hearts that pine for reunion, for unsatisfied desires that never can be accomplished here, there is the joyful hope of the Resurrection, which sheds the mild splendour of the glory to come on the devout heart as it adores the Saviour. Are we lonely, and feel that loneliness is weakness? There is the society of the faithful in the Communion of Saints. Do our conscious shortcomings depress us? The pardon that heals and the peace that soothes, the presence that inspires and the power that invigorates, the rest of the heart that has seen God and the joy of the heart that has seen the light of His countenance—these are all here, all for those who obey. "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in Him."

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CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE annual revenue of St. Paul's Cathedral is now £24,000. Of this sum £2,000 is paid to the Dean, and £1,000 to each of the three Canons.

THE Archbishop of York has given £50 to a fund which is being established to support the Vicar of Pontefract in his legal contest as to the right to levy tithe rent charges in the parish.

THE Bishop of Peterborough is gradually recovering from the severe illness (which at one time threatened to prove fatal) under which he has for some time been suffering.

A CLERICAL correspondent, writing from Durham to the editor of the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, says: "We have one public-house to every 106 persons over 13, and one conviction for drunkenness for every 96 over 13 and resident in the city. This is disgraceful enough, yet there is not one Church of England Temperance Society at work but my own."

ONE of the most remarkable expressions of opinion in favour of Local Option which has yet been recorded comes from a district where the population consists mainly of the working classes, viz., at Pendlebury, Clifton, and Swinton. The question submitted to "all persons of eighteen years and upward" in each house was, "Are you in favour of Local Option? which means, that the people shall possess the power to prevent the issue or renewal of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors in their respective districts." The result was, that 4,890 replied in the affirmative, 342 in the negative, and 304 were neutral.

THE Bishop of Niger, in a recent communication to the Church Missionary Society, speaks very strongly of the pernicious effects which British commerce produces upon the natives of the Niger territory. One illustration which he gives of this is the introduction by hundreds of thousands of cases of intoxicating liquors, and more especially of gin. The taste for these drinks has now become so prevalent that the negroes demand them in remuneration for their work, produce, and provisions, and refuse to accept wearing apparel or other goods as payment. The result is feasting, drinking, dancing, and drunkenness all through the night till daybreak, and then they have to be carried to their homes till they come to their senses. The Bishop declares that he has witnessed these scenes again and again, and adds, "This is an undeniable proof of the injurious effects of the importation of spirits as an article of commerce."

THE HISTORICAL POSITION OF TITHES.—The Rev. John Sheepshanks, of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, has been taken to task for asserting in the pulpit that if Parliament took away the endowments of the Church of England, it would take away what it had never given. His reply is brief and to the point. "Tithes," he says, "were paid to the Church of England in Anglo-Saxon times, and the manner of their payment was regulated by various edicts of the Saxon Kings. Ethelwulf, *e.g.*, A.D. 855, exempts the tithe from all payments due to him as king. Mr. Green, in his 'History of the English People,' says (vol. i., p. 59), 'The system of tithes, which has been sometimes coupled with the name of Theodore, dates only from the close of the eighth century.' But on moral grounds the payment of tithes was general long before this. Thus, by long-continued custom, which had the effect of law, tithes were paid to the Church centuries before the existence of Parliament. My assertion, then, was simply a statement of an historical fact."

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FAMOUS PREACHERS AND DIVINES.

Bishop Joseph Butler.

THIS learned prelate was the son of a tradesman, and was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 1692. One of his early schoolfellows, under Jeremiah Jones, of Tewkesbury, was the famous Isaac Watts. Butler was intended for the Presbyterian ministry, but he himself was inclined towards the Church, and with the view of entering it he went to Oriel College, Oxford. Here he became intimately acquainted with Edward Talbot, son of the Bishop of Durham. To this friendship he was largely indebted for his early advancement in the Church.

In 1724 Butler became rector of Stanhope. After having been chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot, he was appointed to a similar position in the household of Queen Caroline. It was at this period that he wrote his world-renowned "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature." This grand work was principally directed against the forms of atheism current in his time. It is "a masterpiece of reasoning, clear, profound, simple yet grand." It is still diligently studied and highly prized at our chief centres of learning. A short description of the scope of the work may be given in Bishop Butler's own words:—"The design of this treatise is not to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men;

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it is not to justify His Providence, but to show what belongs to us to do. . . For it is not necessary we should justify the dispensations of Providence any farther than to show that the things objected against may, for aught we know, be consistent with justice and goodness." In the discussion of this profound subject, Dr. Butler displayed the most brilliant ability, and his work has been the instrument of an incalculable amount of good in promoting the truth and in confounding error.

In 1738, Dr. Butler became Bishop of Bristol, and in 1750 Bishop of Durham. He died at Bath in 1752.

A FORGOTTEN LEADER OF THE REFORMATION.

FRANCK is now acknowledged by history as one of the important men of the Reformation. He was not a preacher, like Luther; still less was he the founder of a church. His only pulpit was the printing-press; his church was everywhere and nowhere. He was not a nice classical scholar, like Erasmus and Melancthon, although he read omnivorously ancient as well as modern books; but, happily, still less was he a retired, timid student, like the first of these Reformers. He was a man of the people—writing to the people in eloquent, if inelegant style, the wonderful things, human and Divine, that were being revealed to that new, wonderful age. Franck had much in common with Hans Sachs, the shoemaker-poet of Nürnberg, whose *Consecration* Goëthe has immortalised. Like Sachs, in histories and satires he addressed himself directly to the nation, and not to a learned few; as Sachs had hailed Luther as the Wittenberg nightingale who was waking the people from the night of scholasticism, so Franck recognized the Reformer as the leader of a great and religious reformation; and just as Sachs frowned upon the sectarian differences of Lutheran theologians, so Franck turned his back upon Lutheranism, although he had recognized the importance of Luther's mission. But Sachs was a poet, while Franck was an historian, moralist, and theologian; and the shoemaker poet was not a scholar, which Franck was, although of a rougher type than Erasmus or Melancthon. Franck's enemies have commonly called him an Anabaptist; which, however, he was not.

Franck was what we should now call a literary man. Other occupations might sometimes be resorted to as a means of gaining a livelihood, or as a precaution against suspicion; but his main business was writing books. When he begs permission of the municipal authorities of Ulm to settle in their city, he pleads that he is not willing to put himself forward for an office; but what he has from the Lord, that he wishes to communicate by his pen to the people, and

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not to bury it. But to do that, he says, requires that a man shall be free and not entangled by an office, so that no one may think that he has written to please this person or that, and sung the praises of him whose bread he eats. Five years before his death he writes:—"When I think of the ingratitude of the world, I am heartily tired of writing. Besides, the decline of my health and sight is a hindrance to me, and daily admonishes the fool who preaches to the deaf to leave off." Franck's writings, as we shall see, procured for him abuse and persecution in overflowing measures; yet from his first response to what he felt was a Divine call to write, he scarcely laid his pen aside, but year by year sent forth his books to admonish or instruct his fellow-countrymen. His literary life extended over thirteen years; nearly every year he wrote a book, some years four or five. Altogether he published more than thirty works; and they were eagerly read, some of them running through several editions within a few years, and often issuing at the same time from two or three publishing houses.—"*Studies in Religion under German Masters.*"

THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF NANKIN.

THE city of Nankin, once the capital of China, has for centuries been famous to the "barbarians" of the outer world for its Porcelain Tower—a relic of the splendour of its ancient days, before Pekin usurped its dignity as the seat of empire. The place is now to a great extent a city of ruins; its palaces, tombs, and monuments were long since given over to decay, and the wars of recent years have greatly increased the general dilapidation. The city proper has shrunk to one-fourth of its former dimensions, the present population inhabiting its inner portion, while the memorials of past magnificence are distributed around them.

The Porcelain Tower was built early in the fifteenth century by the order of the Emperor Yung-loh, and as a work of filial piety. It was a monument to the memory of his mother; and he determined that its beauty should as far outshine that of any similar memorial, as the transcendent virtues of the parent, in her son's eyes, surpassed those of the rest of her sex. No expense was spared in its erection, and its total

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cost is estimated at more than three-quarters of a million of our own money. The work was commenced at noon on a certain day in 1413, and occupied nearly twenty years in its completion.

An idea of the appearance of the Porcelain Tower is given by our illustration, but this is peculiarly one of the instances in which pictorial representation fails to convey an adequate notion of the magnificence and beauty of an object. The total height of the tower was more than 200 feet, or about equal to that of the Monument of London, and it was faced from top to bottom with the finest porcelain, glazed and coloured. It consisted of nine storeys, surmounted by a spire, on the summit of which was a ball of brass, richly gilt. From this ball, eight iron chains extended to as many projecting points of the roof, and from each chain was suspended a bell, which hung over the face of the tower. The same arrangement was carried out in every storey. These bells added much to the graceful appearance of the tower, breaking its otherwise formal and monotonous outline.

Round the outer face of each storey were several apertures for lanterns, and when these were all illuminated, we are told, in the magniloquent language of the Chinese historian, that "their light illuminated the entire heavens, shining into the hearts of men, and eternally removing human misery!" It is not difficult to imagine, however, that the appearance of the tower on such an occasion must have been beautiful in the extreme.

On the top of the tower were placed two large brazen vessels and a bowl, which altogether contained various costly articles, in the nature of an offering, and a charm to avert evil influences. Among these were several pearls of various colours, each supposed to possess miraculous properties, together with other precious stones, and a quantity of gold and silver. In this collection, designed to represent the best treasures of the state, were also placed a box of tea, some pieces of silk, and copies of some ancient Chinese writings.

The Chinese historian to whom we have before alluded announced to the world, in the simplicity of his heart, that this splendid monument of filial gratitude would continue to endure and teach its lesson for hundreds of generations. But alas! for human foresight, and the stability of all things on earth. In the month of March, 1853, the Taeping rebels took Nankin, and sacked the place. For a long time they appear to have kept their destroying hands off the Porcelain Tower; but at last—probably to wreak full vengeance on the Imperialists—they demolished it. This occurred in 1856. Since that time, Nankin has been taken and retaken, both by Imperialists and rebels, and the former now hold possession of the city; but a city no longer adorned with that famous structure which was truly one of the wonders of the world.—*World of Wonders.*

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

DECEMBER.

THE festival of St. Thomas is celebrated on the 21st of the present month. "Thomas" signifies a twin; the surname, Didymus, has the same meaning. Mingling much with Greeks and Romans, it was the custom for Jews to call themselves by the foreign equivalents for their own names. In our own day the Welsh do the same thing. They often have an English as well as a Welsh name, perhaps differing greatly in form and sound, but having the same meaning.

Thomas was probably a Galilean, and also most likely he was a fisherman. He was apparently a brave but stubborn man. When the rest of the Apostles tried to dissuade our Lord from returning into Judea to raise Lazarus, Thomas was for going, though the journey might cost his life. "Let us also go," he said, "that we may die with Him." He was evidently strongly attached to our Saviour's person. Perhaps that is the reason why he could not bring himself to believe in the Resurrection; he thought it too good to be true. The way in which he was convinced and reproved by the risen Saviour must be attentively studied in the twentieth chapter of St. John. St. Thomas laboured as a missionary in India, where he is believed to have suffered a cruel martyrdom.

Of the chief Red-Letter Day of the year—the 25th of this month, the birthday of our Lord—no more need be said here than that the season should be observed with pious reverence, as a true *holy* day, and not, as is too frequently the case, as an occasion of frivolity, intemperate mirth, and unseemly worldly amusement. Let us chasten our enjoyment by the remembrance that this is the anniversary of the day on which our Lord condescended to take upon Him the form of a man and to be made flesh, that He might deliver us from sin.

Of St. Stephen we read in Acts vii. His festival is celebrated on the 26th. He was "a man full of the Holy Ghost," and he was the first martyr for the faith, being stoned to death by the Jews because of his testimony to the truth. He died praying for his murderers—that the guilt of his death might not be laid to their charge. His steadfastness bore fruit in the conversion of St. Paul.

On the 28th is commemorated the death of the Innocents. It is called in the calendar, Holy Innocents' Day. It will be remembered that Herod, hearing of the birth of the King of the Jews, feared that his kingdom was in danger, and in order to compass the death of the infant Jesus, "he sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." (Matt. ii. 12.) But God warned Joseph in a dream, so that he and

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the Virgin Mary fled with the holy Babe into Egypt. For his great wickedness, Herod was punished with a terrible disease. It has been observed that, martyrs in deed though not in will, these holy innocents received the martyr's crown, and are counted among the noble army of martyrs of whom we reverentially sing.

AN AULD SCOTCH "WIFIE" AND HER "SQUEEL."

The late William Thoms, in his "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," gives the following graphic description of an old-fashioned dame school, or, as they used to call it in Scotland, "Wifie's Squeel":—

Ere yet the schoolmaster was so much abroad, the schoolmistress was very much at home. In Aberdeen, about thirty years ago, at any of fifty lowly firesides, could be found one of those simple academies, yclept a "Wifie's Squeel." In one of these was imparted to me all the tuition I ever received in the way of letters—gatherings in after-life being only "crumbs from the rich man's table." *Our* Wifie had always twenty scholars, one cat, one *taurds*, and one opinion. The scholars exercised her patience, the cat her affections, and the opinion, simply that the *taurds* (a cordavan improvement on the feebler birch) was, as an exercise, the best panacea on earth for rheumatism in the right shoulder. When Elspet Gillespie wanted a bit of exercise in this way, there was no long waiting for a defaulter to give a duty-like interest to her emotions. The evolutions of the *taurds* then awakened some excitement throughout the establishment, accompanied by strong marks of disapproval in the party honoured by her immediate regard, and stirred curious sympathies even in those who sat by in safety—if, indeed, safety could be coupled with such an hour. When the pangs of rheumatism were lulled by a sense of weariness about the shoulder blade, Elspet resumed her proud elevation above the trembling assembly, who felt there was one great woman in the world, and there she sat. Boys five years old and upwards brought the fee of three "baubees" and a peat weekly. Our junior class was composed of little ones, who were too young to talk, but who, of course, made most noise. These were charged sixpence. I cannot say what portion of that sum was entered to "din." She had, indeed, much trouble with these, and longer time of it, having to tend them during the whole day, until their poor mothers returned from the spinning-mill or the field. The outfit for grown-up *students* was a Bible, a Westminster Catechism, and a stool, all of which were removed on Saturday, and fetched again on Monday. Oh, that I could tell, and tell it rightly,

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the "skailing of the squeel!" or paint yon joyous little mob, gushing forth from the *laigh* door of Elspet Gillespie! Every face a commentary on the "rights of man"—every little head crowned with a three-footed stool, its "cap of liberty." There they go—a living forest, less leafy, less orderly than the Birnam Wood that moved to Dunsinane. Thus should it be—this left a tyrant—that sought one. But the day of days, in Elspet Gillespie's ragamuffin college, was *Candlemas Day*. Then the very madness of young mirth prevailed, washing off the jagged recollections of bygone sufferings, and sweetening down the three hundred and sixty-four sorrows of the season. Elspet on that day wore a smile on her face, and a high *caul* cap on her head—the *taurds* and cat invisible—locked up, it may be, in passive unity—the envied brute and detested leather. No matter how wrapped our vulgar days, Candlemas claimed a clean *sark* to every laddie—to every lassie a white frock, and to each a white pocket napkin. A king and queen were, by the breath of Elspet, created on the spot. Who the distinguished? It was the undeviating custom for parents to tender, on Candlemas eve, a guerdon to our tuteress, less or lesser, as earthly means permitted. So it fell out, somehow, that, in every rememberable instance, either the baker or the butcher rejoiced in the royal issue. Hence our gossiping mothers, of meaner note, did in their envy whisper that Effie's royal rule was "wha buys the whistle?" Never mind that, we've seen the like since then—no disparagement to "the powers that breathe." Two teaspoonfuls of sweeties and an orange were laid on every happy hand. The fiddler comes—all on foot at once—all at once in motion—twenty white napkins flutter over twenty pretty heads. Fiddler! what care they for a fiddle? They *see* the fiddle! The dance started when he began to tune—the dance continues—he is tuning still—hands up! Patter, patter, patter—forty little feet pattering! Think of that when ye see the hail dance to the *whirr* of a May shower! Oh, the days of childhood! Voyage thereafter as we may, on smooth or on broken water, these are the landmarks that will never fade. The blue of our native hills may be lost to the eye for long, long years, yet once again we press their heathery bells; but you, ye sunny scenes of infancy, though ye glimmer through every darkness, and at every distance, we meet never again.

Whence is it that young people are generally so vain, self-sufficient, and assured, but because they have taken no time or pains to cultivate a self-acquaintance? And why do pride and stiffness appear so often in advanced age, but because men grow old in self-ignorance? A moderate degree of self-knowledge would cure an inordinate degree of self-complacency.

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FAMILY TIES.

By the Author of "Chislington Chimes."

CHAPTER XI.

Ken has his Revenge.

A FINE clear frosty afternoon. A tempting day for a walk. The air is keen and pure and invigorating; the roads are hard, and make walking a luxury; and a brisk pace sets one's blood dancing at such a lively rate, that the mind is stimulated as well as the body, so that one feels in full sympathy with the fair view—gaunt tree, festooned hedge, ice-bound brook, and rimy meadow. Crawfurd Ross admires the scene, as he painfully walks along Larkspur Lane with his trusty Collie at his heels.

Although four years have elapsed since he was so sorely smitten with illness, Ross is still little better than an invalid. The ingratitude of his idolized daughter, which had shattered his health, was his abiding sorrow. Beyond that first heartless letter of hers, he had received no tidings of Rosina. He had sought none. His pride persuaded him that this self-seeker had brought irretrievable disgrace on her family. She was a wicked and designing girl. She had remorselessly severed her family ties, and he wished never to look on her fair false face again. She should be as one dead to him. So he tried to persuade himself. Yet why was she in all his thoughts?

Then he had had other troubles. He had at length found out that the nursery was being kept on at a loss, and he realized—at first with much bitterness—that he was dependent on Jeanie for support. But Jeanie very soon got him to look at matters from her own point of view. His bitter outcry at finding himself, as he put it, a cumberer of the ground, was met gently but firmly by Jeanie, whose strong affection gave her eloquence equal to the occasion. She talked him round, and managed to melt his pride, so that he became reconciled to the situation. When she saw that he was on the point of yielding, she completed her conquest by kissing him tenderly. He did not return the caress; but, with hot tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, he placed his trembling hand on her head, said, solemnly, but in a broken voice, "God bless thee, my daughter! Ay, indeed has He made thee a blessing and a comfort to me in my sorrowful old age."

But soon a paragraph went the round of the papers to the effect that it was regretted that, owing to severe illness, that year's exhi-

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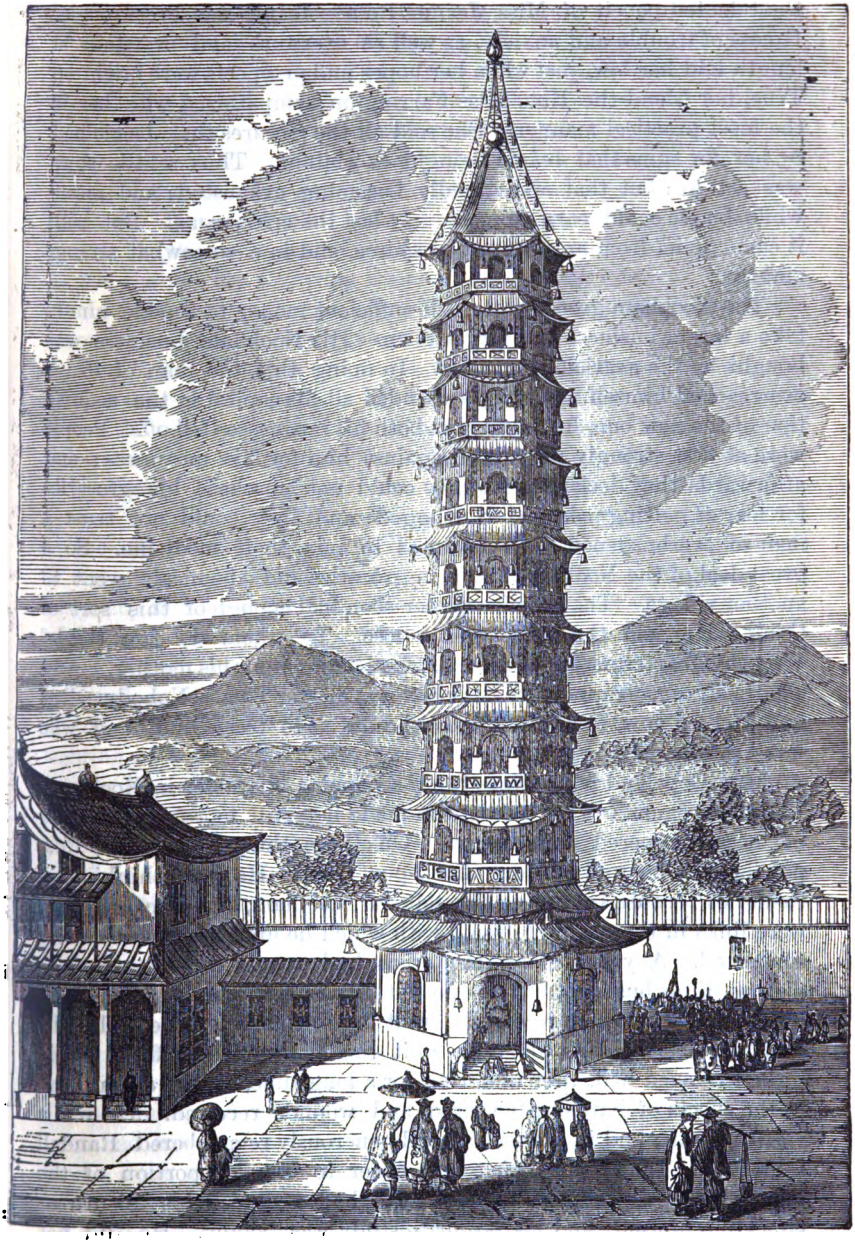

THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF NANKIN (SEE P. 228).

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bition would unfortunately not be enhanced by any contribution from the talented pencil of Miss Jeanie Ross. Jeanie was overwrought. Excess of trouble and anxiety, as well as overwork and overstudy, at length laid her low, just when her hopes and prospects were brightest. True, her friend the Hon. Miss Farrington sympathized with her in the most practical manner. She sold all the pictures that Jeanie had by her, for sums that Jeanie thought exorbitant. Thus a little store was set by; but that was rapidly becoming exhausted; and meanwhile Jeanie could earn no more. At last the crisis came. But with it came relief from an unexpected source, and in a somewhat strange manner.

The Nookham grocer had made sufficient money to enable him to take a larger business in a larger town. His Nookham business was bought by the avaricious chemist. In doing this the man of drugs overreached himself. Having expended all his capital in the acquisition of the new one, he found that both his businesses fell off. People were at first strongly prejudiced against him for his meanness; and afterwards they declared that they could not purchase his groceries for fear of getting poisoned or drugged; and they could not trust a man so overburdened with business to mix their medicine. So a great deal of the Nookham trade in groceries and chemicals went to another village. The chemico-grocer soon had enough of this sort of thing. He sold the grocery at a loss. To whom do you think? Why, to Quartermaster Copeland, who bought it for his mother. And what a strong, strapping grocer's boy was master Tom. Nobody called him Tommy now, except Randall, who did it to tease him, and who was a privileged person.

Mrs. Copeland had always been a popular character in Nookham. The achievements of her soldier-son made her still more so, and her business prospered exceedingly. On these things Crawfurd Ross pondered as he walked along Larkspur Lane. He was thinking of them not because they were the talk of Nookham, but because they were links in the chain of events with which he himself was intimately connected. A year before, the crisis had occurred. He tried to dispose of his business, but no one felt disposed to purchase a losing concern. One day he received a visit from Randall Copeland, who told him that he was about to quit the army. The officer whom he had rescued had, after lingering for a long time, at last succumbed to the effects of hardship endured and wounds received. He was a wealthy man; and in his will he had generously remembered Randall Copeland. That young man was eager to invest a portion of the legacy in Ross's failing business. He had occupied his leisure in educating himself; and his favourite study was botany. He did not say—what was the fact—that he had imbibed his liking for this

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beautiful science years ago, when, as a loutish boy, he had listened (at the other side of a hedge) to Jeanie Ross's enthusiastic description of a wayside flower to some of her girlish companions. He had to use much argument in order to induce Ross to accept his offer; but at length he prevailed. The result was that Ross remained master of Nookham Nursery. His name was still over the door, and he had the larger share of the profits. For such was the skill and energy of Copeland that in a few months the Nursery had regained some of its old fame. Under Ross's sage guidance, Copeland made wonderful progress in the noble art of gardening. Now, at the end of a twelvemonth, the two are maturing a scheme for opening a branch establishment in London, where the marvellous floral products of Nookham Nursery shall receive more extended attention.

Still Ross's thoughts are bitter, as he paces Larkspur Lane. For all this success he is beholden to a stranger; and the knowledge galls him, although that stranger is like a son to him. "I could never forgive her," he murmurs to himself; "she is the author of it all."

Suddenly his reflections are interrupted by the Collie. Ken suddenly starts forward, growling angrily. Ross, glancing ahead, at once perceives the reason. They have arrived within a few yards of the mansion of Sir Job Stocker. At the gate of that pretentious residence is Sir Job himself. He kicks out savagely at a small dog, which had fawningly approached him. The dog utters a piteous shriek of pain, and as it limps away, Sir Job, unheedful of the anguish depicted in its whole attitude and expression, savagely flings his crutch after it. Then he cannot move another step, but violently tugging at his own bell, sits down upon the gravel path to await assistance. Never did alderman look more undignified. Ken sprang forward towards the dog. He at once found it to be his old enemy, the fox-terrier that had so flouted him, and had so disgraced him in the eyes of his master. Yes, it was Wilfrid Stocker's fox-terrier. Perhaps Sir Job knew that; or perhaps the poor creature had raised his ire by simply bringing his son and the dog to remembrance. Now, Ken, here is a fine opportunity for revenge! The terrier is lame, and desperately ill. It is famished. You might count its ribs. See, it from sheer exhaustion falls down, and has not sufficient strength to raise itself. There is no gleam of defiance in those poor pleading eyes. Now, Ken, you are only a dog, you know; and Sir Job is a man, and an alderman. He has had no compassion on this wretched creature; and any one would excuse your not giving place to such a generous sentiment within your shaggy breast. Besides, you have recognized in this starving animal your bitterest enemy.

As Ken rushes towards him, the fox-terrier gives one last despairing glance of appeal, and shuts his eyes. Evidently he thinks it is all

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over with him. One grip of Ken's powerful jaws would be sufficient to deprive him of the little life that is left in him. But in a moment afterwards his poor eyes languidly open again. He has not felt the expected grip. What is that great Collie doing? Actually licking the terrier's poor lame leg—as tenderly and as soothingly as a doggie mother caresses her puppies. Crawfurd Ross looks on with curiosity. He is learning a lesson. The man had shown brutality; the dog was displaying humanity! Ross saw that the poor terrier was powerless to move. He took it in his arms, and, allaying its manifest fear with kind words and reassuring pats, carried it home. Arrived there he made it a comfortable resting place in front of the kitchen fire. Ken then hastily went out, but immediately returned, bearing in his mouth a dog's biscuit. These biscuits were kept in a bag placed just within reach, so that he could always help himself—a privilege which he never abused. This biscuit he gently placed under the nose of the fox-terrier. The poor little creature licked it, and wagged his tail with gratitude, but he was obviously too feeble to avail himself of such "hard tack." Ken, sagest of dogs, soon saw this, and away he went again. This time he returned bearing by the skewer a luscious bundle of cat's meat. Alas! it was not his own, for he scorned such delicacies; but it was awaiting the good pleasure of pussy, who had a roving commission, so that her return was uncertain. This time Ken's efforts were rewarded, for, to his evident satisfaction, the fox-terrier devoured the viand eagerly. Then Ken was taken upstairs to have his good deeds extolled before his mistress, Jeanie, who was still an invalid, although she was rapidly regaining strength.

"Lassie," said Ross, slowly and impressively, "this noble Collie has touched my stubborn heart, and taught me how to forgive."

"Oh, father!" cried Jeanie, "I am so grateful to God for this! He hath chosen the foolish things to confound the wise. I think that your duty has been set before you as in an enacted parable."

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Meanwhile it had fared but ill with Wilfrid Stocker and his wife Rosina. Wilfrid, with slender natural abilities, and little or no education, could not manage to keep employment; at length, indeed, he could no longer get it, and he and his wife were face to face with starvation. This was not what Rosina had married for. It was not for love that she had forsaken and well nigh ruined her paternal home; she thought that Wilfrid would make her a lady of position, and satisfy all her vulgar ambitions and mean aims. So when, instead of this, he brought her poverty, she reproached him, bitterly and constantly; and very unhappy was the life they led—utterly destitute,

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as it was of all material comforts, as well as of all that sweet solace which family ties can sometimes supply.

Wilfrid was greatly disappointed in his pretty wife. He soon found out that she had made no sacrifices for his sake. Indeed, she frequently upbraided him with having beguiled her from her comfortable home. He bore with her complaints, and with all his domestic misery, quite patiently. He did his best to find work, but could not succeed. Then, one by one, their household goods vanished, until at last they had hardly anything left. Wilfrid had found some comfort in his violin. He was, it will be remembered, an excellent musician, and music had a wonderful influence over him. One morning in winter, after he had sat awhile gazing at the fireless grate in their wretched lodgings, he suddenly started up muttering, "Yes, I must do it!" and took out his fiddle, which for some days had been so neglected that the dust had accumulated on its case.

Rosina, peevish in her distress, and quick to find fault, dolefully exclaimed, "How can you play that thing, when I am so sad, and knowing, as you do, that this poor child has not tasted food for nearly two days? Why don't you go to your father?"

Wilfrid looked up at her reproachfully. "You know that it is impossible for me to go to my father; and I am not going to play the fiddle."

Then he placed the instrument in its case again, and went forth without another word, accompanied by the little fox-terrier, which had remained with him through weal and woe. He had never had the heart to get rid of it. He did not return for some hours. Then he came back bringing with him a plentiful supply of food, but no fiddle; and presently a boy came stumbling up the stairs with some coals. Rosina guessed that her husband had either sold or pawned his cherished violin, and the sacrifice touched her. For several days after that he went out regularly, always with the dog at his heels, and always he returned in the evening with money.

"Have you found employment?" she asked him.

"Yes."

The monosyllable was uttered in such a tone and was accompanied by such an impatient gesture that Rosina dared not ask more, although her curiosity was aroused. Sometimes he returned extremely late. One night he did not return at all; neither did the dog. That was a night of agony to Rosina. Then, for the first time, she knew that she had learnt to love Wilfrid. All the next day, she spent in diligent inquiries at all the usual places, but could gain no tidings of her missing husband. Then was she plunged into the depths of despair. When she had hushed her crying boy to sleep, she knelt down and prayed fervently, and heartily—really and truly prayed

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perhaps for the first time in her life. Then, exhausted with her night of vigil and her day of weariness, she too fell asleep. Next morning she again made inquiries, with the same result. That was the day on which the little fox-terrier found his way to Nookham. She now had but three resources—the workhouse, Nookham, or starvation. The last of these she would have adopted for herself; but her boy must be saved at all hazards. She would go to Nookham. If her father would not help her, perhaps Sir Job would; though she had but faint hope in either direction.

So to Nookham she went—spending her last few pence on the omnibus which travelled three-quarters of the way thither. Arrived at Nookham, she hurried to her father's house, fearing that if she hesitated for a moment, she would find it difficult to again summon up the requisite resolution. Only did she falter when she heard her father's well-remembered footstep in answer to her timid knock. Then her tired frame could not endure the swirling emotions that rushed through her heart. Still clinging to her child, she fainted in her father's arms.

When she came to herself, she was being tenderly cared for by Jeanie, who all the while was sobbing at her worn and tattered appearance. Resting at the foot of her couch was her husband's little fox-terrier; while Ken was peering into her pale face. Looking up, Rosina saw her father's loving face anxiously bent over her.

"Father!"

"My child."

"For-forgive me, father."

"Nay, my lass, it is you who must forgive me. I should have sought you out, but my unchristian pride would not let me. I was a slave to it; but now, thank God, I am free."

* * * * * * * *

What had become of Wilfrid Stocker? Well, his story is soon told. His employment, as he had allowed it to be called, was that of an itinerant musician. To spare Rose the pain of knowing that he had come to that, he let her suppose that he had parted with the fiddle; whereas in fact he kept it at a coffee-house. Poor fellow! it was a miserable life; but he bore it bravely.

One day, as he was pushing his way through a crowd, a gentleman suddenly exclaimed that his watch had been snatched; Wilfrid was as near to him as anybody else; and the poor fellow's ragged and care-worn appearance, coupled with the fact that he was evidently a street player, at once brought him under suspicion. In vain he protested his innocence, and when he begged to be searched, the constable who had come up laughed sarcastically. Of course, he had handed it to a

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confederate! And so poor Wilfrid was hurried off to prison, where, to shield his wife and father from shame, he gave a false name and a false address. That is why Rosina could not find him. His little fox-terrier followed; but he was soon driven away, and after lingering about the prison for a day or two, he took his way to Nookham.

The alderman on duty on the day when Wilfrid was to be tried was Sir Job Stocker. As the charge was read against George Jones, alleged to have stolen a silver watch, &c., Sir Job slowly wiped his gold-rimmed spectacles and glanced carelessly in the direction of the prisoner. As he did so his countenance underwent a startling change. He glared as though his eyes would start from his head; then he closed them as though suffering from intense suppressed agony, and, with a groan appalling to hear, he fell back on the magisterial bench—dead. He had wished he might die if ever he set eyes on his son again. His impious wish had been granted. The doctors said that some violent emotion had driven the gout to his heart. Wilfrid was sadly shocked; but he did not betray his identity. A day or two afterwards he was acquitted, as the real culprit had been brought to justice. He at once went to his poor home, to find his wife and child gone. Then he went to Nookham, where he was freely forgiven by good old Crawfurd Ross.

It was found that, although Sir Job had left the great bulk of his money to charitable institutions, he had yet left enough to his son "to start him in business," as the will said. The city house of Ross and Copeland was amazingly prosperous; and both partners urged the thoroughly penitent Wilfrid to accept its management—of course, under supervision. But he thankfully declined. He intended to lead a new life, and he thought he had better go to a new country. And he and his wife and child went. They are doing so well that they can afford to come to England occasionally for a holiday, when they always stay at Nookham Nursery.

* * * * * * * *

"So," said the Hon. Miss Farrington, who was dressed in deep mourning, "you are Miss Ross no longer! Let me congratulate you. I shall be so delighted to meet your husband."

At that moment Randall Copeland entered.

"Here he is," said Jeanie. "Randall—the Hon. Cecilia Farrington."

"Why!" exclaimed Miss Farrington, "this gentleman was introduced to me by my brother, the late Colonel Farrington, whose life he saved; and it was he who showed my brother the first of your charming sketches that I ever saw. It is to him you owe your fame and fortune as an artist. But he said he bought them for a shilling each, at an obscure village."

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"Yes," laughingly confessed Randall. "That village is Nookham; and I told you the name of the artist, you know; with whom, at that time, I did not dare hope to be connected by Family Ties."

THE END.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

[WATTS' VERSION OF PSALM LXXI.]

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared Thy heavenly truth,
And told Thy heavenly ways.

Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

Let me Thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of Thy Name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh! may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world Thy love!

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable Thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At Thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

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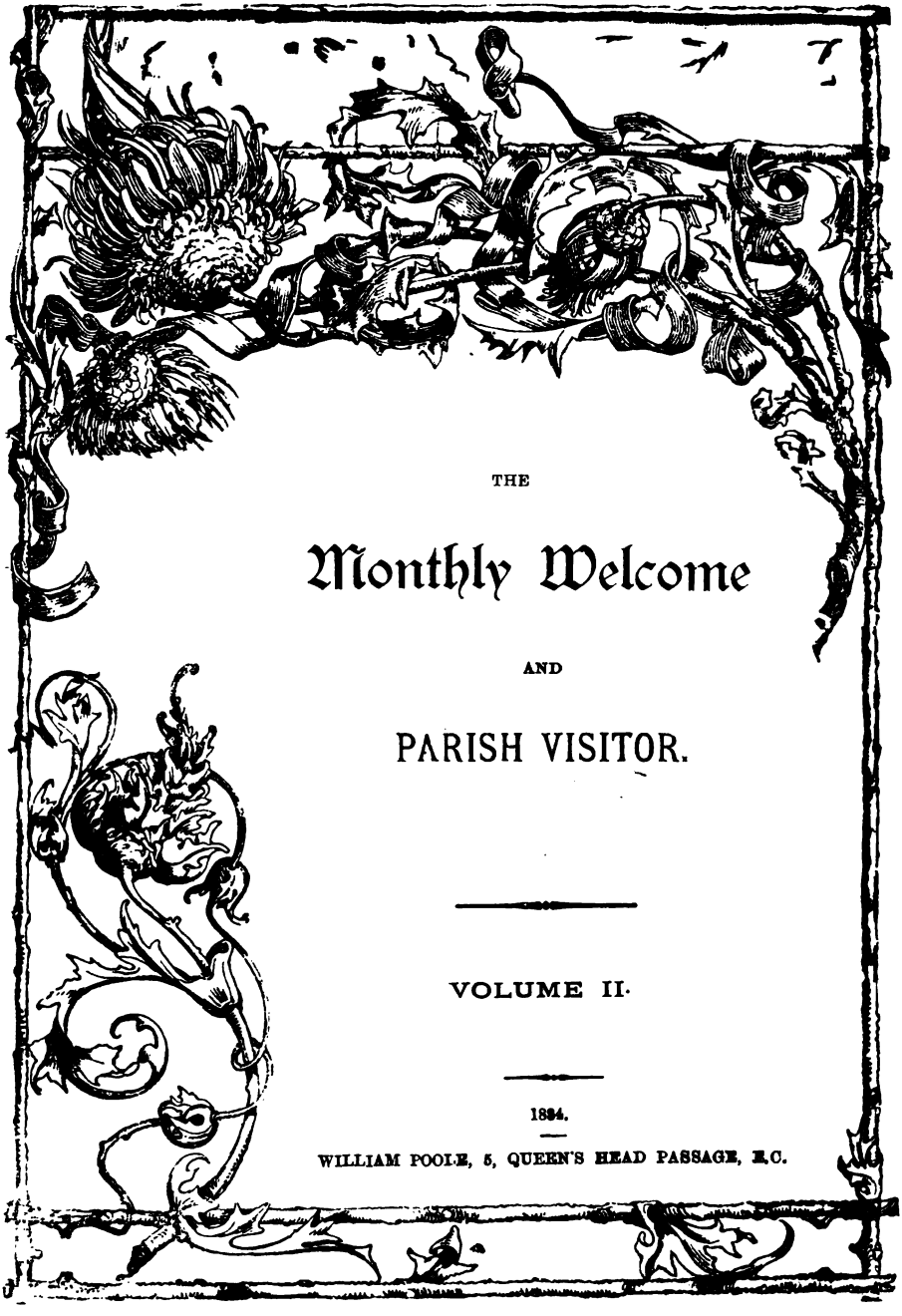

THE

Monthly Welcome

AND

PARISH VISITOR.

VOLUME II.

1884.

WILLIAM POOLE, 5, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE, E.C.

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JACK'S RETURN.

JAN., 1834. *See* v. 5.]

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New Year's Greeting.

DEAR Readers, for one and all of you we pray that this year of 1884, just opening out before us, may be one of happiness and prosperity, rich in spiritual blessings, and free from worldly crosses. God's will be done! Yet do we pray that in His inscrutable all-powerfulness He may provide that this shall be a year of prosperous peace, sanctified happiness, and quiet content for you all.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Lay these words close to your hearts, dear friends for whom the New Year opens in darkness and trouble; and doubt not for a moment that He Who spake them will redeem His gracious promise. The cloud in your sky has a bright lining; wait patiently for the Sun of Righteousness to show itself; for then shall the healing of trouble be near at hand, and a heavenly blessing be about to be bestowed upon you.

Sick friends, despair not. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon you, but forget not that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. He loved His servant Job; yet, of all men, who suffered more? the just man was made perfect through tribulation. Be comforted; the hours spent upon a bed of pain may, happily, prove to have carried ye with swift steps unto the Throne of Grace. This present suffering is but to prepare ye to stand before the Lamb.

Friends without either pressing cares or wasting sickness to bear ye down, remember that now is your time to work in your great Master's cause. Delay not. Let not the day be far spent before ye commence your toil for Him Who bore a bitter cross to redeem your souls. Be up and doing. Life is short; death but ushers us into eternity; yet the short life decides what our eternity shall be. Despise not small things; and doubt not that your clergyman will find you a corner of your Master's vineyard in which to work. A devout heart at work in a Sunday School will accomplish great things. Let there be order in your work. Array yourself under the banner of parish organization, for the stick that will not bear bending when standing by itself becomes strong by unity with others.

Again we wish you all happiness, and trust that the end of the year may find the friendship existing between ourselves and our readers unimpaired.

The Village Blacksmith.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE."

CHAPTER I.—CHRONICLES OF SLOWBERRY.

DO you know Slowberry? Probably not; so as my story is to be almost wholly confined to that village, I had best tell you that it is in the south of England, within thirty miles of London, and consists of one street of houses, and a goodly number of straggling habitations, occupying an area of about a mile.

On the evening on which my story opens, a number of the Slowberry people were met at the house of Richard Forbes, the village blacksmith, first inhabitant of the place, and patriarch of the district. At the head of a long table in a large square front room sits Richard himself, a tall, white-headed, brawny, broad-shouldered man, whose rough hand tells you of the hard work it has helped to do. At the other end of the table is his wife, a pleasant-looking old dame, who momentarily half turns to the window close behind her, and listens expectantly; while round the table are the guests of the evening, upon whom the hospitality of the blacksmith and

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his wife seems to have had a beneficent effect.

"Come, now, Richard," cries young Dawkins, "don't forget your promise. I mean to help you to remember that you have promised to give us the history of Slowberry at these tea-gatherings."

Dawkins, let me explain, has not long been married; his wife is next him, and he is glad to let her see he is on such easy speaking terms with so respected a man as the patriarch of Slowberry.

"Oh, for shame, Mr. Dawkins; let our good neighbour finish his tea in peace," cried Widow Wicks.

Mrs. Wicks is always on the side of the disturbed or afflicted. Her late husband—of whom, her enemies say, she gives a better account now than ever she did during his lifetime—left her a small income, upon which she contrives to live; and her mission now seems to be to visit the sick and sorrowing of Slowberry, and relate to them instances she keeps on record of people of her acquaintance who have been in a worse plight than her hearers; and generally to convince Slowberry that she and all its inhabitants are in a chronic state of sickness, and mostly deeply affected with consumption, heart disease, and other alarming maladies.

"I'm ready, friends," responded Richard; "I'll begin as soon as ever the table is clear."

The homely meal being over, the table cleared, and the guests having disposed themselves in positions as near the fire as possible, their host, having seated himself so that he had his guests right and left of him, cleared his throat, and began his story:—

"My friends, as some of you were not here at Christmas with us, let me explain what the object of these meetings will be. As you know, I was the first inhabitant of Slowberry; I have lived constantly in it since my own little house was built here; and I have seen at least one generation rise and pass away. Another generation now occupies our village; and it may be interesting and instructive to these young people if I, at the little gatherings I am going to have in this house, give some account of what I have witnessed at this place; and for my first evening's story I am going to tell you how it was that I came to settle down in Slowberry.

"When I was a young man—that's some forty-five years since—I had on one occasion to travel in great haste from London to Petersbury on business. Travelling in those days, neighbours, was different from what it is in your time. You jump into your train, and, in a matter of minutes generally, are at your destination. Not so half a century ago. Then you had to take your journey by stage-coach, and stand a fearful jolting all the way; there was often on some roads a good chance of being overturned if the driver put on the pace a bit; and in some instances you had to put up with the inconvenience of having your coach stopped, your money and valuables taken, and your very life threatened by the 'gentlemen of the road'—the highwaymen, I mean.

"Well, the very day I was to go down to Petersbury, the news had reached town that the road had been visited by these black-mail gentlemen; so intending female passengers postponed their journey, and males carried as little of anything of value as they could with them. Moreover, the coach was to start at night, so we had a good chance of a forcible stoppage.

"At 11 p.m., the guard began blowing furiously on his horn; the post-boys tore about the coach-yard in an excited state; the lights were mounted on the coach; and away we dashed.

"To tell the truth, I do not think I should have cared about that journey if I had had to carry much in the way of valuables with me; as it was, I only had a few papers, and the clothes I wore. There were but four passengers that night; a sleepy-looking fellow, who made a desperate struggle for some time after starting to doze, at last having to give it up as an impossibility; a farmer just returning home from town; and a jovial-looking sailor, on his way to rejoin his ship. How well do I remember that ride! Once clear of the streets of London, from inside the coach we seemed just to be plunging forward into a dense white mist; for it was only very

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occasionally that we could catch a glimpse of the hedges and fences lining the road.

"My fellow-traveller the sailor proved to be just what he looked, a jolly fellow. He sang till he was hoarse; cracked jokes with us all, especially with the sleepy one, till his and our sides ached with laughing; and at last, when we had made our eyes sore in trying to read by the dim light of the oil lamp which swung—and creaked most dismally at every swing—from the centre of the roof of the coach, and had nearly broken our necks by straining to distinguish something of the landscape we were travelling through, volunteered a story.

"'And it's not such a bad one in itself, friends,' said he. 'If it's not up to the mark, put it down to the way I tell it; for I know a good story to be one that has a good effect; and the effect upon me of the events I am going to relate will be, I hope, lasting.'

"'Good! good! There's nothing I should like to hear so well as a story,' cried the farmer.

"'And as I can't get forty winks, I may as well try to be amused,' growled the sleepy one.

"'And I shall be delighted too,' I chimed in.

"'Very well, mates! Here goes for my yarn, then,' replied the sailor. And clearing his throat he told us the following story.

CHAPTER II.—JACK'S YARN.

"My friends, guess my age. There, I know what you'll all say. You'll put me down as on the wrong side of thirty-five; but I ain't. A sailor, you know, has to rough it a good bit, and it's apt to make him look old. Bless you, I haven't seen twenty-eight years yet; but that's quite long enough to do more good in the world than I've ever done. I was born in 18—, on the outskirts of Porton; and our little family consisted of my father, mother, two sisters, and one brother—the children being all younger than myself.

"I suppose that, being the eldest, I was allowed too much liberty. Anyhow, I grew up—I am ashamed to confess it, but I've started on the tale, and the truth must be told—proud, stubborn, self-willed. I'm afraid I gave my parents a lot of trouble; for I was always in some scrape or another. Week after week, and year after year, I was in some serious bother, and at last everybody, myself included, came to the conclusion that I was a bad lot altogether.

"Well, it came to this at last, friends—either I must get out of our town, or my old people would have been too much ashamed of my conduct to stay there, and we should all have to go. When I found to what a pass I had brought them, I somehow just began to comprehend what a wild life I had led; and after a great deal of thought, determined to save them all future trouble by getting out of the way. So one night, after every one had gone to bed, I stole out of my old father's house, with only a small parcel and whatever money I had been able to scrape together, and made for the south coast.

"My intention was to go to sea; and I had little difficulty in getting a berth, for big, strong fellows seemed scarce just then. In ten days we sailed away, and I commenced my new life in earnest. But neither hard work nor constant danger seemed to have any sobering effect upon me; and for three or four years, although frequently commended for my usefulness on board the ship, I was regarded as its scapegrace.

"Then a new captain took charge of our vessel, who seemed determined to take me in hand. He was always holding services, and Bible classes, and other meetings on the ship, and although he did not make a mark of me, I somehow felt he was speaking at me. Anyhow, he soon made me begin to sober down; and at the end of the first voyage after he took charge of our vessel, I wrote home from London to say I should go to see the old people at the end of the next voyage. But we had not been gone long before I began to be very anxious to see my parents. I felt there was something wrong going to happen somewhere, and I wanted to get to *them*, at any rate. So when we reached a Spanish port, I went to the captain, and begged hard to be allowed to go back to England at once. This was

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about three weeks before last Christmas.

"The captain was very kind—he always was—and, although sorry to part with me, gave me permission to go home if I could find some Engiish sailor in the port who would fill my place. This I soon did; and packing up my traps, I quitted the ship, and took the next homeward bound vessel, arriving in England a week before Christmas. I stayed in London, buying little things for my brother, and sisters, and parents, and took the coach home on the morning of Christmas Eve.

"The town had not much altered, as it appeared to me, when I landed there in the evening. Without any difficulty I made my way to the old home. How my heart did beat as I neared the little wooden gate! I, the scapegrace of old, who had run away from them in their old age, did I expect to find them still there waiting for me? Suppose one of them, or even both of them, had been taken away! A lump rose in my throat as I thought of this, and I quietly unfastened the gate, and walked quickly up the gravel path. A bright light shone from the window of the little sitting room; and I determined to peep in before knocking them up.

"I crept up to the window and looked in. 'Thank God! thank God!' I muttered. 'Two, four, five—yes, all there!' But what could it mean? What was the matter? There was my mother, sitting down on a low stool by the fire, with my little sister's arm round her neck, crying, and saying, 'Oh, my poor Jack! My poor Jack!' That's me, you know, friends. 'Why poor Jack?' I asked myself. And my father sat still there, but with a look of deep grief on his face; and my brother too, and my elder sister, all moaning about me. It seemed so very strange, that I thought I would hear a little more before I went in.

"Presently my mother said, 'Oh, Jack, Jack, why did you not come home before? This was to be his last voyage before he came home; and now he is dead! dead! dead!'

, Dead! dead! what's put that into their heads?' I questioned.

"My father got up from his seat, crossed over the room, and put his hand on my mother's head. 'God's will be done,' he said. 'Let us rejoice that our son had repented of his past life before he died; we have every reason to believe he did, wife. Come, cheer up.'

"'Yes, I will try,' she said; then turning to the children she went on, 'He was a good boy, children, with all his faults—a generous, brave boy.' Then, throwing up her arms, she cried, 'And I shall never, never see him again! Oh, my poor Jack! It will break my heart!'

"I could stand it no longer, my friends. It was too much to see them all there crying for their dead son and brother, when all the while he was standing outside the window, his heart bursting for joy to see them again. I forgot doors and knockers, but slipping the catch outside the window with my fingers, I pulled it open, popped my head in, and cried out—

"'Mother! mother! don't take on so. Jack's here, as much alive as ever—alive and well.' At the sound of my voice they had all jumped up and turned towards the window. I could see I had startled them, so I continued in a quieter tone, 'Don't be alarmed; it's no Christmas ghost, but Jack himself come home.'

"My mother was the first to recover herself. Running across the room, she put her arms around as much of my body as I had been able to get through the window, and cried—

"'No, Jack! No! It's my own flesh and blood come back to me. God be praised! God be praised!'

"And then, just like these women folk (a moment, friends; there's something in my eye. Can't be a tear, surely, for I don't cry much), before I could get in-doors to have a kiss all round, she had fell to crying and laughing and going into hysterics, and had set us all to work struggling to get her right again."

To be continued.

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HOW A PRINCE BECAME A BISHOP.

GEORGE, Prince of Anhalt, and Bishop of Mersburg, was descended from the dukes of Saxony, and had in his family many great princes and men of distinction. He was born on the 14th of August, in the year 1507. His father, Prince Ernest of Anhalt, seems from his treatment of his son to have been a religious man; for he gave such persons the charge of his education as were not only eminent for their knowledge of letters, but for their religion. He studied at the university of Leipsig, under George Forcheme, who had been the preceptor of Camerar, Cruciger, and other notabilities. Under this able tutor, the prince made rapid progress in every branch of science, both human and divine.

Truth was his object in all things; and he used to say, with the wise prince of Israel, that lying lips do not become a prince. He had made such attainments in every kind of knowledge, that when scarcely twenty-two years of age he was chosen by Albert, Elector of Mentz, to be one of his council; and, being very eloquent, he was much employed by that prince in state affairs.

About this time the dawning of the Reformation attracted the attention of all men; and Luther's writings, "concerning the difference between the law and the Gospel; of true repentance; of grace; of faith; of true prayer; of the use of the sacraments; of the distinction between Divine and human laws; and between the dispensation of the Gospel and the civil power," were dispersed and read everywhere. Prince George was no idle spectator. He sought truth like a philosopher, and loved it like a Christian. But, not daring to trust his own judgment upon matters of such immense importance, he began his investigations with prayer. Melchior Adam says that he most constantly and ardently begged of God to incline his heart only to the truth, and frequently with tears used to repeat these pathetic words, "Deal with Thy servant according to Thy mercy, and teach, O teach me Thy righteousness." From this period he sought the truth at the fountain of truth—the Holy Scriptures; and, for assistance in difficult passages, he read Augustine, Jerome, and Peter Lombard, using at the same time the learned conferences of his friend Forcheme. For this end he also perfected himself in Greek and Hebrew, and is said to have been so great a master in the latter language as to equal the most learned professors. Nor did he omit, in conversation with the ablest divines, not only to seek the truth for himself, but to induce and confirm it in others.

At length, not without the most mature consideration and hearty prayers, he openly embraced and professed the doctrines of the Reformation, and renounced all intercourse with papists and popery. He lived upon the most affectionate terms with the princes his brothers, who concurred with him in planting the Reformation in the territories that belonged to them. He pulled down ignorant superstition, and set up seminaries of learning,—the surest way, under God, of exterminating error and darkness from the earth. All this he accomplished without the least dispute or tumult; brought multitudes to the light of the Gospel, and established many, through the divine grace, in the happy enjoyment of that light in their souls.

Such a burning and shining light was this pious and learned prince, that by the persuasion of Luther, he was induced to accept of an ecclesiastic function, and became Bishop of Mersburg in Saxony, in the year 1545. His was an episcopate of danger and difficulty for the truth of God, which no worldly man would covet, and no good man would condemn.

He entered upon this holy office with humble prayer, and he discharged it with the utmost care and assiduity. His whole time was from henceforward employed in preaching, writing, reading, and attending to the affairs of the Church. He never, knowingly, hurt any man, but benefitted all to the utmost of his power, both in public and private. He was a great promoter of peace among princes, settled many of their disputes, and being fe

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above all low ambition and revenge himself, he endeavoured to remove it from others. He bore many and very great insults with true Christian magnanimity, and showed that he lived with God in his heart, and for God in his intercourse with men. He used frequently to say to people of agitated tempers, "Submit yourselves to God, and pray to Him; for the Lord is nigh unto them who are broken in heart, and will save those who are of an humble spirit." Most of the time disengaged from the duties of his function was passed with learned and pious men.

As his life, so his death, bespoke a heart full of resignation, faith, and love. He lingered under a painful disease for half a year, in which time he settled the affairs of his church, and gave himself up in constant prayer to such preparations as became a Christian removing to his heavenly mansion. He frequently dwelt upon the divine promises, and particularly these: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow me! and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand;" and, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." He sweetly discoursed with his brethren and friends upon the blessings of Christ, upon the hope of eternal life, upon the wonderful gathering in of God's Church from the race of mankind, and other heavenly doctrines; all demonstrating where his heart and treasure was, and where his spirit would shortly be. He ceased to breathe in this world at Dessau, on Oct. 17, in the year 1553, and in the 47th year of his age.

He held synods of his clergy twice in every year, and delivered to them a proper charge in Latin, according to the exigencies of the Church. He wrote many tracts and sermons, which were published either at the time they were written, or soon after his death. They are written in a plain and simple style.

A FAMOUS FIREMEN'S DOG.

A FEW years ago, the public were highly amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the very strange fancy of attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of his predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire.

'The removal of books and papers,' said he, in telling the story, 'of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, which, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the fireman, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty

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and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to the fireman.

"No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog."

"The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?"

"No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of the town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at."

The communication was so extraordinary, that I found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, was able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity.

Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire at the place in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with the "firemen's dog," still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.'

Such is the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman at one of the police offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew 'Tyke,' as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he [the fireman] attended himself.

The magistrate said the dog had an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal; and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking, small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the office.

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The Legend of the Holy Grail.

THE legend of the Holy Grail had a religious meaning, but its origin is involved in mystery. The Grail was a symbol of the highest perfection to which man could aspire. All nations have had traditions or imaginations of a lost paradise; of a land where all wishes rest, all hopes are fulfilled, and happiness is realized. During the middle ages, the favourite representation of this paradise on earth was the Grail, of which the following account will be found very interesting.

The legend runs that a stone of inestimable value was made into a goblet by Joseph of Arimathæa; this, it states, was the cup used in the Last Supper of Christ with His disciples. On this occasion it received miraculous power; and in following years, angels descended from heaven on every Good Friday to renew the sanctity of the wonderful cup. To be elected as one of the guardians of the Grail was the highest honour which could be attained by a knight in ancient times, but it demanded the greatest purity and amiability of character. For some ages none on earth was found worthy of this office, and therefore angels hovered in the air bearing the precious cup until the religious knight Titurel founded a temple, and a religious order of knights called templars, for the preservation of the Grail on the mountain called Montsalvage, in Biscaya.

The slopes of this mountain were of polished onyx, and shone with a mild splendour like the moon. The temple was situated on the summit, and had a circular form, being one hundred fathoms in diameter. Around this central temple stood seventy-two octagonal chapels, with a tower for every two chapels; and the central tower of the great temple was twice the height of the others. The interior roofs of all the chapels were constructed of blue sapphires, and each roof had in its centre a smaragdus, on which was engraved the emblem of the Lamb bearing the cross. All the altar stones were made of blue sapphire with coverings of green velvet, and all precious gems blended their rays in the decoration of pillars and altars.

In the interior cupola of the temple the sun and the moon were represented in a diamond and topaz, which glittered so that there was daylight in the shrine even during night; for the lamps were always burning. The windows were of crystal and beryl; the pavement was also transparent crystal, and beneath it the fishes of the sea were represented in onyx. On every tower stood a cross of crystal, and on this a golden eagle with wings outspread. On the summit of the main tower was fixed a large carbuncle, which threw out its radiance over a wide circle, and served by night as a lamp to guide pilgrims to the sanctuary. Lastly, in the centre of the great temple, just beneath the cupola, the whole of the building was copied in miniature, and formed of the most resplendent gems; and in this inmost shrine the Holy Grail was preserved. Tennyson's poem on "The Holy Grail" is well known.

Bishop Latimer, when before his Popish persecutors, was at first not very particular as to the expressions he made use of in his replies; "But," added the holy martyr, when narrating the circumstance, "I soon heard the pen going behind the arras, and found that all I said was being taken down; and then I was careful enough of what I uttered." Such will be the effect of a sincere belief in this high attribute of the Almighty upon your lives and conversation. If once you can only realise the fact, that while you are acting, talking, thinking upon earth, the pen is going in Heaven; that every word, and every thought is known and recorded there, we shall have no careless, thoughtless, inconsistent walking.

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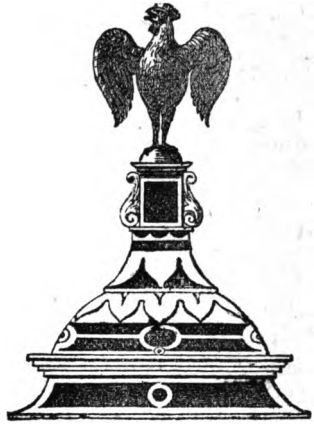
Buildings with Histories.

I.—STRASBURG CATHEDRAL AND ITS FAMOUS CLOCKS.

Some five hundred years ago, a certain Canon of Strasburg Cathedral, properly enough proud of the magnificent pile with which he was connected, began to long greatly for a clock worthy of the cathedral. Accordingly, to satisfactorily carry out his wishes, the most skilful mechanicians and the most learned astronomers of the time were invited to compete in the construction of a clock which should astonish all beholders. A scheme for a clock was selected from one of the competitors; the work was commenced; and in 1352 the first great clock of Strasburg Cathedral was completed.



The whole of the Chapter was convoked to behold the first movements of this marvellous machine, which surpassed the most sanguine expectations. A cock perched at the top of a tower flapped his wings a few minutes before the striking of each hour to warn the faithful against the suggestions of that evil spirit which the chief of the apostles himself had no power to resist. Then Death came and struck upon a sounding bell as many strokes as the hour needed, and an equal number of apostles passed in lowly attitude before Christ, who placed His hands upon them in the attitude of blessing. Finally the chariot of the sun showed by its course round the dial the months and the seasons; and the hands pointed out the different parts of the day, the days of the week, the days of the month, the age of the world, and the year of our Lord.

When the canons saw all this their first feelings were of amazement and delight; then they thought within themselves that this man who had been clever enough to make a wonderful clock for them might make many more, and deprive their clock of its celebrity. They immediately determined to deprive the unfortunate man of his sight, and barbarously executed their sentence, not informing their victim until afterwards of the cause for their wicked cruelty. When he learnt it he cried out, "O! foolish men, what have you done? The clock is not finished; one piece is still wanting which I alone can supply, and without which it is quite useless." The man was instantly led to his work, when he seized the main wheel which set the whole mechanism in motion, broke it, and thus stopped the movements of the clock for ever. This is the legend of the first Strasburg clock.

But in 1550 a new clock of Strasburg was to be made, and the most noted mathematicians of the time were called upon to preside over its manufacture. The work was interrupted by the death of some of these. In 1560 it was left solely in the hands of one Conrad Rauchfuss. Rauchfuss' work was restored in 1669 by Michael Habrecht, and again in 1732 by Jacques Straubhar. It ceased to act in 1789.

The present clock, the most interesting portions of which our engravings represent, was commenced by a clever artist of Strasburg, M. Schineque, on the 24th of June, 1838, and finished on the 2nd of October, 1842.

The central motive-power, which is in itself a clock of wonderful precision, serves to indicate upon a dial-plate placed on the outside of the church the hours and their subdivisions, and the

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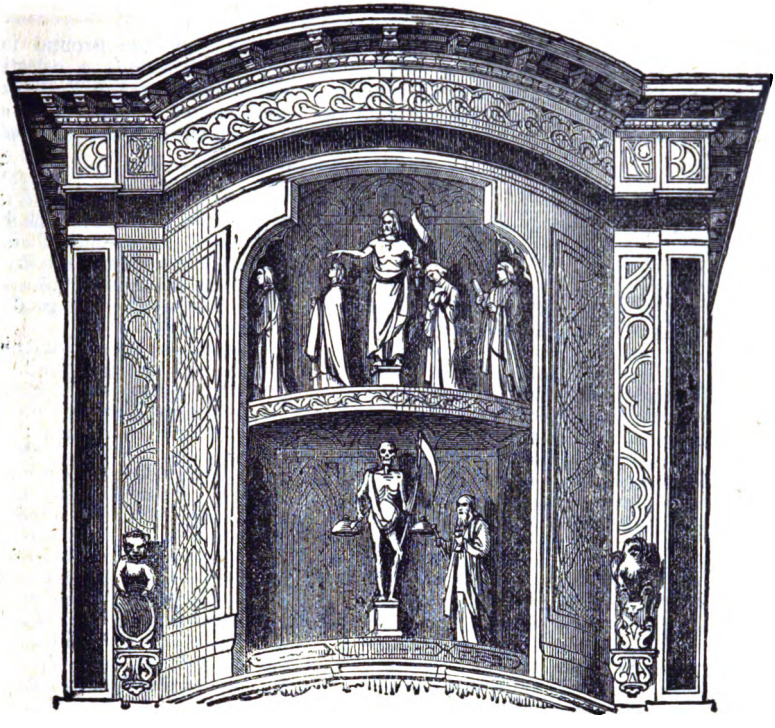
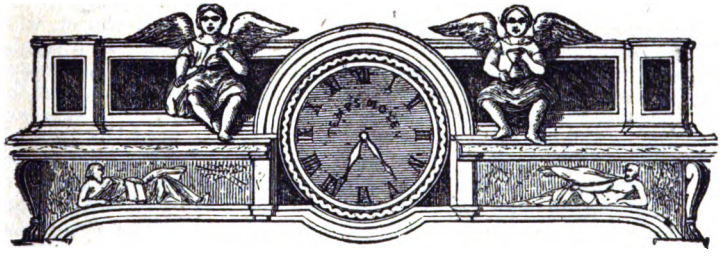
days of the week, with the signs of the planets corresponding to them. These indications are repeated inside upon a double dial, one showing the hours, and another devoted exclusively to the calendar, showing the month, the date,



stroke is repeated on all the dials by automata, one representing Childhood, one Youth, another Manhood, and a fourth Old Age. Death, placed upon a pedestal by the side of the Old Man, strikes the hours, and every time he



the Dominical letter, the saint's day, &c. Two winged beings are seated on each side of the small dial. At each quarter of an hour the right hand one strikes upon a bell. Immediately the fulfils this grave mission the second of the two winged figures of which we have already spoken reverses an hour-glass.

At mid-day, at the striking of the

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hour, a procession of apostles passes before Christ, who places His hands over them in the attitude of blessing; at the same time the cock perched on a tower flaps his wings and crows thrice. On the ground in front of the clock stands a celestial globe, demonstrating the daily and annual motions of the heavens, stars, and planets with great exactness.

A DREADFUL DUNCE.

I'VE read about a certain knight
Whose son's poor wits were never bright;
But still the father was resolved
The difficulty should be solved,
And that his son, so dull and dark,
Should prove a very learned clerk:
John, he determined, should be sent
To Paris; so the darling went,
And there succeeded very well
In spending more than I can tell.
He drank and gamed; but there's a doubt
Whether his books were well worn out.
Some years (and money) passed away,
And then the son returned one day.
The father spread his daintiest cheer
For friends who came from far and near,
Congratulating sire and son
For all the lore at Paris won.
John drew a long and studious face
(For every dunce may learn grimace);
He nodded well, and shook his head,
And, wisely, very little said.
Then, when the dinner-time was o'er,
He stood beside an open door,
And studiously beheld the sky—
The moon was shining full and high.
Then whispered some good friends together,
"He knows the laws of wind and weather.
Astronomy! he knows it all,
And what to-morrow will befall."
The father was a happy man
Until the son to talk began;
For, opening wide his mouth, he said—
"One thing does puzzle my poor head;
'Tis this; the moon that you see there
And that at Paris make a pair
So much alike, I cannot see
Their difference in the least degree!"
At him the father shook his head,
And to his friends, in anger, said,
"Be warned by me; don't send to school
A boy predestined for a fool.
My money now I dearly rue—
He comes a dunce from Paris too!"

THE MEANING OF BAPTISM OR "CHRISTENING."

BY nature we were "born in sin, and were the children of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3), that is, strangers from the Church, which is God's Household. But by baptism we were admitted into the Christian Covenant, and "the promises of forgiveness of sin, and of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, were visibly signed and sealed to us."

From the earliest times God has been pleased, of His free mercy and goodness, to enter into covenant with man. Thus we read of His covenant with Noah; of His covenant with Abraham; of His covenant with the Israelites. The last of these three covenants is called sometimes the Mosaic, sometimes the Old Covenant. It was concluded between God and the Israelites; it was solemnly ratified by the shedding of the blood of numerous victims; it was administered by the hands of a mediator, Moses; and the ordained mode of entrance to it was by circumcision.

The Mosaic Covenant was not designed to last for ever, but to prepare for a new and better covenant. This is the Christian Covenant, or God's Covenant in Christ, which is not between Him and a single nation, like the Israelites, but between Him and the whole world. For the whole world the Mediator of this covenant, Jesus Christ, shed His own blood upon the cross; to the whole world He bade His Apostles proclaim the glad tidings of remission of sins in His Name; and for all nations He ordained baptism as the outward and visible sign of this covenant, and the mode of entrance into it. (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) At baptism the Christian is admitted to all the privileges of the New Covenant and to him individually they are then sealed. These privileges are set forth in the Catechism under three heads, and we are taught to say, "At my baptism I was made (i.) a member of Christ, (ii.) the child of God, and (iii.) an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

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Jonathan Frock.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Specially Translated and Adapted for this Magazine.)

CHAPTER I.—DECEITFUL APPEARANCES.

NOT in all the capital of the realm, nor perhaps in all the realm itself, was there to be found a man more highly esteemed than Justice de Schwarz. His fame had spread, moreover, beyond his own country, by means of some remarkable works of which he was the author. His career had been one of singular prosperity. The son of a poor weaver, his talents had early attracted the notice of benevolent persons, who procured his admission to the university, where he devoted himself to the study of the law. Having completed his education, he went to the capital, with the design of supporting himself by any means that offered itself until he could obtain employment and distinction as a lawyer. An opportunity soon came to him. In his hands was placed the conduct of a case which was regarded as hopeless; but his learning and eloquence triumphed over all difficulties, and he came out with flying colours. His fame was at once secured, and he found himself in the immediate possession of a splendid practice. Honours and rewards were showered upon him, and his society was courted by the most distinguished persons. He married one of the wealthiest and handsomest ladies in the city. In short, Councillor de Schwarz became to all appearance one of the happiest men on earth. He was blessed with brilliant prospects, an amiable wife, charming children, and a large fortune —"honour, riches, marriage blessing." And everybody agreed that he deserved it all, for he was reputed to be an excellent husband and a tender father; an indefatigable worker; a firm friend; a man of taste and feeling.

But appearances may be deceitful. In fact Mr. de Schwarz was at heart a very unhappy man; what is more, he did not really deserve to be happy. His tact, his energy, the peculiar gift he had of rendering himself fascinating and agreeable, cannot be gainsaid. But he was one of those people who, after all, possess no higher qualities than those of intelligence and refinement, and who believe that, possessing these in full measure, they have arrived at the height of moral perfection. Riches, pleasures, and honours—these things made up the trinity to which he sacrificed everything. Religion? Wise in his own conceit, he thought he could afford to neglect it. Friendship? Well, he was a polished man of the world, and was always polite and agreeable; but he prided himself on his knowledge of mankind, and in his innermost thoughts he believed friendship to be all a sham, or at best a form of weakness—he would steel his heart against it. He knew himself so well that he could trust no one else, and those who in this matter did not act as he did, he despised as soft-headed and soft-hearted. The only person he loved was his precious self. Full of suspicion and arrogant pride, envious of the fame of others, and consumed with selfish ambition, his life was full of bitterness. In society he disguised his torments under an amiable manner, and concealed them beneath the mask of a smiling face; but at home he allowed his whims and humours to have free play. At home he was a perfect despot—an unbearable bear. He would often treat his wife with less consideration than he did the least and worst of his servants. His children—two promising boys—trembled like guilty slaves in his overbearing presence. Nevertheless, it was sometimes his whim to treat them with great condescension—by fits and starts, according to his humour; but as for their rearing and education, he would not trouble himself on that score. Oh no! he had far more important business to attend to.

No one knew of the daily domestic

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miseries of which De Schwarz was the author, save those who suffered from them; and as to what the sufferers might say, no one put any faith in that, or at the worst, they thought that, in a man so absorbed in intellectual work, a little tartness of temper, occasionally displayed, was quite understandable and excusable. Others could not believe that such a polished and accomplished man could be capable of such disagreeable conduct, and they held that if any one was to blame for the domestic misery, it must be the Councillor's wife. In short, De Schwarz could never do anything wrong, and everybody continued to admire and envy him.

CHAPTER II.—JONATHAN FROCK.

Among the retainers of the household of Mr. Schwarz was a young man named Jonathan Frock. This young man was engaged as tutor or preceptor to the two children; but he was as much a slave as all the rest of the inhabitants of the house. Mr. Schwarz, who had the knack of tormenting each person in the way that would cause the greatest degree of annoyance to that particular person, treated him before the children like a mere schoolboy, and subjected him to a thousand petty but humiliating acts of vexation and annoyance. The Councillor, who knew how to make his wife feel that she did not know how to behave according to her rank, and that she lacked both dignity and sense, knew how to tell the tutor that he was awkward and ignorant, and that he would never succeed in life.

Frock, either extremely patient or very timid, maintained a profound silence. Indeed, if he ever ventured to open his mouth in self-defence, the Councillor expressively shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back.

All the same, it could not be denied that, after Frock entered the house, the Councillor's sons, who had been the most tiresome and unruly of children, made rapid progress in accomplishments and in good manners. They became (what their father had never taught them to be, either by example or precept) respectful towards their mother; and they soon showed themselves anxious to learn, diligent in their studies, and less boisterous in their play. Moreover, they became greatly attached to Frock, towards whom they manifested every sign of affection.

One day, when the Councillor had taken his children away for a holiday, and when he retired with them to the same sleeping apartment, he saw them kneel down to pray before resigning themselves to sleep.

"What are you doing there?"

They made no response, but lifting their eyes and putting their little hands together, said their prayers. The elder of the two commenced them, in a low and reverent voice, and his little brother repeated them after him. What they said had not been learnt by heart, for it related to the events of the day just done. They concluded by asking God to take care of their father, mother, and playmates.

The Councillor listened to them with attention.

"Upon my honour," said he contemptuously, to Frock, on returning home, "I think that, after all, you must be a Moravian. What is the meaning of this kneeling down that you have taught my children to practise every night? What is the use of these prayers? These infants as yet know nothing of religion, and it is my desire that no one shall speak to them on the subject until their understanding shall have developed, when they shall be able to form a just and logical conclusion about such matters. Religion which is merely acquired through instruction I regard as valueless; religion ought to spring from the soul—to proceed from inside the subject, and not from outside; that which is taught to children in this fashion eventually develops into narrow-minded prejudice. At a guess, are you a Moravian?"

"No, I am not," responded Frock.

"What is your religion, then? Are you a Catholic, a Lutheran, or what?"

Frock flushed violently, and looked extremely embarrassed.

"Speak out; for I have a right to know. It is necessary that I should be acquainted with the sort of prejudices into which my children have

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been deluded. For my part, at present, I wish them to learn nothing but to dance and walk gracefully—that will be more useful to them than all your religious lecturing: my children have not yet exhibited any need for this sort of thing, and they shall not receive it, mark you!"

"Permit me to speak my mind, sir," said Frock. "Your children exhibit more of this want than you suppose. The supernatural always has a fascination for the first ideas of childhood; their thoughts unceasingly carry them beyond the things of this life; and this infantine curiosity is a veritable want, which, well directed, will result in the love of virtue and the resolution to practise it."

"Very good, Mr. Frock! You reason, according to your custom, upon premises which are entirely false. Who on earth can have persuaded you that such children occupy themselves with thoughts of the other world, and with things that they cannot understand! Doubtless you have read some books which you have badly comprehended, and upon your misconceptions you have built up a false system. With you, imagination takes the place of judgment, and it is under this deceitful glass that you view the world. Young man, you speak of life as if you had already gone through all its experiences. But, whether you repeat what you have learnt from books, or whether you speak according to your own individual experience, I beg you not to torment my children with all this verbiage. Again I ask you, to what religion do you belong?"

Frock reddened, but did not answer.

"When I ask a question, I am accustomed to receive a reply!" cried Councillor de Schwarz, in an imperious tone.

"Sir," at last said Frock, "I can no longer keep silent. You know better than anyone how to rob men of their proper self-esteem, and how to reduce their cherished beliefs to nothing. A long time ago I should have quitted your house, had it not been for the affection I bear towards your children; hitherto that has fortified me against all the humiliating insults you have heaped upon me. I even wish to believe that I hold but a small place in your estimation; but pray have the generosity not to try to deprive me of my proper self-respect."

With these words, Frock respectfully bowed to the Councillor, and quitted the apartment.

To be continued.

THE USEFUL ESSAY.

A SHORT time ago, we were present where a few persons had assembled to improve themselves in the French language. Understanding that it was a custom for each of them in turn to compose a little essay in French, we took up the one prepared for that evening, and found it to be as follows:—

"THE LINGUIST."

"It is an excellent thing to be able to express our ideas in different languages, especially if we have attended to those which are most likely to be serviceable. On a certain occasion, a thoughtless young man was boasting of the number of languages he knew. In French he was a complete Parisian; Spanish and Portuguese were as familiar to him as his old gloves. In Italy he had passed for a native; and though he ought not to say it, there were few better classic scholars than himself. In short, by his own account, he was an adept in languages, both dead and living,—a perfect linguist. As he went on, he now and then popped out an oath, swearing that he thought he knew almost all languages, when an elderly man, who had listened attentively to his boasting and his oaths, put an end to the one and the other by asking him if he was at all acquainted with the 'language of Canaan?'

"O, my friends, the question of the elderly gentleman would not be out of place if put to ourselves. It is an excellent thing to know French as well as English; but if we really hope ever to be citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, we ought not to be ignorant of the language of Canaan."

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THE TEACHING, CHARACTER, AND IDENTITY OF CHRIST.

An Address specially delivered to Men by the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"But whom say ye that I am?"

CHRIST often put questions, and He always left people to answer them for themselves, giving them sufficient help to find the answer. For it was His way to deal with man's nature, and to deal with each part of it in turn. Sometimes He aimed at the conscience; sometimes He touched the affections; sometimes He spoke to the will; and He never forgot the reason. In this question He desired to make His disciples think. It is a blessed thing to make people feel and to make them think; and preachers should try to do both; and just so far as they succeed in doing both, do they succeed in their great and lofty calling. You will notice that this is the second of two questions. The first question occurs two or three verses before. He had said to His disciples, "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" "The Son of Man" was the favourite title He gave Himself. When He put this question, it was not that He wanted from them information He did not already possess; but He wanted to find out from them, through the confession of their own lips, what they themselves thought of Him, that He might stir their thoughts, deepen their convictions, and give Himself the opportunity of going on to say what the occasion demanded.

That question I am going to put to you. I am going to ask you what you think and what you feel about Jesus Christ. You all know about Him. No figure in history fills the space that Jesus Christ does. About no one, whether in his character, or whether in his teaching, or whether in his claims, or whether in his life, have so many books been written, has so much admiration been evoked, or has so much opposition been excited. About Jesus of Nazareth it is impossible to be indifferent. You must take one side or another. He Himself has said, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." No one can afford to despise or forget Him; and I ask you all now, "What do you think about Him?"

By way of leading you up to the answer, let me briefly remind you of His circumstances, and then of His teaching, and then of His character, and then of His death. Modern philosophy tells us that what a man is, depends almost entirely on what it calls hereditament and environment—of which rather long words the simple English is this—that what a man is depends upon his parents and his circumstances. A man's life and character will depend upon the parents who gave him birth, and upon the surroundings in which he fulfils his life, earns his bread, builds up his character, and, in fact, lives as a member of the great human society.

The circumstances of Jesus Christ—Jesus of Nazareth—are very familiar to all of you, and there is no need to dwell upon them. He was the reputed peasant child of peasant parents. He was of royal lineage; but long, long before, his ancestors had lost any wealth or greatness their descent might have given them. His reputed father was a carpenter, and his mother was of the same rank in life. His father, I say, was a carpenter, and he was brought up in a little obscure village, which I have twice visited, among the hills of Galilee, far away from the haunts of men, surrounded by beautiful and simple scenery, living among a rude people, and once in the year visiting the metropolis of the land; earning His bread as you earn yours, by the sweat of His brow, going for His wage, and taking it—as an old quaint Father says, earning His bread by making ploughshares and cartwheels. Thus He lived for thirty years, maintaining His widowed mother, and residing with His cousins, or half brethren, in the quiet of domestic life. Suddenly then He appeared before the world. For two or perhaps three years He went about, within somewhat narrow limits, teaching and preaching, and, as this Book out of which I take my text tells us, doing wonders of power which made people marvel and love; when, as I shall show you presently, He came to a sudden, cruel, and undeserved death through the hatred of His enemies. These were His circumstances.

I said just now that He was a teacher. What did He teach? His teaching was in some respects unique; and may be said to have combined within itself two opposite elements. It was very simple, and yet very profound. It contained doctrine, and yet the doctrine was involved in precept. It was full of illustration. He taught by parables; and by

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the parables He induced men to listen, and compelled them to think. In some of these parables He explained the nature, and purpose, and heart of God in a way which no teacher before or after has ever equalled; in such a way that even Christian teachers now hardly dare take for real words some of the blessed sentences which He spake. There is one parable, for instance—the parable of the prodigal son—in which He described the career of a youth who left his home for a life of liberty and pleasure; but when he had had enough of his reprobate life, and had found that the wages of liberty and pleasure were shame, death, and loneliness, came back to his home. Strange to say, his father, instead of chiding him, instead of punishing him, welcomed him with a heart of love; and when the youth said, "I will arise and go to my father," the father arose and went half way to meet him. And the marvel of the parable is that it describes the attitude of God to the returning sinner. This teaching was original, it was profound, it was courageous, it was tender. Though He made the largest possible claims upon them, so far from men resenting these claims, they seemed to be attracted by them; and upon one special occasion, when He had spoken words which one would have thought would have driven men away—when He had said, "If any man will follow Me, let him sell all that he hath," in the very next chapter, as if attracted by His courageous words, we read, "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners." This was His teaching — I say, original, simple, full of illustrations borrowed from daily homely life, and from the beauties of nature around—teaching in which the deepest thinker might find something to learn, and which a little child could perfectly understand.

Then His character. I want you to take notice of these three features in the character of Jesus Christ. First of all, the completeness of it. If I may so speak, it contained pairs of qualities. It contained all the beauties which we call womanly. It had not merely the courageousness, firmness, and dignity which we think appertain to the character of a perfect man, but it had all the tenderness, and sweetness, and gentleness, and meekness which make the moral beauty of woman. And He had all these features of His character in perfect equipoise. No one feature was out of place, or so prominent as to destroy harmony in the whole. As we read in the accou t of the new Jerusalem, the seat of God, the length of it, and the height of it and the breadth of it were equal, so it was in the character of Christ. There was no one prominent quality. All were equally represented there—all were in absolute symmetry and harmony. One point more; though I might dwell on this part of my address all night. There was no insipid smoothness in the character of Christ. There were moments when, in all the dignity and majesty of His outraged manhood, He was silent before His enemies. He could not stoop to meet the charges brought against Him. And yet that was not for want of character—from want of dignity—from want of force of nature. There were moments when a righteous wrath blazed forth from the meek and gentle Christ,—moments when there came from those lips scathing words, as when He said, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned ye to flee from the wrath to come? Can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

He died; and He died a violent and cruel death. It is very remarkable that this end of Christ had been predicted four hundred years before by one whom I suppose we may call without any inexactness the most profound and most original of all thinkers in the great, great world in the prime of the Greek mind—Plato. There is a passage in one of the works of Plato in which he declares that if ever there should happen to come into the world a perfect man who should go about to teach men after a standard of canons absolutely faultless, that the end of that man would be not victory for a time, but defeat. Such was human nature, that he would simply exasperate it and drive it to malignity by the exhibition of his goodness, and their malice would be excited by their hatred of His superior purity; he would be surrounded by implacable foes, put to death by bitter enemies, hustled out of the world by those who hated to be told of their sins. This was exactly what happened; Plato had predicted the very thing that would become of Jesus Christ. His wicked enemies crucified and slew Him. The priests could not make a tool of Him. The Pharisees were stung to the quick by His audacious defiance of their authority. Those to whom He had been kind—whose hunger He had fed, whose sorrows He had pitied, whose wants He had supplied, whose sicknesses He had healed, basely deserted Him in the hour of His trial. Even His own disciples forsook Him and fled—left Him to die alone—and He died alone, and upon the Cross, the victim of

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the malice of the men whom He had lived to save. This was the death of Jesus Christ.

He called Himself the Son of Man. What I want to ask you is this. He is the Son of Man; and what beside? You will admit Him to be Man. No one nowadays is so foolish as to deny, in the coarse scepticism which existed some fifty years ago, that Jesus of Nazareth really existed. Nobody now calls this book—this new Testament—a pack of lies. Criticism prevents that; literary criticism makes it impossible. The question is, what is He? Now I want to put these three questions to you, to help you to answer who He was—about His teaching, about His character, and about His death.

I want to know where He got His doctrines from. He was a peasant; and at any rate three out of the four persons who have written what we call the Gospels were peasants also. Jesus Himself had never been to any school of philosophy. He had not spent His youth or manhood in a cloister; nor had He been conversing continually with learned and profound scholars. This wonderful doctrine, then, of His, so simple, yet so profound—where did He get it from?

Then this character of His. Who could have invented such an one? Never was such a character even imagined before Christ came. And the Apostles in their writings only describe what they saw and heard. Where did He get it from? Who was He they thus described? and watched with such vigilant and loving eyes; from whose lips came those words of which even His enemies said, "Never man spake as this man."

One other question, about His death. Jesus of Nazareth is not the only man who has been crucified—not the only man who has been martyred for his opinions. Jesus Christ is not the only man who has suffered for saying what he thought to be true, or for doing what he thought to be right. How is it that he is singled out from all the rest to be the founder of a religion which never dies—a religion for the sake of which tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of meek souls have, with a kind of joy, gone to agony for the love of that name which is above every name. You in this age—this scientific age—this civilized age—this busy age—this age of scholars—this age of philosophy—this age of which the world has never seen a more advanced, or, as I think, a better—how is it that even in this time I dare to say there are hundreds of thousands ready to die for the sake of Jesus Christ, or to spend their lives in working for His Kingdom? How do you account for this love for Jesus Christ, built upon His death and upon His resurrection? We Christians are bold to say that it is because the Son of Man is also the Son of God. We Christians say that His humanity is the best evidence of His Godhead. This pure, unique, spotless, Lord Jesus Christ, Who lived and went about doing good, and died, and yet cannot die, Who lives as never man lived before in the hearts of millions of creatures, that Son of Man Who is also the Son of God, clothed His Godhead in His humanity, and now for ever sitteth on the right hand of God, loving, ruling, teaching, blessing.

And now to conclude. This Son of Man—as I am bold to say, this Son of God—is your kinsman, your head—the head of humanity; your kinsman and mine, your brother and mine. Do you not see what dignity this gives us? Talk about being the son of a king! the brother of a king! the minister of a king!—why, here is the King of kings, the Lord of lords, of whom the little homeless child out yonder, in its rags and squalor, that goes about our London streets, is the brother or the sister. Oh! how our humanity, with all its faults, with all its weaknesses, with all its stains, all its imperfections, all its sordid motives, all its hopeless misery, has a dignity and grandeur of its own because Jesus Christ is our Brother.

Why did He come down to be man, and take our nature into alliance with His own? Why did He live that life, teach that doctrine, die that death, come out of the grave, and go back to heaven? That He might save us! Save you, and me, and the innumerable myriads of humanity. In His trampling on death and coming out of the grave and going up to heaven and sending down the Holy Spirit upon mankind we see how He has thereby finished the work of redemption for us. You perhaps to whom I speak can look back over your thirty, or forty, or fifty years. You know they have not been perfect lives. There have been spots and stains and wicked things in your lives—things you have said and things you have done—things you would not willingly, speak of to the dearest friend on earth. Jesus Christ died to be your Saviour. He bears our chastisement; He endured our stripes; He drank up for us that bitter cup by which our redemption is achieved.

The last thing is this. Jesus Christ

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came into the world to be our Kinsman. Jesus Christ came into the world to be our Saviour. Jesus Christ came into the world to be our example. He went about doing good. Now I want each one of you to feel that if you are Christ's you must try to be what He was. Let people look at you, and thus be led to think of Him. As they hear your words, watch your life, observe your purity, temperance, happiness, kindness, readiness to help men out of their troubles, deliver them out of danger, share their burdens, comfort them in their sorrows, let them feel there is a Saviour in the world, and that those who love His name share His salvation. You who are really Christians, you can do so much more than you think of. You can sometimes do more than we preachers can to make His life known and powerful in the world; by your morality, by your kindness, by your goodness, by your sympathy, by your habit of prayer, by your gentle rebuke of sin, by your hatred of everything evil, by your stern putting down of wicked words, of impurity, of blasphemy, of intemperance, you can make men see that the religion of Jesus Christ is still a living power, and not a dead tale; and you will be doing what you can to make men living epistles of One who is not dead in His grave, but at the right hand of God. When He comes back in His judgment—and He will come back, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him—you shall have a place among doctors and evangelists and apostles and prophets and preachers; and Jesus will say to you, as you look at Him in surprise, and at the crown He has ready for you, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye did it unto Me. Whom do ye say that I am?"

CURIOUS PROVERBS CONCERNING JANUARY.

IF the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for 't all the year.
A January spring is worth naething.
Under water dearth,
Under snow bread.
March in Janiveer,
January in March I fear.
If January calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May.
The blackest month in all the year,
Is the month of Janiveer.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

In order to stimulate the study of the Bible, we shall, month by month, set a series of simple questions, for the best solution of which by our young friends two books per month will be offered as first and second prizes.

Conditions of Competition.

1. All Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.

2. Each paper must bear a certificate to the effect that the Competitor is a Sunday scholar, and the real name and address of sender. The age of the Competitor must be stated.

3. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be returned to the Editor, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., by the sixteenth day of the month of publication. Names of Prize-winners will be announced in the second number after the one in which the questions appeared. For example, the January prize-winners will be announced in the March number.

4. Where two or more competitors give the same number of correct answers, the prizes will be awarded to those sending in the best written papers.

Questions for January.

1. A character in the Old Testament is spoken of as having stolen the hearts of the men of Israel. Who was he? And what was his object in adopting the course he did?

2. Give a few particulars of the prophet in whose book we read, "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls."

3. "To the Unknown God." What do you know about this phrase?

4. In what passage does St. Paul give an account of his sufferings, perils, and hardships?

5. What is the "fruit of the Spirit?" Quote text, and give short explanation in your own words.

6. In 1 Corinthians xvi. 14, we read, "Let all your things be done with charity." What do you understand by this?

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"LONG-LOST SIRE AND MOTHER DEAR."

[See p. 59.]

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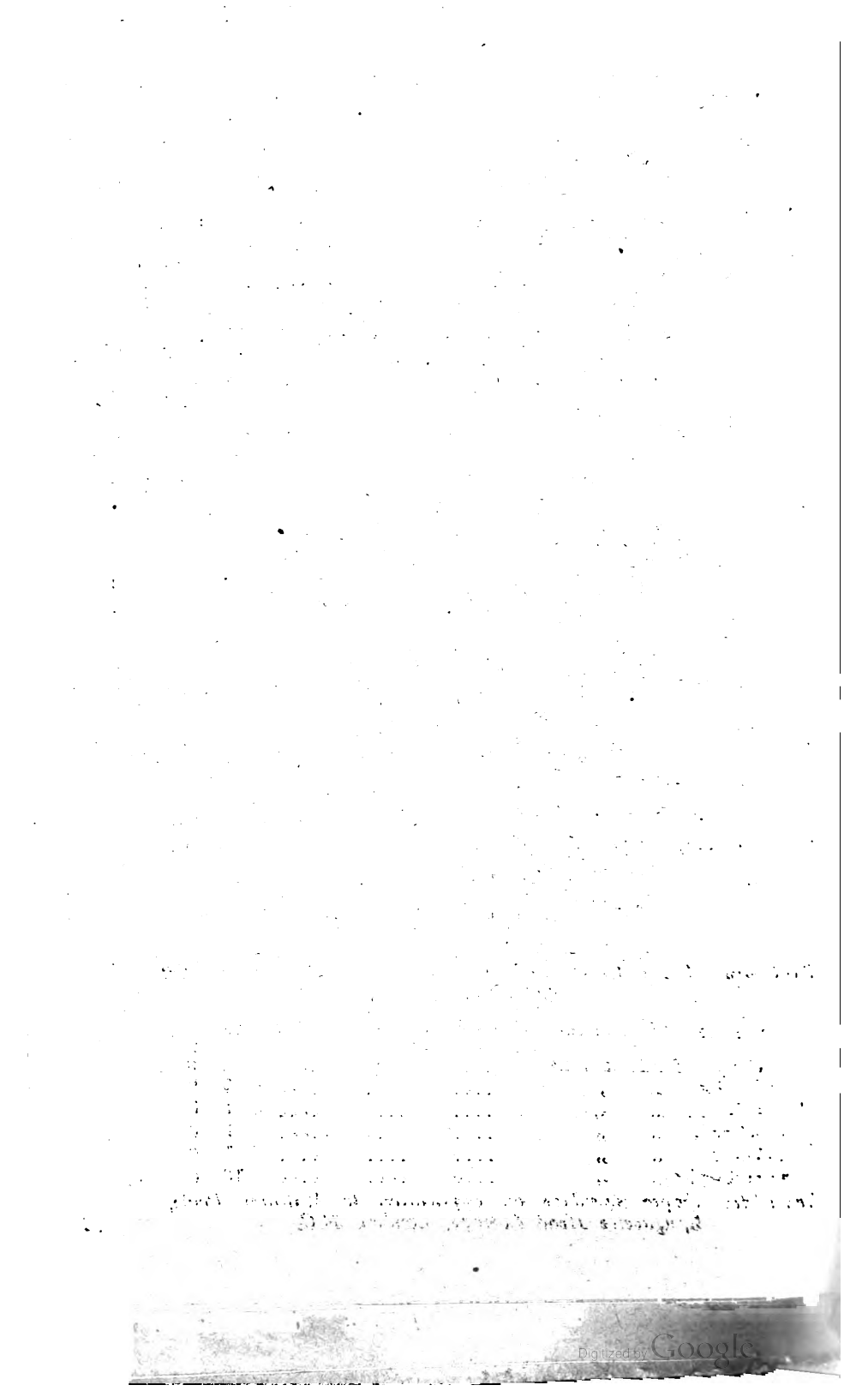
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THE OLD HOME.

JULY, 1884.

Jonathan Frock.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Specially Translated and Adapted for this Magazine.)

CHAPTER XIII.—AN INCONSISTENT PROFESSION.

THE old free friendliness which had subsisted between Burkhardt and Delphine was completely restored. Indeed, the amiable girl, feeling that she had done Burkhardt some injustice, did all that she could to make amends by treating him with additional cordiality. But Burkhardt could not forget the indignation she had displayed when she thought him guilty of sending those presents. One day he said to her, "You have accepted presents from Frock, but you would have scorned them if they had come from me. I should like to offer you something, but I fear that you would be offended."

"I esteem you, as well as our good friend Frock. Offer me something, and you will find that I shall not refuse to accept it; only it must not be anything costly. For example, offer me that beautiful hyacinth in your buttonhole."

"Provided that you will not deem it too costly!"

Then he bent towards her, and whispered tenderly, "I offer you myself and all that I possess!"

Delphine drew back, blushing hotly. "Sir, that is in very deed too much!"

He pleaded with her earnestly. Just then the Major arrived, and, seeing the state of affairs, said a good word for the lover. Delphine, much confused, responded, "Mr. Burkhardt, I esteem your friendship; but I beg of you to think of nothing beyond that. Let us continue friends, as if you had never spoken of anything else."

Burkhardt ceased to visit at the Major's after this. In three months' time, they heard that he had married. "Poor fellow!" sighed the Major, with a rather discontented glance at Delphine, "he was driven to it in despair!"

Then Frock, although he was now the sole friend of the family, did not visit it more frequently than before; neither did he throw off any of his reserve. His manner did not change in the slightest degree. Only with Lenore he grew more friendly; and she loved him with all the tenderness of a young lady of twelve.

"Mr. Frock," she said to him one day, "how good and kind you are! But Delphine says that you are not happy. Why is that?"

"I am happier than I deserve to be."

"Do you really mean to say so?"

"Certainly, Miss Lenore."

"But you do not seem happy. Now, I am going to ask you a very serious question. Why do you never go to church?"

"What has that to do with happiness, my dear Lenore?"

"How can you ask such a question! Have you not yourself told me, 'Without religion there is no happiness!'"

"Yes, Lenore; but the church alone is not religion; God is everywhere."

Lenore reflected for a moment before she answered, "You can always say something to puzzle me; but all the time, I know that you are wrong. You would be a wise man, if you would only go to church."

"Was not the Saviour wiser than any of us, Lenore? But tell me, did He go to any sort of church—Catholic, Lutheran, or Reformed? If you can prove to me that He went, I will go too."

Poor little Lenore could not answer him. She could only sigh and regard him wistfully with her tearful eyes. She was really distressed. She did not know what to think of this man who was religious and yet never went to church. His inconsistency both pained and perplexed her. But she secretly resolved to convert him, and to persuade him to attend a place of worship.

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CHAPTER XIV.—THE INHERITANCE.

One morning the Major burst, breathless, into Frock's room, and embraced the astonished young man, saying as he did so, "Now, my Jonathan, I have the opportunity of repaying my debt to you. See this letter? It has just arrived. It is from a lawyer. It announces that my cousin What's-his-name, the lieutenant-general—he who was wounded at Where-is-it—I have related the incident to you—alas! he is dead, and I am the sole heir of all his goods. Ah, me! we were always good friends, and I sincerely regret his death, in spite of the legacy. But read this letter. It seems necessary that I should place the matter in the hands of some person of a more business-like character than myself."

Frock read the letter. The Major was right; and the property to which he was about to succeed appeared to be of considerable value. But unfortunately the will was contested by other relatives, so that the Major's right was likely to be opposed. At the ex-officer's request, Frock consented to take the matter in hand.

Some days passed in making the necessary preparations for setting out on the journey, and in acquiring the necessary information. During this time, Frock, who had for the time renounced every other claim upon his attention, was constantly at the Major's house. Imagine the excitement of the young girls on hearing of this wonderful change of fortune. What plans they laid! How magnificent were the castles in the air which they industriously built! What splendid day-dreams they had! And Frock held a conspicuous place in all their arrangements. He alone was ignorant of the fact that his presence was indispensable to the happiness of all the others.

At length the Major said to him one day, "Friend Frock, town life is in no way suitable to you. You will of course come with us into the country, and there you must remain with us to the end of your days."

Frock made a silent bow. He turned pale, and looked sad. Delphine observed him attentively, and her observations had the effect of moving her strangely. Time after time she looked towards him with wistful eyes, and there was an involuntary twitching at the corners of her tightly drawn lips.

"Why don't you speak, Mr. Frock?" said Lenore. "You will never leave us, will you? You will stay with us always!"

Frock was strongly moved. His head sank, and he placed his hand upon his heart.

"I cannot," he said, in a choked voice.

"What is that?" shouted the Major. "Do you wish to forsake us, Jonathan? Am I not your friend for life? Come, don't tantalise us. Give me your hand. Now, you are going to spend your life with us."

"I cannot," murmured Frock, in a low voice, but with a tone of decision.

"You cannot, Jonathan? Who can prevent you? Are you not a free agent? What rubbish! Who can keep you in the town? Are we not your only friends?"

"My only friends."

"What keeps you here, then?"

"Nothing."

"And you will not come with us now we are rich—you who rescued us from misfortune?"

"I cannot."

"But why? There is surely some obstacle; but obstacles can be removed or overcome."

"I would go to the world's end for your sakes; I would die for you. Do something for me; let me go freely whither I will when I have arranged your affairs. Do not say anything more on the subject; you do not know how it wounds my heart. If my peace of mind is dear to you, don't say anything further on the subject."

"Farewell, then, to the promised land!" cried Lenore, her tears falling fast. "Father dear, pray let us remain where we are!"

"I do not care if we do!" said the Major, sorrowfully.

"But, but," said Frock, falteringly, "I shall be obliged to quit this town. Important duties call for my presence in other parts."

So strong was his emotion that he could scarcely speak. Taking his hat,

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he said that he must take a little walk, but he would shortly return.

Delphine followed him into the adjoining room, and drawing him to a chair, placed her hand in his, saying—

"Why cannot you come away with us?"

"Forgive me," cried Frock, "I cannot speak now. I must depart." And he hurried out of the room.

When he returned, he found things much as he had left them—the Major gloomily seated in his arm-chair, Lenore in a shadowy corner of the room crying bitterly, and Delphine tearless certainly, but with eyes inexpressibly sad. Lenore and the Major started up at his entrance, and seized his hand.

"Well, Jonathan, you have returned in a more reasonable frame of mind, have you not?" said the Major. But Delphine remained immovable, and said nothing.

"Let us speak of things less sad," was Frock's reply. But all attempts at conversation were made in vain. Frock occupied himself with the papers concerning the newly inherited property, and wrote away far into the night. The others remained seated in silence, save that Lenore did not cease to sob. Delphine gazed intently out of the window, seeing nothing.

(To be continued.)

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

WE have seen, every minister of God has seen, those on a bed of sickness, whose hearts have appeared to be subdued and softened under the pressure of present anguish and the fear of approaching death. The world has, for the first time, been revealed to them in its true colouring—its wealth, its honours, its attractions, all baubles light as air; while those things for which alone, during health, their souls have panted, would not, even if bestowed upon them in a richer abundance than ever filled their worldliest day-dream, have contributed a moment's gratification, or alleviated a moment's pain. What anxiety was there then to hear of the sinner's hope, and the sinner's Saviour! What delight to know that it was even then not too late—that the way was open, the door still unbarred, and that the truly penitent believer, even at the eleventh hour, might enter in! Then have we, like Peter's kindred, besought the Saviour for the sick and suffering sinner, and then has he, that unchangeably gracious Redeemer, heard our prayers, and been entreated for the sick, and rebuked the malady, and raised the patient. And then has come the most grievous disappointment which ever befalls the labourer for Christ, the return to sin and folly. While a gracious Saviour was engaged in answering our cry for mercy—and how fearfully does the consideration increase the heartless ingratitude of the backslider!—at the very time that the heavenly Physician was bringing to him returning ease and health, the recovering patient was, day after day, drawing off to a greater distance from the Author of all his mercies. We trusted that the Saviour had rescued one more sheep of his fold from the fangs of the destroyer, had secured one more jewel for his crown; instead of which, every day we discover by some little symptom the backward course of the recovering sinner. All anxiety respecting his spiritual state is at an end; the Bible, which used to be seen beside the sufferer, is no longer there; its place is supplied by some book of imaginative folly, or worthless trifling; the desire for spiritual converse is over; and any subject of temporary interest occupies the mind; until at length, health and worldliness, bodily strength and spiritual weakness, become established together.

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THE DIVINE BEAUTY.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN VAUGHAN, D.D.

PSALM xc. 17—"And the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

THE expression is very peculiar. We do not elsewhere meet with it. "The beauty of the Lord our God." But we should ill exchange it either for the Prayer-book version, "The glorious majesty of the Lord our God"; or for "the splendour," which is the Septuagint for it; or for "the graciousness," which is the suggestion of others. No; let us keep the word *beauty*, and ponder it till we love it, for it has a whole world of thought in it, very good for our souls and very suitable for our consideration.

The 90th Psalm has several claims upon our affection. Its possible author is one of these. It bears the title in our Bibles of "A prayer of Moses, the man of God." Is it possible that we have here an utterance of that greatest of men, an outpouring of his soul in the ear of Him whose servant, in an unique sense, he was? Do we hear in it the voice of that wonderful man, who, after two educations—one of the palace, the other of the desert; the one in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, the other in the deeper and more difficult science of self and God, entered upon his life's work at the age of eighty years, to close it after a third forty years in sight of and yet shut out from the land of promise, though his eye was not yet dimmed nor his natural force abated? There is no word in this grand poem which would suit other lips better. One of its prayers is his almost in its terms—"Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory." It is the very echo of that mysterious dialogue of Exodus, "The Lord said, Thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know thee by name." And the servant answers, "I beseech Thee, then, show me Thy glory."

If the authorship is one attraction, association is another. It is the Psalm sung or said by the Church over the graves of her children. Who, indeed, that has lived to middle age has not heard, has not uttered this Psalm on some occasion by him never to be forgotten? And if we may carry our thoughts onward to the day which must come when we ourselves, one by one, shall be consigned with solemn ceremonial to the dust from which we were taken, this Psalm will be again the minister to the grief of any love that may survive us. And this is its tenour: God our dwelling-place and our hiding-place in all generations; God the home of our wanderings, the refuge of our troubles; God the Eternal, who was before earth and shall be after it; God the Arbiter of man's being, calling one generation to nothingness, and calling forth his Spirit to replenish and to re-create; God, with whom time is no succession, in whose sight a thousand years are as yesterday, and the lifetimes of men last a morning and an evening; God, the omniscient and the all-holy, whose countenance shines like the sun into the secrets of our being, lighting up guilt with an intolerable glare, and terrible to consume all the veils of hypocrisy. Yet the Psalmist checks himself with this reflection,—as he thinks of these things he fears, and he thereupon adds: "So teach us to number our days, in their fewness and their littleness, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Oh, satisfy us early with Thy mercy; make us compensation for all these days of sorrow and sadness. Show Thy servants Thy mercy, and their children Thy glory. Yes; let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

We shall not be so bold as to attempt a definition of beauty such as might suit its place in the text, nor shall we deny that different ideas of beauty have prevailed in different races having different surroundings of nature and at different stages of human culture and civilization. It will be enough to say now that beauty is that indescribable something in an object of sight and thought which awakens in us a feeling of satisfaction and gratification, by the presentment of a

perfect symmetry and harmony, a true proportion and adjustment, a unity without confusion or discord, of a multitude of parts in a complete and congruous whole. Thus far the feeling is one and the same in the region of sense and in the region of mind—the beautiful in nature, the beautiful in art, the beautiful in literature, the beautiful in a person, the beautiful in a character, might be spoken of without impropriety in the same terms, and ascribed to substantially the same characteristics, however distinct and diverse its action in these several provinces. The effect, the influence of beauty is, of course, utterly different in a thing and in a person, in a scene or a landscape on the one hand, in a countenance or character on the other; and yet the same nominal account might be given of both, and the admiration awakened by both might be described in the very same phrase. Even so is it—with reverence be it spoken—in the beauty which the text speaks of, and in that admiration of it to which the day calls us. Let us not lose reality in the effort to honour. Like that love of God which the Bible tells of, and which we must conceive of, however indefinitely, as of the same nature and texture, so to say, only differing in its intensity and its purity—as the life which glorifies and sanctifies this human life of ours, so also is the beauty of God, and the admiration of it by men and angels, not to be idealized away in the fear of too much humanizing it; rather shall we dare to say of it that it is the same quality, and the same emotion in nature and essence with the human, only infinitely lifted above it by its application to that one Object, in which there is no touch of defect in the beauty, and no possibility of excess in the admiration. It is still the symmetry and the harmony, the beauty in manifoldness, the combination of parts in one consistent and congruous whole, which is true beauty and which awakens the admiration of God Himself.

But, brethren, we stop ourselves to ask, What are we that we should presume to think of it? Oh, with what reverence ought we to draw nigh where God is waiting, for that live coal from off his own altar, while the prophet of this morning's lesson waited for, as he, a man of unclean lips, as he called himself, could go forth at the divine bidding to speak like him in his sinfulness, and in his fall! But now, lest we should lose the thought in words, or fail to grasp the thing signified just because it is so far out of our sight, let us remember two or three particulars, the absence of any one of which in the revelation of what God is would be fatal to the beauty, and therefore fatal to the admiration of God. We shall all, I think, on reflection, be willing to place first and not last the divine holiness as an attribute essential to that perfect beauty. Brethren, there may be those amongst us who have dreamed—for indeed it is a dream of all of us while we are still asleep in our sins,—who may have, I say, dreamed of a God all gentleness and all indulgence, a God too kind, as sinners count kindness, to let suffering follow in the wake of sin, or to do anything more in sin's chastisement than just to let the soul that has sinned say that it is sorry, and then go its way and be none the worse, none the poorer, none the sadder by reason of its sins. We cannot but feel that beauty is an unexpected word to apply concerning justice, whether by itself or in combination, and yet I will dare to say that the absence even of this attribute would be fatal to the beauty. When a man really feels what sin is, feels it in himself, feels what is the hatefulness, what is the meanness, what is the shamefulness, what is the wretchedness of sinning or of having sinned, feels—as who has not felt—that he even wishes to have it judged and punished and slain in himself, that it will be no boon but a sore penalty to be left with and in his sin, punishment be excused him, I am sure that that man would miss in God, if it were not there, the attribute of severity. He would feel that the proportion was off the balance, and the combination was imperfect, if the Lord God were not, whatever else He be, strictly, severely just, of purer eyes than to look with toleration upon iniquity whatever the

consequence to himself, the sentence, that has done this and let in the tempter.

But if holiness is the first ingredient of the Divine beauty, confidently you will all say that sympathy is the second. We are approaching here, and we desire to do so, the revelation of the Divine Son; and yet in doing it we shall not run the risk, I trust, of dividing the substance, of forgetting the unity in the Trinity. The sympathy of the Son is the sympathy of the Father that sent Him. It is not so difficult to see the beauty at a glance in this second attribute, this tender attribute, and yet we shall remember that it is but the companion grace; it is but the reverse side of holiness. Brethren, it would not be difficult to show why it is so. It would not be difficult to show that without holiness there could be no tenderness, nor this last, again, without the former. At present I carry all hearts with me in calling for the admiration of the beauty of the Lord God in His sympathy. You will not tell us here that the beauty would have undergone no spoiler's hand if the incarnate God had not been distinctively a Man of Sorrows. Whither should we turn on the face of this earth and not want such a Lord God? If it were only the sins of earth, these would make such a revelation necessary. We want one able to bear upon Himself, and so to take away, the sins of the world. We knew not how it was to be done, and we know not how it was done; but this we know, that the first outcry of the awakened soul is for atonement. Where shall I lay down this load of unforgiven sin? How shall I live through this opening day after a night of sleepless tossing in the remorse of a transgression without having received absolution from a Man of Sorrows who has first borne the sin to save? If He revealed only to us a just God, only a God who rewards or recompenses according to our deserving, or only a God who makes His sun to rise indifferently on the evil and on the good, and has made no provision to deal with the mighty transition from the one state to the other by an all-availing sacrifice and by a sanctifying Spirit, this would be to break the unity, to destroy the harmony of the Divine beauty; for it would lead me, such as I am, out of the light and the warmth, out of the very reach and scope of the Divine regard. I want the sympathy which can supplement, which can condescend to touch the leper, and avail to say to the dead man, "I say unto thee, Arise."

And we must not end without a third element; and what is that but the Divine help? Sympathy, you will say, is help, and we all know it. Nevertheless there might be sympathy which compassionated but could not relieve, as when we visit the house of the widow or the fatherless, and can but sit there in presence of a grief which is too great for utterance. It is not so with the Divine sympathy. It takes upon it all deliverance. It comes to the help, it is written, not of angels, but of men, in the person of the Holy Spirit, whose revelation is the one supplement and complement of the revelation of the Son. Yes; Helper is His name, and helping is His mission. Oh! if all that was offered us were forgiveness, as we sometimes read; forgiveness, leaving out of it the release and the absolution, would it still the aching heart that has sinned? Would it fill the void which is, being interpreted, the absence of strength to be good and kind and pure? Even holiness, even sympathy, in their wonderful combination in the Lord God, would still leave the beauty imperfect; but the Trinity is completed by the admission of an Almighty Helper. Oh! when the battle has gone against me, when the good resolution has been again broken, when the severe lesson of consequence has been learned yet once more in vain, where should we be, and what if we might not still look up and lift up the eyes to One whose chosen office it is to help our infirmities, to One who will never upbraid us with failure or even with ingratitude, will we but seek Him again with all our heart crying out for a strength perfected in weakness, yea, counting us as blessed the weaknesses, yet most true paradox, "When I am weak, just then, and then only, I am strong."

Brethren, let the beauty of our Lord God, by which we mean the symmetry and harmony of His grace and of His glory, be upon us to-day. These great perfections are in Him that they may come forth not for admiration alone, though admiration is their due, and though admiration of God is the creature's glory, but for use—for use are these graces and these perfections in me. God might have dwelt alone in the magnificence of a self-existent isolation, or contemplating works of grandeur and splendour, compelled to obedience because void of will. God might, in a certain sense, have been light, and yet the light might have had no glory—might have been light and not love, or love limiting itself to the external presence of the Son and of the Spirit. But it pleased Him to come forth from His heaven unapproachable that He might give life to creatures and souls and when He had given it, and they had lost it again, again to replenish it and to rekindle it. Oh, let the beauty of the Lord God be upon us, stirring us first to admiration, then to adoration, and then to communion! and let us remember how each one of the constituent parts of the Divine beauty is associated in His character with the name of love.

A NOBLE ACT.

A WORTHY father, being advanced in years, and anxious to settle his affairs, wished to share his possessions, the result of a life of labour and industry, between his three sons.

Having divided his possessions into three portions, and given to each son a portion, he said—

"I have only reserved a diamond of great value; and that I shall bestow upon that son who by the generosity of his actions most deserves the reward. I shall watch your conduct, my children, for three months before bestowing the prize."

The sons went their way, but at the end of three months returned to their parent. The old man placed them before him, and called upon the eldest to recount the best of his actions during his three months' absence.

"My father," said he, "a stranger before unknown to me was placed in such circumstances that he had to entrust his whole fortune to me. He had no receipt or security from me, and could never have recovered his possessions; yet I have faithfully returned to him all that he placed in my hands. Is not such conduct worthy of the highest praise?"

"You have only done that which was your duty, my son," responded his father; "and if you had acted otherwise it would have been a disgrace to you; for honesty is every man's duty. Your conduct is only an act of justice, and not of generosity."

The second son next spoke: "I was standing on the borders of a lake," said he, "when a little child who was playing near me fell in, and was likely to drown. At the risk of losing my own life I plunged in after him, and brought him safely to land. This action took place before the eyes of the villagers, who can attest the truth of my story."

"It was a worthy action," responded his parent, "but cannot be called a noble one. It was only an action of humanity."

"In my travels," said the third son, "I came across a deadly enemy. He had lost his way in the darkness, and I found him asleep on the edge of a precipice. Had he made the least movement whilst he was asleep, or at waking, he was certain to fall over and be killed; therefore his life was in my hands. But I awoke him carefully, and pulled him away from the dangerous spot; and thus saved my enemy's life."

"Ah, my son," cried his father, "the prize is yours, without doubt; for a noble act is a generous one, and true generosity consists in doing good to your enemies."

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CANINE SAGACITY.

SIR HARRY LEE, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favourite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them upstairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission.

The servant was accordingly sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labour of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save further trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and his devoted attachment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, 'More faithful than favoured,' is still preserved among the family pictures.

Presentiments of approaching danger, such as that now related, are to be traced only to the animal's close observation and watchful jealousy of disposition. The dog is a wonderful thought-reader. Looks, signs, and movements are noticed by him, which escape an ordinary observer. The idea that dogs have presentiments of death, and howl on such occasions, is an absurd superstition.

The great Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

THE Bible is a unique book. Its teaching is unsystematic. It is unfolded in an incidental way, and after a desultory fashion. Hence, in our endeavours to piece its teachings into a system, we are liable to error. This cannot be charged as a defect on the book. For as revelation was necessarily by degrees, as men were prepared to receive it, it follows that the book which contains an account of the revelation must follow its order and plan. Hence to get a thorough knowledge of the truth we have to search, examine, and combine. Now this process is a slow one, and lays us all open to misinterpretation.

Forgetful of this growth of the book, many treat its language as if it were that of a systematic treatise. But this is plainly wrong. For God, speaking to man in a variety of ways, and through 1,500 years, would not employ language as if it was rigid, but such as would convey what He intended. It must be remembered, also, that the Bible is for the instruction of all orders of mind, and all stages of intelligence. It is for the young, and for those whose intelligence is little beyond theirs; and for those of cultivated minds, up to the highest order of intellect. Hence we must expect it to contain truths which the child could grasp, with others that would try the highest powers. Such is the fact. Hence difficulties to one are not difficulties to another.

A further source of difficulty of interpretation is that to the majority of readers it comes through the medium of translation. Even to those who read it in the original, there is the fact that the languages are dead. There is the difficulty of fixing now the precise meaning of words then. There is no reason to believe that Hebrew differed from other languages, where we find disintegration and growth; in which some words become obsolete, others gain an extension of meaning, and others are added. How this affects the matter may be seen by an illustration. Suppose a commentator on Shakespeare were to explain him in all cases by the meaning which some of his words now bear, it would be most certain that the interpretation would be different from the thought in Shakespeare's mind. Now this difficulty to one reading the original is intensified to one reading a translation.

Yet it must not be supposed that our loss by translation is greater than it is. I look at it in this way. I am standing amidst bold, grand, magnificent scenery. One day I see it in the sunshine, and my soul is exalted not only by the grandeur, but by the innumerable beauties which the sunlight makes possible. Another day I miss these beauties, because the day is cloudy and the scenery in gloom; but I do not miss the grand features, which are there as plainly as ever. So, in reading my old English Bible, I miss some of the minor beauties which I should see in the original, but I have all the grand and noble features which mark it as a revelation from God.

A very common source of difficulty to unlearned readers arises from what I deem a misuse of two very valuable rules of Scripture interpretation.

One rule is to examine the words used, and to fix their meaning as used in the time of the writer. This is an important principle, and a rule that cannot be gainsaid. But the spirit of the rule is violated when the inquirer is satisfied with the meaning as given in a dictionary, instead of ascertaining it as fixed by the context. Thus a fruitful source of error springs up—that of affixing to individual words a significance which they cannot possibly have. And this leads to a violation of the second rule, viz., to examine the sentences in order to get the meaning of the writers. This is a very different thing from examining the meaning of words. These may all be understood, and yet the sense of the writer not grasped.

Besides these sources of difficulty, and closely allied to them, is the pedantic difficulty. I refer to the unwise and unnecessary practice of telling us that such a word is not correctly translated, or does not give the force of the original. For if you substitute a better meaning it has a very inappreciable influence on the sense. I hold that

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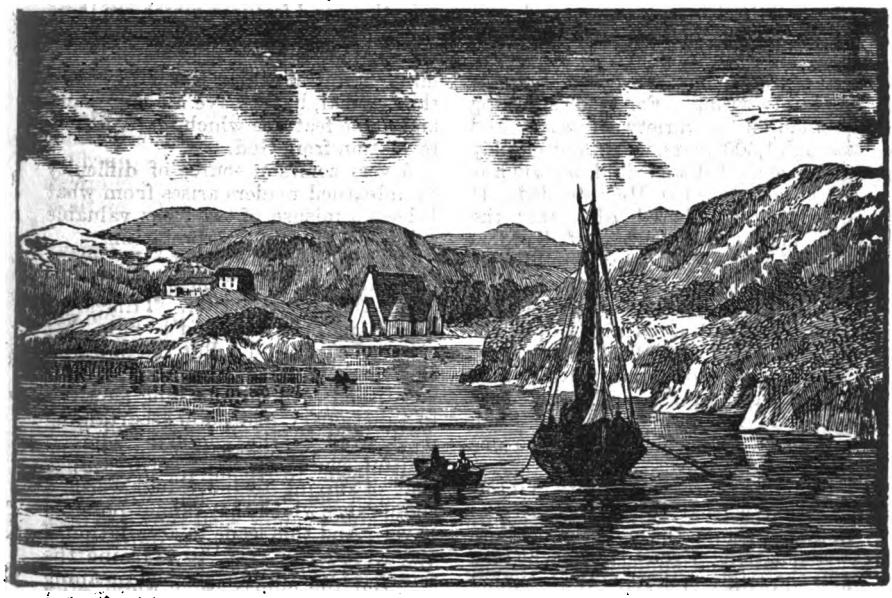
you cannot by any translation give an exact equivalent for the original. At the same time I fearlessly assert that the alterations which the pedant suggests, would not add one iota to the truth we already possess. Take the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. To a Hebrew reader there may be a force and a beauty which we have lost, but have we not got all the truth recorded there of Him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter?

Scripture difficulties often disappear by obeying our Lord's command—"Search the Scriptures." Do not simply read through them, but bring together, compare, examine, and weigh. Do what the injunction says—Hunt a topic through all the forms in which it is presented, and over all the books where it is to be found, and do not rest until you can say, "Now it is my own."

Then, always accompany your reading with prayer. Dr. Chalmers has always compared one reading of the Bible to a man passing over a country of beautiful scenery in the dark—its beauties undiscovered. He compares another, who by prayer obtains the help of the Holy Spirit, to one passing through the same scenery amidst the refulgence of the noonday sun.



THE VOYAGE.

THE little ship stood out to sea,
The bay was calm, the sky was light,
All hearts were gay as summer birds—
The crew was brave, the vessel tight.

The boat it sailed across the sea,
But danger tracked it in its path;
The tempest rose around the bark,
The waves arose in mighty wrath.

The captain watched o'er his crew,
The pilot o'er the ocean wide
That boat did steer, till another safe
Was cast upon the other side.

Their travels o'er, their journey done,
They rest within the Captain's home
No more they'll brave the angry deep
No more they'll ever wish to roam.

Oh, Christian, thou hast left the bay,
Thy life the bark, the world the sea,
And surely thou'lt be tempest-tost'd—
What pilot guides thee warily?

Wilt thou the storm of life survive?
Wilt thou at last at anchor ride
By heaven's shore? Then trust to Christ,
The sinner's friend, thy bark to guide.

The Village Blacksmith.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE."

CHAPTER IX.—A LIBERATIONIST VISIT.

THE summer had arrived when next the village blacksmith invited his friends to come and talk over Slowberry history with him. The trees were clad in their gayest green, and stretched their branches on every side; from every copse and every hedge a perfectly tumultuous chorus of bird voices could be heard, which filled the air with natural music the harmony of which could not be disputed, nor its sweetness denied.

Not only in the hedges and lanes, but in Forbes's garden, the lovely tints of summer were blooming upon the flowers. Here, his favourite jessamine was all abloom; and there his magnificent chesnut-tree, under which he had for years spent many a summer evening, was displaying its blossom. In this little Eden it had ever been his custom to refresh himself with rest and meditation after the labours of the day were over; and he had grown to love the spot more and more as years rolled by and age crept upon him.

Therefore, what place could be more suitable for converse with his friends than beneath the shelter of the chestnut tree. None, of course; and so it came about that on the evening of the next meeting the company were seated around it, with the blacksmith in the centre.

"What's the subject this evening, Mr. Forbes?" asked the widow. "Something good, I hope."

"Well, I think it is something good," replied Forbes; "for I have something to tell you about our church, and how it came to be built, which you will acknowledge to be very interesting.

"Twenty years ago, let me tell you, there was no Slowberry church; yet there was a goodly number of Church people in the village. All these, however, used to have to walk over to Tatstone church every Sunday, and it never seemed to have occurred to any of us that we ought to have a place of worship of our own.

"About this time some Nonconformists living in Slowberry were reinforced by some relations of theirs who were retiring from business in town, and had determined to settle down amongst us. I was going to say that they had determined to settle down 'quietly,' but that would hardly be the word; for no sooner had they got here than they commenced setting the place by the ears with their talk about free churches and established churches, and the injustice of tithes, and such nonsense as that that the time had arrived when the Church of England should have taken away from her the endowments which the pious people who worshipped before us in our beloved parish churches had left for God's service in those churches for ever.

"Such talk disgusted a great many of us, but it made an impression upon the weak-minded. Everything was put very plausibly to us by people who had got a lot of arguments by heart; and we had never learned to defend our Church from such attacks. Then, to make things worse for us, they had heaps and heaps of tracts and pamphlets, all written against the Church, sent down to them to give away amongst the people; and when they were able to show what they had been saying *in print*, why, it quite upset the more simple villagers.

"But the climax came when, after a time, they began to tell people that a gentleman was coming from London to lecture to the Tatstone and Slowberry people upon these very subjects. It would have the effect, they declared, of pretty well closing Tatstone church; but I do not remember that they made any provision of a place for us to worship in in the event of us desiring to leave the Church. The fact is, my friends, these people were actuated by enmity to the Church of England, and not by zeal for any other community;

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and our spiritual wants could remain unsatisfied so long as they could deal a blow at the Rector of Tatstone.

"When things came to this pass, I thought it was high time for us to be moving in some way to oppose them; so I made it my business to go and see the Rector. I can answer for this, that if the Dissenters had proved the Church of England everything bad, and had been able to abolish it, still they would never have been able to deprive the Rector of the love of all who knew him. He was a rather young man, earnest and effective when in the pulpit, and in his private life sympathetic with all who were in trouble, and the centre of every work of benevolence going on in the neighbourhood. As I have said, I made my way to him and told him all that had been said against the Church and its ministers, and asked him what we were to do under the circumstances.

"He did not know what to do at first. His own mouth, he said, was virtually closed; although the attacks of the Nonconformists were directed against the Church he loved and served, yet, because he as a labourer in his Master's vineyard received payment for his hire, he should be run down by them for speaking on a matter in which he was pecuniarily interested. Presently, however, he hit upon an idea. He had in London a friend who was used to these arguments brought forward by Nonconformists, and had answered them on the platform, and would willingly meet the Slowberry lecturer if he wrote for him to come.

"So the time ran on till the evening when the gentleman spoken of was to demolish the Church of England. We Church people looked forward to the meeting quite as anxiously as the other party; because, in spite of all that had been said, we firmly believed ourselves followers of the right faith. The meeting was held in Tatstone chapel; and thither we flocked on the eventful evening, our Rector and his friend among us.

"The lecturer mounted the platform amidst cheers from his friends, we meanwhile keeping silent. I suppose he had heard there would be a few others besides his own following present, for when he began by talking about disestablishing and disendowing the Church, he to my surprise had the audacity to tell us that it would be for the good of the Church, and that the liberty it would gain would make it a stronger and more useful institution. Could he really have expected us to believe that when he and his kind had taken from our churches the money our forefathers left for the support of the clergy, and when the endowed charities, and homes, and hospitals, and schools belonging to the Church had been suspended and closed because the funds they worked upon had been confiscated—did he expect us to believe all this would be for the benefit of the Church? I can hardly think so.

"The lecturer then said something which surprised us still more. He told us that the churches and their endowments were all State property—that is, plainly speaking, that if I were to die to-morrow, and wanted to leave a thousand pounds, if I had it, in the Bank of England, the interest to increase the stipend of the clergyman of the parish, I should be leaving it to the State. That was very strange; and after he had said this, twisted it about, and made the most of it, he said he had finished. I confess it nearly took my breath away to be told that he had said all people could say in the way of reasons why the Church of England should be disestablished; but as he did not appear inclined to say any more, our Rector's friend, amidst cheers from us, asked to be allowed to mount the platform and say a few words.

"He began by saying that the Church of England never was united to the State by Act of Parliament, but became united to it by custom and the natural course of events. This he easily proved by showing that a Church existed in England before a Parliament, so that the latter could not have created the former. Next he maintained that the endowments of the Church were not created by State enactment; and that the Bishops and

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clergy are not maintained out of rates and taxes, nor in any way paid by the State. And he next argued that disestablishment was inexpedient, unjust and wrong. On these points a long argument was held between the champions of the respective causes; and though I am certain that our speaker had the best of the battle, I should be loth to say so were it not for the vote at the end of the meeting.

"The arguments ended, our speaker addressed us on his view of the question. The State, he emphatically declared, never established the Church; and, he asked, what would follow if it were to be disendowed and disestablished. God would be robbed, the people plundered, and the consciences of millions who worship in our churches violated, while the only persons who would benefit by the change would be the secretaries, and treasurers, and administrators, and officials who would transact the business. What would become of the poor who trusted to the Church's alms? or to the sick who trusted to her hospitals and dispensaries? or to the aged and infirm, who trusted to the homes the Church's sons and daughters had provided for them? If he gave ten pounds to a church, and ten pounds to a chapel, where was the difference? Did not the money belong to each institution? His opponent denied that it did, and asserted that the ten pounds given to the chapel was given to a private institution, but the ten pounds given to the church was given to an institution which the Church has a right to deal with. The fact was, however, that the State had as much right to deal with one as the other. Going back again to the argument that the State established the Church, he maintained that the Church existed 1,500 years ago; she was the mother of the State; from her the nation learned how to rule in equity and justice; by her inspiration State organization was founded; from her the Councils of the State learned first of all to rule the realm committed to their charge.

"From the beginning, he contended, the State had been the god-child of the Church. It was not true to say that the State made the Church. There never was a period in the history of England that the Church and State were not united. They became united by custom; not by the doings of the State, but by the growth of time; not by Act of Parliament, but growing from small beginnings to a flourishing condition, year by year, century by century, from age to age the Church and State were interwoven with each other, so that it would be impossible that they could be separated without a baneful effect upon both. If because Acts of Parliament *controlled* Church endowments the Church could be said to be State-paid, then, as some Dissenting endowments were also controlled by Acts of Parliament, those bodies also must be said to be State-paid. Both churches and chapels had endowments; and if they had fair play, should disestablishment and disendowment be attempted, chapels and churches must both be served alike.

"There is a good deal more to tell yet about this meeting," continued Forbes, wiping his forehead—for his energy had developed as he recalled the astounding proposals of the Liberationist lecturer, and recounted the telling answers of the Rector's friend, and he had become quite heated—"a great deal more; and as it's getting late, it will be better to break off and go on with the same subject next time than finish it off in a hurry now."

As the guests departed, they all thanked the blacksmith heartily for what he had told them, and assured him they would not fail to be present and hear more on the next occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE ROYAL TOUCH.

One very great out of the regal prerogatives in this country was to touch for the cure of *regius morbus*, or scrofula, a disease too well known to need any description. At different periods hundreds of persons assembled from all parts of the country annually to receive the royal interposition. Lists of the afflicted were published, to afford a criterion for determining as to its success; and from Edward the Confessor to the reign of Queen Anne, its efficacy appears to have obtained a ready and general belief.

The ceremony was announced by public proclamations; one of which we copy from "The Newes," of the 16th of May, 1664. "His Sacred Majesty" (Charles II.) "having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then to give over until Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and lose their labour."

An extract from the "Mercurius Politicus" affords additional information. "Saturday," says the paper, "being appointed by His Majesty to touch such as were troubled with the Evil, a great company of poor afflicted creatures were met together, many brought in chairs and baskets, and being appointed by His Majesty to repair to the banquetting-house, His Majesty sat in a chair of state, where he stroked all that were brought unto him, and then put about each of their necks a white ribbon, with an angel of gold on it. In this manner His Majesty stroked above six hundred; and such was his princely patience and tenderness to the poor afflicted creatures, that, though it took up a very long time, His Majesty, who is never weary of well-doing, was pleased to make inquiry whether there were any more who had not yet been touched. After prayers were ended, the Duke of Buckingham brought a towel, and the Earl of Pembroke a basin and ewer, who, after they had made obeisance to His Majesty, kneeled down, till His Majesty had washed."

This sovereign is said to have touched nearly one hundred thousand patients.

With Queen Anne the practice was discontinued. But so late as the 28th of February, 1712, little more than two years before her death, the following proclamation appeared in the "Gazette":—"It being Her Majesty's royal intention to touch for the Evil on Wednesday, the 19th of March next, and so to continue weekly during Lent, it is Her Majesty's command that tickets be delivered the day before at the office in Whitehall; and that all persons shall bring a certificate signed by the Minister and Churchwardens of their respective parishes, that they have never received the royal touch." Dr. Johnson, when an infant, was brought, with others, for this purpose; "and when questioned upon the subject, confessed he had a faint recollection of an old lady with something black about her head."

A religious service, of which Dr. Heylin, Prebendary of Westminster, in "Examen Historicum," has given us the particulars, accompanied the ceremony; which, as a document of pious interest, we transcribe:—"The first Gospel is the same as that on the Ascension-day, Mark xvi. 14, to the end. At the touching of every infirm person these words are repeated: 'They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' The second Gospel begins with the first of St. John, and ends at these words (John i. 14): 'Full of grace and truth.' At the putting the angel about their necks were repeated, 'That light was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

"'Lord, have mercy upon us.'

"'Christ, have mercy upon us.'

"'Lord, have mercy upon us. Our Father, &c.'

"'*Minister.*—O Lord, save Thy servants:'

"'*Response.*—Which put their trust in Thee.'

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"'*M.*—Send unto them help from above:'

"'*R.*—And ever more defend them.'

"'*M.*—Help us, O God, our Saviour!'

"'*R.*—And for the glory of Thy name sake deliver us: be merciful unto us sinners for Thy name sake!'

"'*M.*—O Lord, hear our prayer:'

"'*R.*—And let our cry come unto Thee.'

"'*The Collect.*—Almighty God, the eternal health of all such as put their trust in Thee, hear us, we beseech Thee, on the behalf of these Thy servants, for whom we call for Thy merciful help: that they receiving health, may give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.'

"'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' &c."

ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK.

"KASPER, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?"

"I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leather jacket, starting up with a half mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the town council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was indeed kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going where he ought not. The old church of St. Martin's was a famous playground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and the countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his afternoon nap in his little room at the foot of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the altar screen, trying to blow the organ bellows, playing hide and seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however, might have been forgiven; for the old custodian was really as fond of his "little rogue" as the boy with all his wildness was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of St. Martin's Kirche, the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing could convince him that it was not the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his gray head. "Could it go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kasper's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered, "and in any case I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But as ill luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kasper, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank when he discovered it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out on the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a schoolboy could have found footing,

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he crept through an air-hole right into the clock room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kasper was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off.

Poor Kasper! It was too late now to wish he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that position the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole, but a piece of the wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vice.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still; marking off with its measured tick the few remaining moments of his life. And all the while the sun was shining gaily, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his schoolmates who were playing in the market-place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with death stealing upon him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward nearer, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the face of the clock be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why I declare, it looks like a boy's head."

"A boy's head!" cried a grey-haired watchmaker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it is little Kasper. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wildfire, and before Klugman the watchmaker had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stairs they were suddenly brought to a standstill by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugman, in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't there."

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam and run it against the lock. All together, now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kasper, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute hand actually touched his neck. And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kasper Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.

LAZINESS.—Laziness is a bad disease, and, like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. More particularly is laziness offensive in the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery; for, depend upon it, none can be so insensible through laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of a non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys, off with your jackets and always keep square your account with her.

THE OLD HOME.

See Illustration on Page 121.

WHO has not felt a peculiar thrill, half of happiness, half of sadness, as they looked, after a long absence, upon the home of their childhood? What a number of recollections crowd upon the mind! Here we played, in childhood's innocency, our infant games; there is the room where at evening we knelt at our mother's knee and learned to pray. Ah! that sweet face, which only spoke of love to us—where in all the world, as we have seen it, has such a face looked upon us since. Let us preserve and cherish such memories; for as they speak of times of innocence and simple faith, the recollection will cause us to look with regret and humility upon the failures of our later life, and make us resolve, with our Lord's help, to fight more manfully in the future.

THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

HOW AND WHEN IT WAS TRANSLATED.

AT the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in 1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue.

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.—In one of the army hospitals lay a wounded officer, around whom the shadows of eternity began to fall. While strong and rich he resisted God; but now, when conquered, he was willing to listen to the terms of surrender, he could not understand them. At last the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," applied to his soul with power by the Holy Ghost, reached his heart. His face grew brilliant. With momentary strength he raised himself from the pillow, and stretching out his hands he exclaimed, with thrilling earnestness, "I accept the terms; *I surrender.*" That was his last word as his soul went to meet its Maker.

WORRY kills more people than work and laziness—though many will scarcely believe it—kills more than both together.

THE highest attainable knowledge is that which is rightly chosen, rightly compounded, acquired by right methods, employed to right purposes, and pervaded with the influences of the spirit of God. The highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupil's memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for his conduct, and objects for his faith.

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

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SOME SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear;
As light as a drum—as free as the air;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as shy as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle;
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As wide as a river—as deep as a well;
As still as a mouse—as loud as a bell;
As sure as a gun—as true as the clock;
As fair as a promise—as firm as a rock;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound—as rich as a Jew
And ten thousand similes equally new.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

IN order to stimulate the study of the Bible, we shall, month by month, set a series of simple questions, for the best solution of which by our young friends two books per month will be offered as FIRST and SECOND Prizes.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. All Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.

2. Each paper must bear a certificate to the effect that the Competitor is a Sunday scholar, and that the answers are his or her own unaided composition. The real name and address must be given. The age of the Competitor must be stated.

3. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be returned to the Editor, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., by the sixteenth day of the month of publication. Names of Prize-winners will be announced in the second number after the one in which the questions appeared. For example, the July prize-winners will be announced in the September number.

4. Where two or more competitors give the same number of correct answers, the prizes will be awarded to those sending in the best-written papers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The Prizes for Answers to the May Questions have been awarded as follows:—

1. ANNIE ASHTON, aged 12, St. George the Martyr Sunday Schools, Southwark. Certified by Fannie Offer, teacher.

2. FLORA PRITCHARD, 8, Newington Causeway, aged 12. Certified by A. R. Robinson.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. What book of the Old Testament is most frequently referred to in the New Testament?

2. Where was the book of Revelations written? What was the probable cause of the writer being there?

3. For what class of Christians was the Gospel of Mark written? What explanations in the Gospel show for whom it was written? What part of Christ's work on earth does Mark chiefly deal with?

4. In what ways do you think Jacob was fittingly punished for the sins of his younger days?

5. What prophets were living at the same time as Isaiah?

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"WHY CANNOT YOU COME AWAY WITH US?"

See p. 124.

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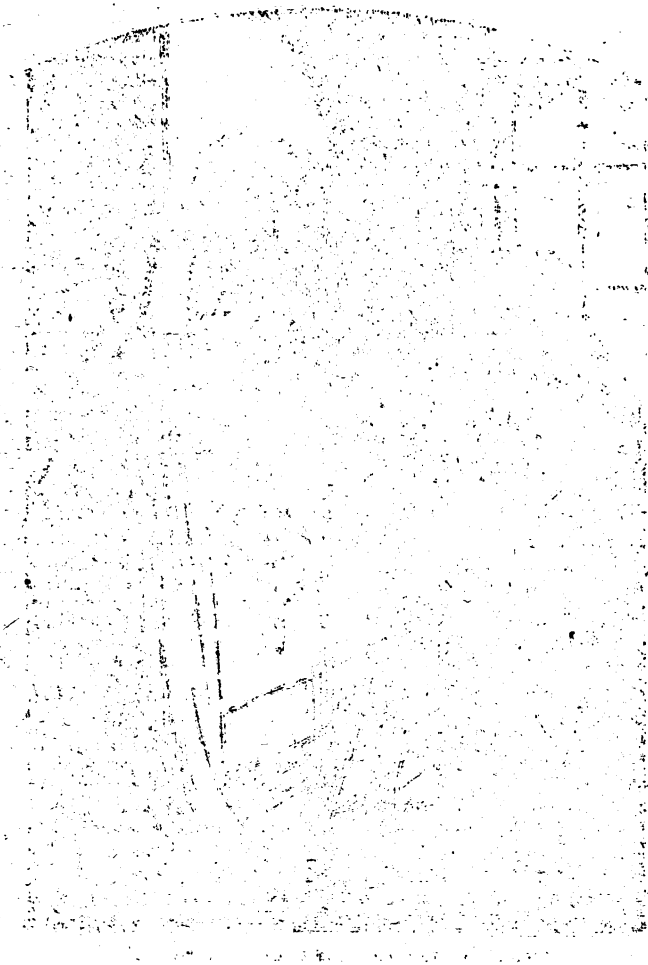

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THE

MONTHLY WELCOME

AND

PARISH VISITOR.

AUGUST, 1884.

WILLIAM POOLE,
5, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE, LONDON, E.C.

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REIGATE OLD CHURCH, CONTAINING TOMB OF ADMIRAL HOWARD.

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A PEEP AT THE PAST.

PASSING through Reigate, in Surrey, recently, our attention was drawn to the parish church, and a picture of it, in its condition before the restoration, shown to us, which we reproduce on the preceding page. This would have made only a passing impression, had we not been told that in a vault of the church lies a leaden coffin bearing the inscription, "Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admyrall of England, General of Queen Elizabeth's Navy Royall at Sea against the Spanyard's invinsable Navye, in the yeare of our Lord 1588; who departed this life at Hayling Hows, the 14th daye of December, in ye yeare of our Lord 1624. Ætatis suæ, 87."

The circumstance set us thinking on this great event; for what was really the effect of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It saved our country from Roman Catholic dominion, and strengthened the Protestant faith; and for this reason we ought to hold in esteem and reverence those who led our ships and our men against their antagonists on that occasion. To this end we have recalled the Armada and the danger with which it threatened us to mind, in order to keep green the memory of those who by their bravery at that time rendered such a great service to their country.

THE TRUE LIGHT.—To know God, is the only true wisdom; to love God, is the only enduring happiness of all immortal and intelligent beings. Man had lost that knowledge; he had (by departing from the providential course assigned him, and following his own devices) become insensible to that love; it was, therefore, in order that his darkened mind might be enlightened; that his estranged and erring heart might be reclaimed and rectified, and atonement made for him with the Almighty, "Who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," that the well-beloved of the Father, the Word which was in the beginning with God, was made flesh, and dwelt among us. "We saw His glory," says St. John; "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Thus it was that, after a long night of spiritual darkness, the Sun of Righteousness arose on the earth "with healing in His wings." "This," says the apostle, "was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world:" but, like the material sun, which was its most striking emblem, the Sun of Righteousness diffuses not light only, but also energy and life; and, as the great orb of day, when shining upon the earth, re-animates its surface in the spring, causes every plant to shoot forth, and every tree to bud and blossom, so that its genial influence is extended over the universal face of nature; so it was not less evidently the merciful intention of the all-wise God, that every human heart, however long callous to Divine impressions, when brought within the reach of those beams of heavenly glory which impart life, and health and joy, and gladness to the nations, should, upon beholding with the eye of faith the Saviour raised up for the healing of His people, be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. It was the good pleasure of Him who first said, "Let there be light, and there was light," that the dead should live; that the heart of stone might be succeeded by a heart of flesh; that a peculiar people, strong in faith, and zealous of good works, might be the first-fruits purchased by so great a sacrifice.

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SPIRIT AND LETTER.

By the Rev. Canon H. Scott-Holland.

2 Cor. iii. 6, 7.—And hath made us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away; how shall not the ministration of the spirit be rather glorious?

WHAT is this contrast that starts into such sharp outlines before the eyes of St. Paul—the contrast of the letter and of the spirit? We may set ourselves fitly to answer this question, for the words have passed into a proverbial familiarity, which has succeeded, as proverbs so often succeed, in bandying them to and fro until the original significance, so emphatically precise, has dissolved into a cloud of vague misunderstanding. It is supposed, perhaps, that St. Paul is contrasting the outer expression of a principle with its inner meaning—the letter of the law with its spirit—and hence that he is opposing the wrong use of the law, as illustrated by pharisaic pedantry, with its right spiritual use, as interpreted by the mind of Christ. Or, again, the letter is taken to represent the ceremonial details of the earlier covenant, while by the spirit is supposed to be intended that inner moral law of the heart which lay burdened under the wearisome ritual of the Pentateuch until it was set free in Christ. And here, again, it is the unfortunate Pharisee who figures as the representative of externalism, while we likely identify ourselves with that inward spiritual service which the prophets of old asserted, and which is independent of exact conformity with all the precision of a narrow ceremonialism.

And some of all this may possibly be half true; but yet is it at all what is meant here in this passage of St. Paul? Let us look at it a little closer. "The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life." It is evident, first, that the phrases do not express any general principle, but have for him a perfectly exact and definite determination. The contrast he has before him is that between the old and the new covenant, between Moses and Christ; and to appreciate the vividness of his antithesis we must begin by throwing our imaginations back into the days when as yet the Church of Christ held no Christian book in its hands. Its faith was not as yet rooted in a written word. It was Judaism that was based on a book, and it stood in broad contrast on this very point with Christianity, which held its Gospel in the shape of the spoken word, made present and energetic, through the mouth of a preacher, by the force of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of a believing body. A living story housed within a living society, vitalized by a present Spirit, witnessing to a present and living Christ:—that is the word of God administered under the new dispensation, and what need, St. Paul is asking, what need of written authorities to qualify for such a mission as his? What need of certificates and testimonials, such as his opponents require him to show, or upon which they rested their own claims? "Need we, as some others, epistles of commendation?" Nay: his own people seal to him by spiritual evidence; they are his living certificates. "Ye are our epistle ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God." And this clinging to documents, so characteristic of his own foes, stamps them, he thinks, with the brand of that older covenant which had always been a matter of letters, of writings, of communications, of things graven with a pen into the heart of stone, rigid, motionless, external, menacing. But the apostles of Christ carry with them no written message, no mere book of the covenant. They have a more glorious ministry, not of the letter, not of any writing, but of the Spirit.

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The letter is first, then, that revelation of God which had been effected through a writing, through a communication, through a fixed and durable proclamation, through a record, through a principle, through a rule—in a word, through a law. The letter is the written law of God; and this law which is the letter is no ceremonial rule.

St. Paul has in his mind that moment when Moses bore down from the summit of Sinai the ten commandments which are the law, for it was then that his face shone with the glory that was under the veil, the glory that was to be done away. The letter, then, of which St. Paul speaks, is definitely those God-given letters graven upon the tables of stone. It is essentially the moral and not the ceremonial law; and the letter is that law, then, which our Master summed up in the great commandment: "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

By the letter is meant the moral law; and we know therefore at once how and why the letter kills. For St. Paul has analysed for us the three stages of death to which the law dooms. It kills us, first, by its manifestations of that disruption which lay concealed under the happy outflow of young and brimming life. That strong and fearless energy, which is the core of our human nature, is brought up short and sharp by a relentless voice that refuses it its unhindered joy. It clashes against the obstinate resistance, the sudden obstruction which bars its road with its terrible negative, "Thou shalt not covet;" and, in the recoil from that clashing, it knows itself to be subject to a divided mastery. It knows itself to be capable of violent variance with God. It knows itself to be somehow spoilt, disordered, corrupt. The unity of sound organic health has suffered rupture. It has in it the evidences of a disorganization and a dissolution, which is death. "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." And the law not only declared sin to be there, but it also, so St. Paul is not afraid to assert, provoked and irritated the sin, which fretted at its checks into a more abundant and domineering extravagance. "Sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence." Man's primary revolt reacted from this first recoil into a fiercer onset. Curiosity, imagination, vanity, impulsiveness—all are set astir to overleap the barrier, to defeat the obstacle that so sharply traverses its instinctive inclinations. The law entered that offence might abound, and where offence abounded, death reigned, for the end of sin is death.

And the letter therefore which provoked sin into extravagance, that letter killed; and it killed not only by manifesting sin, not only by aggravating evil, but also by convicting. Over against the very men whom it irritated into revolt it stood as a judgment which could not be gainsaid nor denied. It fastened men down under the bolts of a conviction from out of which there was no escape; and they knew it. They knew the sting of its terrible truth. Its wrath unnerved them, and its presence confounded. Every mouth was stopped, for the handwriting was against them. They were shut up within the prison-house of a criminal doom, and that justly. They lay there tormented in that flame, waiting the just judgment of God; for the letter convicted, and therefore it killed. It killed; and this by God's own intention. It was given that it might kill. It was no written pharisaic literalism that so relentlessly slew out the soul of man; it was God's own written word, engraved with His finger on tables of stone. "Yea, sin, that it might appear sin, worked death by that which is good, that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful." Better far the secret poison to be brought out into violent action. Its sickness, its pain, its agony—these are, after all, proofs of capacity to struggle; these are methods of liberation. The body is releasing itself from disease through these bitter experiences; and let, then, the letter kill. Let death dig in its fangs. Let

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the doom deepen and darken. So only shall at the last the spirit of the resurrection quicken; so only shall those that sleep in the dust at the last awaken.

In sin the latter slew, and slew according to the intention of God; and, what is more, there was no hope of relief or escape through man's spiritual advance, for the higher the sharper its sword of judgment. The more spiritual grew man's apprehension, the more desperate became the discovery of his fall. Each fresh insight into God was a fresh insight into sin, and the path into fuller delight was therefore a pathway of despair. The law slew because it was just, and pure, and holy, and the quickened spiritual instincts would but learn the touch of a more biting terror; so that when at the last hour of that old covenant there stood upon the earth a Jew greater than Moses and Abraham, who accepted the hereditary law, and promulgated it anew, asserting it in all its rigour and width, enlarged in range, intensified in power, interpreted with all the infinite and delicate subtlety which the mind of One who was one with the Giver of the law could convey into its edicts, so that it comprehended the man in its grip, and penetrated his innermost recesses, carried its searching inquiry into his backmost corners, and made its claims good over the very springs of conduct, and suffered no minutest motive to escape revision, and demanded of his most secret will a perfection of intention such as belonged to the moral heart of the all-holy Father—why, if such a Gospel, if that Sermon of the Mount had been all, it would have struck the very chill of the last death into the despairing soul, who listened and learned that not one jot or tittle of that law could fail. Alas for men! The sermon that some lightly affect to be the whole matter of Christ would be by itself but a message of doom. This moral law, so high, and pure, and holy, this belongs, taken by itself, to the older covenant; this is the very letter that kills, this is the law that convicts—kills, interpreted by Christ, as it had never killed before, dooms more witheringly than of old it ever had doomed; and the cry that would close the message of that sermon, the cry of any honest soul brought face to face with that tremendous manifestation of the mind of God, would be the terrified and broken sinner: "O miserable man that I am! who can deliver me from the body of this death?"

The letter kills, and yet the letter hath a glory to St. Paul, the glory that shone from the face of Moses descending from the mount. The letter has a glory, for it is the manifestation of the very mind and being of God. The moral law graven on the tables of stone was the primary and absolute establishment of these essential relations which determine all possible communion between man and his Maker. Without the Ten Commandments no communications are possible; for purity, truth, and goodness—these are what God is; these are what God must be in all His actions; through them He exhibits Himself; in the form of them He communicates Himself. Verily the letter hath a glory. It is the revelation of the Divine will in action, the revelation of God. For this, men had looked and yearned through weary years; to discover this they had toiled, and sighed, and prayed. Many kings and many prophets had desired to see these; for this they had ransacked nature, searching for that which lays always hidden behind the dumb silence of that breathing earth, for that which seemed always suggested yet was never disclosed. "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" So man cried in the bitterness of his search. And, now, listen, there is a revelation; the dumbness breaks, the silence yields, those flying footsteps of God pause, the air opens and pants, the heavens are sundered. There is a presence; there is a voice, there is an utterance; there is a vision; there is glory—and it kills! Consider the surprise and the seriousness of such a situation. God stands over against man in glory, the glory and the proclaimed intention of the manifested name, the glory of the letter. God stands there in the law, inviting, appealing: "Come; My oxen and My

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fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come to the wedding." God stands there in that law, preaching and beseeching: "Oh, that My people would but hearken unto Me! Oh, My people, what have I done to thee?" God, face to face with man; God hoping, asking, desiring, longing, calling, electing, promising, tending; and man lies there before Him dead—dead in the face of glory, killed by the glory—dead, even though within his very deadness he can hear with some inner manhood; that same dark prisoned man can hear the blessed salutation, and the thrilling news, and the splendid promise, and the tender pleas with the man who can delight in the law of God. Deep within the depths of his soul there is the blind stir of some unutterable response, and yet that response cannot come to the surface, and the will of the mind cannot carry itself out to act. It is fast bound in misery and iron, and he, the man, lies there, therefore, dumb, and dark, and dead, praying only that the hills might cover him, and the mountains might bury his shame, praying only that he might be hidden in some deep hell from out of the burning eyes of that God who, in his earlier confidence, he had so longed that he might find and behold.

"God showeth His face and the earth shall melt." God shows His face in the law and the letter kills. Man lies there dead before his God—dead, until—what is it, this sweet and secret change? What is it, this breaking and stirring within his bones, as the force of the spring pricks and works within the wintry trunks of dry and naked trees? To what shall we liken it? Have we known the first wonderful pause that comes to those who have lain through long dull hours, with closed eyes, with stung senses, with sightless soul, under some weight of pain that bruises and benumbs and crushes and breaks; have lain there choked under the tyranny of weary hours, upgathered into the mere effort to endure, hardly asking that the agony should ever have an end, and then have suddenly known that the pain has for a moment paused, has slackened, has ebbed? The throbs have lost their violence; there is a softening, a relenting, a touch of peace, and hardly yet they dare to believe it, hardly dare they whisper to themselves that the worst is over, that yet have the pulses of sharp pain grown weaker. Yet at last the sweet peace increases, and soothes, and consoles; and lo, at last they are lying there quiet, and calm, and happy, possessed with a blessed stillness and a mighty thanksgiving.

Who can tell the wonder of such hours? And it is an hour like that which comes to the man whom the letter of God had smitten and slain. As he lies stung and despairing, there is a change, there is an arrival. Far, far within, deeper than his deepest sin, behind the most secret workings of his bad and broken will, there is a breaking and a stir, there is a motion and a quiver and a gleam, there is a check and a pause in his decay, a quickening is found as of live flame. What is it? He cannot tell; he cannot measure; he cannot conceive; only he knows that something is there and at work, strong and fresh and young; and as it pushes and presses and makes way, a sense of blessing steals into his veins, and peace is upon his harried and hunted soul, and the sweet soundness of health creeps over his bruises and his sores, and he who has faith, he just suffers all the change to pass over him and to work its goodwill, as he lies there feeding on its blessedness, wondering at its goodness, sending up his heart in silent breaths of unutterable thanks.

It is come; it has happened. St. Paul felt and watched it, this transformation that was begun over the earth. He saw those lame and impotent men rise and leap and sing at the coming of the new force, under the handlings of the new ministry, and he saw it and he named it—this new and wonderful power, this inflowing of light and grace, this spirit, the spirit that giveth light. And its coming heralds that changed the order of the new covenant and the new dispensation, till it displaces the ministry of death, the law of the letter that

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kills; and the essence of the change is this: that God, who in His manifestation of the letter stood there over against man, calling, inviting, appealing, He has now passed over to the side of the men whom His appeal has overwhelmed. He, the good Father, is bending over the sinner, and into his wounds is pouring the oil of pardon, and the rich wine of grace, and entering within his human spirit by the power of His own Holy Spirit; He, God, is lifting him up, is carrying him, is enabling him, is recovering him, is filling him with His own fulness, is inspiring him with His own breath. God is on our side; God is with us; God, who invited, now undertakes for us, who receives the invitation; God, who calls, draws to Him now those whom He has called. Not only does He send out His messengers to those whom He can gather among the highways and hedges, but Himself also turns the hearts and moves the feet of those whom His messengers discover; and they who by thomselves would fearfully refuse, find themselves strangely stirred to accept, and are lifted by fresh hope, and are gifted with new courage, and are carried wondering along the paths that they despaired of travelling into the halls of light which they had not hoped ever to see. God Himself in us fulfils His own demands upon us. God Himself moves over to our side to satisfy the urgency of His own will and word. In Him we do what we do, and we are not afraid, though the Son of God has come not to destroy that law, but to fulfil it—yea, even though from us is required a righteousness exceeding that of scribe and Pharisee. The spirit giveth life—the blessed, blessed things of eternal glory. If the ministry of the letter had a glory, how shall not the ministry of the spirit exceed in glory? The spirit giveth life, but still the letter kills. God has come over to our side, but He has not ceased to stand over against us. By His power we can afford to face His presence, but it is the same God as ever whom we face. There He still stands as of old, and His demands are the same, and His modes of communication are the same; and still it is true as ever that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and His purity is as white and unstained as ever, and His righteousness burns with as hot a flame—the same eternal God with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, and His being is holiness, and in holiness we hold communion. No jot or tittle of that ancient requirement then is removed or diminished. The revelation of the moral law holds good for us as much as for the Jew; and it is because that letter inevitably holds good, that God has Himself entered with us and striven for its fulfilment.

And I would ask you to-day—Have we that letter that kills? Do we know its sharp death? Have we at all the sense of an imperious moral law, obligatory and absolute, which rigorously searches our souls, and sifts our motives, and tests our every act, and penetrates within the tissue of our will, and pierces like a sword between joint and marrow? Do we live as if we always had in face of us a demand, a requirement, as urgent, as insistent, as incessant as that voice of a trumpet exceeding loud, which broke out of the terrors of Sinai? Are earth and sky full of a great voice to us that thunders out its "Thou shalt," and its "Thou shalt not?" "Thou shalt love thy God." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour." They are strong and unbending words. Do we with our whole being desire holiness and love God? Do we know this pressure of a law as of a burden, of a necessity under which we faint or quail? Have we any rules that hold us like iron, and cut us, when we strain against them, like cords? Is there any perception within us of a law which it is the misery of death to fail or to disobey, and which, nevertheless, we have obstinately and constantly broken? For the law ought still to kill, and we ought to have moral standards, which of ourselves we should despair to satisfy. Have we such moral standards? We ought now to be feeling a moral light thrown upon our souls such as it would devour us with shame to have to meet alone. Have we tasted that light? Do we bring these rules of God

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to bear on our practical lives day by day, and hour by hour? Do we know the alarms and the anxieties of a severe conscience? Have we wrestled with that law of duty—which is the name of God—wrestled through long nights until the morning broke—wrestled until even though we won, yet in the morning we halted on our thighs? Are we at war with any one sin—at war even at the cost of plucking out an eye or cutting off a foot? Have we resisted unto blood? Some such sin every single soul here to-day holds within him. Have we taken, then, the pains to discover it? O that we might taste of this austere judgment, that we might know ourselves, that we might be serious with ourselves, and drag up our life into the light of God's law—that we might face the full rigour of this letter; for only those whom the letter slays will be quickened by the Spirit of God. Lying dead there—dead before the eternal Eyes, in penitence and in confession—killed by the letter, we may then receive this new gift, this boon of price, and be quickened by the Spirit of Him who raised Jesus our Gracious Lord and Master from the dead.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

IN order to stimulate the study of the Bible, we shall, month by month, set a series of simple questions, for the best solution of which by our young friends two books per month will be offered as FIRST and SECOND Prizes.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. All Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.

2. Each paper must bear a certificate to the effect that the Competitor is a Sunday scholar, and that the answers are his or her own unaided composition. The real name and address must be given. The age of the Competitor must be stated.

3. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be returned to the Editor, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., by the sixteenth day of the month of publication. Names of Prize-winners will be announced in the second number after the one in which the questions appeared. For example, the October prize-winners will be announced in the December number.

4. Where two or more competitors give the same number of correct answers, the prizes will be awarded to those sending in the best-written papers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The first prize for best answers to August Bible Questions has been awarded to MARY EDITH BROWN, of St. Matthew's Schools, Leeds, and 40, Glover Street, Camp Road, Leeds, whose paper is certified by the Vicar of the parish.

The second prize falls to WILLIAM DAVIS, of St. Andrew's Schools, Hoxton, and 25, Watson's Place, Kingsland Road, N., the Rev. Henry Hayman certifying his paper.

An excellent paper was again sent by John George King, who has already won two prizes in our competitions.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Who were St. Paul's companions when he revisited Galatia and Phrygia, Ephesus, and Macedonia?

2. What evangelist was not an apostle, yet wrote under an apostle's direction?

3. Tell what you know about the book Ecclesiastes, its writer, and the circumstances under which it was written.

4. What centurion received a command from God to send for St. Peter to tell him what he ought to do?

5. How many books are there in the New Testament, and how many men wrote them? Give one point of similarity between all the writers, as to the time at which they lived.

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Jonathan Frock.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Specially Translated and Adapted for this Magazine.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—A PROFESSION OF FAITH.

THE sealed paper which Jonathan threw down as he hastily quitted the Major's house contained these words :—

"I am a Jew; and in that avowal you, oh friends whom I love, may behold the explanation of my conduct. What Christian maiden would deign to love a Jew? What employer, in your country, would dream of accepting my services? I am a Jew, and for that reason I am condemned being innocent of any crime—solely because I descend from a people against whom all the world is prejudiced, and who, depressed by persistent condemnations, too often deserve it.

"I was born in Alsace, of poor parents, who were well on in years while I was still a child. When but a youth, I was compelled to leave my parental home, and I never saw them more. Once out in the world, I speedily made friends, who professed to find a singular attraction in my youthful good temper and in the talents with which they supposed me to be more than commonly endowed. I became attached to the household of a certain colonel whom the Revolution had made famous. So greatly did he favour me, that he would not gratify my wish to accompany him into the field, but, seeing my thirst for knowledge, he sent me to a good school, and afterwards to college. In short, I received an education wholly out of proportion to my humble birth and station.

"I studied medicine, and my object was to practice as a doctor in some large town. But the colonel—or rather, the general, as by that time he had become—would not consent to my leaving him. He insisted that I should become his confidential secretary. I remained with him, in fact, until he was stricken down by a bullet from the enemy. Thus left alone—having no profession, no prospect, no friends, and no relatives, only one course seemed open to me. I became a soldier, and I spent many years in the army, serving in many campaigns, in divers countries, seeing much glory and much more misery.

"Through all this, I had managed, if I may say so, to live an upright life. I had studied the life of Jesus Christ, whose noble and holy character had laid powerful hold upon my imagination; and that study had, almost insensibly to myself, transformed and elevated my soul. I felt that no earthly being had ever approached Him in wisdom, in holiness, or in courage. The example of Jesus I tried to keep ever before me, to direct my actions and my thoughts. I resolved to disregard my outward appearances, and to regard that only which is inward and spiritual; I determined to sacrifice present and earthly pleasures for the sake of the heavenly life hereafter; I tried to forsake the ignoble pleasure, the vain joy, and the inglorious ease, pertaining to this world, and to cultivate the peace which passeth understanding.

"Soon the life of a soldier disgusted me. The one solitary comrade whom I could call my friend was stricken dead at my side—a brave and good young fellow with whom I had passed through a thousand perilous adventures. My other comrades were for the most part coarse and brutal, and deprived of my one sympathetic companion, I could no longer endure the army. I quitted it; and for some time I managed to earn a crust by teaching a few children in the little towns at each of which I briefly sojourned.

"I dared not stay long at any one place. I was nervously afraid lest my nationality should be discovered, and lest the friends whom I made—I have always yearned for friendship—should

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scorn me upon account of my Israelitish descent. You, see, I have always come very, very far short of Christ's courage. My friendships have brought me nothing but unhappiness.

"I was indeed a wandering Jew. In this Catholic country, I have had to renounce all idea of settling down in any town. In many, they would not suffer me to stay for a single day, if they had known me to be an Israelite. In others, though they would accord me the right of refuge, they would withhold from me all the rights of a citizen. Whenever I seek to obtain employment, I am always asked for my certificate of baptism. I have never been baptized.

"I was thrown back upon myself. I grew nervously susceptible. I seemed cut off from all society. When the sound of the bells called the Christians together to worship in their churches as one family, I could only fall upon my knees in my little chamber, solitary and alone.

"For some time I cherished the idea of returning to my own people, to endeavour to enlighten them with the precious light which I myself had acquired, and to free them from the moral slavery in which they still languish. But it seemed to me that I lacked all the means necessary to the accomplishment of this project. I had dwelt so long among Christians that I had forgotten the Jewish idiom, and I knew nothing of the contents of their Talmud, and the other books which they regard as sacred. I saw that it would be impossible for me to enlighten the darkness which had prevailed for ages, if my only method should consist of simple reasoning and of logical persuasion. Such methods would be futile against the stubborn misconceptions of a poor people to whom the world and all its ways seemed hopelessly awry.

"But for one reason, I would have been baptized. That reason was that I could not bring myself to play the part of a converted Israelite. But why should I blush at the name? Moses was a greater man than all the popes—aye, and greater than Luther and Zwingle. I was influenced, too, by the consideration that many of the Jews who became baptized underwent the rite not from sincere conviction, but in order to gain some material advantage, or to escape persecution. I did not wish to be regarded as an unworthy renegade.

"Another reason which pressed upon me very strongly was this; when Christ came upon earth, what Church did He belong to? I wished to follow Him in all things. How could I do so, if I joined some one of the many sects which are always quarrelling one with another? I would join none of them, for fear of joining the wrong one.

"I resolved to follow Christ only. Neither Moses, nor any other prophet, nor rabbi, nor pope, should come between Him and me. I believe in the doctrines which He taught; I am of His race; I am His disciple. In this sense I am a Christian, and in this thought I take refuge.

"Such, my friends, is my profession of faith. Repulsed by the people to whom by blood I belong, repulsed by the Christians because of my origin, I am a stranger among both Jews and Christians. I am religious; but the religion of men disowns and persecutes me. Thus I am forced to forego the pleasure of friendship, and I dare not love; for I foresee that all my friends would be ashamed to associate with a Jew. Once again I am, as I have so often been before, homeless and friendless. Prejudice shuts me outside of all homes and all hearts.

"I cannot help loving Delphine. I do so against my will. I protest that I am innocent of all endeavour to secure her affections. Indeed, I have always rigidly repressed the slightest demonstration of feeling towards her. I have always tried to seem careless of her regard, and to abstain from showing the least interest in her. If I have been guilty of a fault in the matter, it is that I have not entirely shunned her presence. But this I could bring myself to do—I could tear myself from you, my dear friends. But I have suffered intensely from my failure to steel my heart. I was happy for one moment, and now the rest of my life is likely to be unhappy. Adieu! "JONATHAN FROCK."

(To be concluded.)

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A KIND HEART

A Story for Children.

WHO was the arsenal boy? My young friends, I will tell you. The lad whom you see in the picture had lived all his young life in the country with his parents, who were poor labouring people; but whilst he was yet a school-boy, they had both died suddenly, and left him alone in the world. What was he to do? He valued the kindness of his old neighbours, who fed him and looked after him as well as they could; but, being an industrious and manly boy, he determined that as soon as his

THE ARSENAL BOY.

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parents were buried he would go and find work in some large town, and earn his own living. Accordingly, the day after his parents were buried, he took the scanty store of money that he had left and trudged off on his way to London, taking care to go by the road that took him to a town with a large arsenal in it. Here he stayed for a day, looking about for work from one place to another, but meeting only with disappointment.

When evening came, he procured a lodging for the night, and before he laid down to rest earnestly prayed that his next day's endeavours might be successful. From morning till evening he tried hard, but without success, and his many disappointments overcame his feelings, and he burst into tears. He was walking past a house outside which a little girl was standing, when she, looking concernedly at him, inquired—

"What are you crying for, poor boy?"

"I have no friends," said he, "and I cannot get work."

"Oh, there's plenty of work where my papa is. I am so sorry to see you crying, and I'll run and ask him to give you work. Stay here, please." And away she ran into the house.

In a minute or two she came back, and taking the boy by the hand, said—

"You are to come and see my papa."

He followed her into the house, where a kind gentleman asked him a few questions, and then said—

"It is through my little girl's kind heart that you have been brought to me. Yes, I can give you work, and I will. And what's more, you shall go with me to our clergyman, who will see that you go to a good woman's house to live, and who will be a kind friend to you."

So next day our poor boy was taken to the arsenal, where the little girl's papa held a high position, and given work; and he is now doing well, and will probably get on prosperously.

See what a great deal a little child's kindness did for him. He was alone in the world, among strangers, and almost penniless. What would have become of him it is sad to think; but the little girl's kind interest in him procured him a friend in her papa, and he is now earning an honest living, and leading a godly life.

Remember always that it is Christ-like to do good to others, and be always ready to do a good action if an opportunity occurs.

"THIS IS THE WAY; WALK YE IN IT." Though Christ will not fail to uphold His people with His assisting grace, the promise that He will do so is bound up in *the use of the appointed means*, and will be brought to its accomplishment through them alone. If ye would fight with success the good fight of faith, and have the victory therein, ye must renew your drooping energies, and recruit your failing strength, with the spiritual food provided by your Lord. He offers herein to each and every of His servants that which each needs. He offers to "strengthen those that do stand; to comfort and help the weak-hearted; to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet." Come ye, then, and join together in celebrating the mercies of the Lord, and in partaking of His grace. Come ye, and find in the Holy Sacrament which He has ordained the power ye need to enable you to serve Him. Come ye, and experience the truth of the apostle's words, that, whereas "God commended His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us, much more now being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?—It is impossible to persevere in the habit of meditating on Scripture, without wearing down the edge of sin. Sin will either give a distaste for your Bible, or (which God of His mercy grant!) the Bible will, through the teaching of the Spirit, give you a disgust for sin.

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The Village Blacksmith.

By the AUTHOR OF "PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE."

CHAPTER XII.—BACK IN LONDON.

OF course Tom's visit to his native place could not last for ever; and gradually the time came round when he must go back to his work in London. But a good deal happened in the meantime, which it is our duty to record.

In the first place, Tom could not rest till he had seen and shaken hands heartily with Ralph Strangeway. It was a very warm greeting which took place between the two old friends when they met; and who can wonder at it? They had been schoolboys together, and had always loved one another as brothers. The quarrel which had taken place between them had given great pain to them both; and each one had longed for the time when he might again grip the other's hands, and look into the other's eyes, and feel that, come what might, he was gazing on the features of one who would never desert him, or leave him to the mercies of the cold world.

Then, again, there was another cause for their continued friendship. Ralph had seen and rejoiced at the affection with which he knew Tom regarded his sister. This had quickened and strengthened his affection for the blacksmith's son; and on Tom's part, the knowledge that Ralph was the brother of Rose had created another bond of union between them.

Now, as they grasped hands, at their first meeting, there was something in their minds which was not allowed to rise to their lips. Ralph had heard of Tom's change of life in London, and had rejoiced at it. Why? Because he had been led to see their folly when Tom had, as it were, been driven from home for his misconduct.

There is no keener antidote to folly than the sharp punishment meted out to it by our fellow-creatures. A man lives a careless, good-for-nothing life. He has gradually drifted into it. He has not become bad all at once. He has begun with small sins, and his friends have not particularly noticed them. He has continued in his careless ways, and perhaps has committed one or two more serious sins. His friends, although they have noticed them, have forgiven him. The result has been that he has gradually become incapable of judging his own conduct; and he has then, perhaps, indulged in open, deadly sin, and nothing could ever have aroused him from his danger so effectually as the stern, sharp resentment of his friends and the world at his misconduct.

But it was hardly so with Tom and Ralph. Punishment had followed so quickly on their misdemeanours that they, thank God, had never been allowed to slide far down the easy paths of sin, but they well knew they had sinned, and rejoiced heartily at each other's repentance. Tom's punishment had come home to Ralph as surely as to his friend; and Tom's example in the distant city had been followed by his Slowberry companion; and as they stood side by side they felt that they had offered whatever atonement was possible for their misconduct.

"I am going away again, Ralph," said Tom, "but I could not go without making up old differences with you. We are friends, aren't we?"

"My dear fellow, of course we are. Do you think we could ever be anything else? Do you think I ever felt otherwise than as your friend since the day we parted? Ask Rose! Ask her how I have talked about you."

"Ay, I should like to see Rose too, Ralph. Let me confess that it isn't all on your account that I've come down here to-day. I wanted to see her before I went back to London."

"Yes, of course you did, Tom; and friends as we are, I think you'd have given my affection for you a serious strain, if you'd gone away without seeing her. Why, it would almost have broken her heart."

"Ralph, do you mean to say Rose has forgiven me for what took place on that day at the *Blue Boar*? And if

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she has, is it me she cares for? I've been unhappy ever since about her, because I felt that Mr. Ransford might have stepped into my place when I made such an exhibition of myself."

"Ransford! My dear Tom, have you let jealousy disturb you? You wrong Rose if you have done."

"No, I can't exactly call it jealousy. You see, I feel that I degraded myself; and in the midst of my degradation, on to the scene walks Ransford in company with Rose. Could I be otherwise than unhappy?"

"Well, let's stop talking about it, and step inside. Here's Rose waiting for you, and wondering, as I can tell by the look on her face, whether you are ever going to leave off talking to me and commence with her. Here, Rose, is our knight returned from his travels," he cried gaily, as they stepped into the neat little front room where Rose was sitting.

A blush of pleasure overspread Rose's sweet face as she encountered Tom's eyes. He, on his part, appeared disconcerted by the meeting. On his mind was engraved the memory of their last meeting, and he was too young to know that a woman's affection helps her to forget the shortcomings of the one she loves, if repented of, sooner than the offender himself can.

"Rose, it is a long time since I saw you last. I hope you have not forgotten me, or the old times," he said.

"I am hardly likely, Tom, to forget you, for you are as constant a figure in my memory as my brother himself."

And so, to Tom's relief, he found that all was right, both between Rose and Ralph and himself; and an hour passed all too soon for him in pleasant conversation with them both. At last the hour came at which he must be getting ready for his return journey; so after a hearty farewell he parted with them and proceeded homeward to take his departure for London.

At last all his partings were over, and he had again taken his seat in the train to London, and was soon whirling back to town, and towards his master's house. His reception there, if less warm, was not less kind than it had been at Slowberry, for Tom, when at his best, was a lovable young man, and assuredly he had been seen to advantage during his stay in London.

One change, however, had occurred in the household during his absence. A new apprentice had come there, to whom Tom could not help feeling a preliminary dislike the first time he saw him. He was a sharp, shrewd-looking youth, but there was also a shiftly, deceitful look about his eyes which gave Tom at once the idea that he would be found an awkward customer to control. This, however, he thought, was hardly his concern; so he went to his work, and applied himself to it heart and soul, determined to have as little to do with the new-comer as possible. That young man's feelings in the matter were, however, just the opposite. He seemed inclined, on the contrary, to take Tom into his confidence, and make a bosom friend of him; and did not seem at all upset by the coolness with which Tom received his advances.

"I say, Forbes, you're a quiet chap, but I reckon you're as good for a lark as any one," he said one day whilst they were working together. "Ain't I right?"

"I don't quite understand you," said Tom.

"Why, what I mean is this. I'm tired of being moped up here all day, week after week. The guv'nor has gone out for the day, for I heard him say so; and I propose that we follow his example. I could just put up with a day's holiday. Will you come?"

"Thank you, I'd rather take my holidays with our master's leave, and when he is here."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well as far as talking goes, but you don't mean it. You're wondering whether I'm trying to pump you, so as to be able to split about you afterwards, I suppose; but there's nothing of that about me. Come, it's a fine day; the work isn't in such a hurry that we can't have a bit of a walk; and no one will be any the wiser."

(To be continued.)

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MISS BECKY'S MERCIES.

"NO, sir, there is no such thing as pure, unselfish benevolence in these days. If it ever existed it was in a simpler state of society than the present; everybody gives now from mixed motives. Love of praise, desire for self-approbation, these are only some of countless motives; but believe me, sir, pure charity for its own sake is a thing unknown," and the portly speaker straightened himself back in his chair, and fastened his thumbs in his button-holes as though satisfied that he had settled that question to the satisfaction of all.

The gentleman addressed stroked his soft whiskers, and replied in smooth tones, "I agree with you, Mr. Arden, entirely. Pure generosity and pure gratitude are among the lost virtues, if, as you say indeed, they ever existed," and then these two exceeding complacent and well-fed gentlemen were excused from Mr. Arden's shining breakfast-table, and left the room and the two young ladies who had been their companions in the morning meal.

"I wonder if that is true," one of the young girls remarked, breaking a moment's silence.

"I don't believe it," returned her companion decidedly; "I suppose papa has not had time to read on that question. I know there are generous and unselfish people in the world," and Mr. Arden's daughter was as emphatic as he had been. "Why, there's Miss Becky Wether, for instance."

"Lovely, euphonious name, Mary! Who might Miss Becky be, pray?"

"Well, she is some one I used to know before I went away to school, and the most unselfish soul possible. By the way, Linda, I will take you to see her."

"Delighted, of course, but how will you prove her entire unselfishness in one call?"

Now these were two young ladies just left a few months since a dignified school, but the girl was not lost out of them by any means, and the result of their morning conference was a plan that sent them giggling and exclaiming up to Mary's room and the attic to complete their preparations. Linda Palmer had been the leader in half the "fun" that went on at school, and she and Mary Arden were as David and Jonathan.

Meanwhile, the same morning, Miss Becky Wether was "taking an account of stock," to use a mercantile phrase that she would not have understood in the least.

Miss Becky lived all alone in a tiny house, several sizes above the dimensions of a doll's house, just on the outskirts of the decorous and busy Putney. Everybody who went to church knew her, and many who were not church-goers quite as well, and had as good reason to like her also. She was not writing the items down, nor making an estimate—simply a running inventory, as one might say, and, as becomes the habit of one living alone, in a tone audible to herself.

It may be said, by the way, it was just twenty-five years this first of October since Tom, the last of the little flock committed to her care by her dying mother, had taken a notion to start for California, and thus she had been left alone in the small house with only Tiger, the cat, for company. Since then that date had been marked and kept by her as one on which to look over and consider various items past and present; she called it "looking over mercies;" and this is what Tiger of this time, lying on his rag-mat, heard, if he chose to hear anything at all.

"That five pounds Tom sent me! It is the strangest thing what ever became of that; but then a woman of sixty-five can't be expected to have memory any way. I do know that about that time old drinking Sims died, and his widow hadn't a penny to buy bread, and I remember sending a bag of flour there; and Miss O'Neil at the same time needed a bushel of potatoes; and then the temperance ladies came round with their paper, and bless me! there's no let alone in

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me in that cause, it's such a curse; so they had my half-a-crown there. And then Teddy Burns' ma said he might go to Sunday-school if he only had decent shoes; so there was that and a cap, though they say the boy's never been inside the church door once since, but perhaps he'll turn round by-and-bye; I hope so. I was intending to get a little shoulder-shawl when Tom sent it, but some way I didn't; though where all the money went to I'm sure I can't see to this hour. I fancy I'm too old to be trusted with so much at once. And the shawl did not matter, for Mrs. Peck she gave me this piece of gray flannel, and I nicked scallops round it, and it's just the thing. I do not know what I should have done with it unless I had been wanting just such a shawl. I could have given it away, though. Then there was that big load of wood Squire Farnham left me; it is not half gone yet, though I should have given some of it to the Misses Bliss if the squire had not made me promise I would not to anybody; I am dreadfully sorry he did though. It's too bad for a professing Christian woman; but I can have them here at night after the mill is shut up, and there can't anybody hinder their getting warm at it. Then there's my new brown alpaca, made out of Mrs. Allen's old one. It's a little scanty, because I took out one back breadth to make Mrs. Welsh's baby a dress, and my, what a warm one it does make too! but then I can step further in it now than I ever expect to want to again in my life. Then my sage bush. I had a great many more leaves on it this year than ever before, enough for tea right through the winter, and it will be so good and quieting too for Mrs. Fenner's twins while they are teething. And my apple tree! why, I can most live on apples, and they are healthful. I have not much meal or flour, to be sure, to eat with them, and as for potatoes, I'll have to get along without them, they are so scarce, but I can remember their taste well enough, and a body does not need everything in this world. I've got five cabbages and a peck of turnips too in the cellar, and nearly a peck of beans; pretty well off, I think. I'll bake up a good-sized tin of those apples and carry to old Mrs. Hewitt. I always come home from there feeling so thankful that the Lord Himself is just inside my door waiting for me; I never find Him over there, poor woman. And after all, I came out this year a little ahead of any I ever had before, because the Lord, He is a little nigher. He gets so every year, it seems to me," and so Miss Becky finished her inventory, well satisfied with the balance in her favour.

The working hours of the day were usually well filled by Miss Becky in knitting. For years certain families had depended upon her for their warm, closely-knit socks, and though to some the softer woven merino of later date had become more agreeable, still they ordered their two or three pairs each year, and then gave them away. But that, of course, she did not know. Her real "trade" had been that of a tailoress, and nothing made her happier now than to have some overworked mother, who had become disgusted at the "total depravity" of all "shop clothes" as covering for the nimble knees of her boy, commit to her needle the small jacket and trousers of cloth carefully chosen and free from shoddy.

She had such work on hand now, and all day the long "goose" stood on the stove or sizzled over the dampened seams on the press-board in Miss Becky's lap, while tender memories of other and busier days curved the faded lips or welled up in quavering tunes from the still young heart until nearly night, when the mother called for the finished work, paid the large sum of five shillings, and Miss Becky sat down in the failing light to add one more to her mercies. It was Saturday, and Miss Becky never worked on that evening in deference to her mother's habit.

"It is not often," she mused aloud, "that so much drops all at once right into my hand; hope it won't make me penurious. Let me see, one-fifth is the Lord's, that is foreign missions, of course; that is one shilling. And I may as well say another shilling for home missions; that's two, and leaves three for myself. Well, Becky, you

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may as well put another one down for the poor; that sounds better, three for the Lord and two for self. Perhaps I'll see it right to get a quarter of genuine tea for Sunday dinners. I do have a hankering for it some times. I'll see."

And so Miss Becky mused till the twilight shadows lengthened and there came a decided tap on her door. She rose and opened, and two young girls accepted the invitation to walk in. Miss Beckey could not see their faces plainly, but they were poorly clothed, and walked as though tired and foot-sore. They shivered, too, in the evening air. Miss Becky put a fresh stick in the stove. "It gets kind of cold now after sundown," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," one of the girls answered, with a short, dry cough.

"And you've got a cough, too. Sit up here close to the stove, and put your feet right in the oven and warm 'em. Here, dearie! Have you far to go?"

"Milltown is about five mile from here, isn't it?" asked the one who was not at the stove.

"Milltown! You poor things, have you got to walk way there? You've been in the mills there, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

So they had, as visitors, only the day before.

"And hadn't you better stay here to-night any way? I can put you up somehow. I've got a bed, and a sofa, too, you see."

"Oh, we couldn't; we must go in a little while. We just want to rest and warm us," the second speaker answered so decidedly, that Miss Becky gave that up.

"Well, you must have something to eat any way," she answered. "I have not had my tea yet myself, and I'll be delighted to have company to-day, too, of all days—my anniversary I call it."

And then, while the good woman bustled around, setting out her little round table for three, putting to steep the savoury herb, and stirring the fire to a brighter blaze, the whole story came out of Tom's going away, the kind letters he sent her and occasional presents, and how her mind had been full of it all day, and the mercies that were still left to her, until, the simple meal ready, she bid the strangers "sit up to the table," and herself led the way. One of the girls shook her dark hair farther over her face as she obeyed, but Miss Becky did not believe in oil, and her one tallow candle did not make a very brilliant illumination.

There was a moment's quiet after they were seated, broken by the reverent tones of Miss Becky as she thanked the "good Lord" for "these and all other gifts of His providence," and then the meal began. Such a simple one—only a loaf of rye bread, a little butter, a plate of apples, and the sage tea. But one thing had nearly betrayed the visitors into an unguarded exclamation. Their fragrant tea was offered them in two china cups of most delicate and antique pattern, fitted to delight the heart of a collector.

"Yes," Miss Becky said, noticing their glance, "these were my great-grandmother's, brought over from Holland with her. Of course, there was a full set then, but they've been divided and divided till Tom and I had just four cups and saucers left, and when he went I packed his in his trunk. I thought it would remind him of his ancestors, and how they had always been honest and God-fearing people, and keep him from sinning in that hard country. But then I suppose I filled them with prayers too," and then she turned to the wants of her guests. "My bread is not white bread," she said.

"It's sweet bread," one of the girls answered.

"That's so, an' that's what I give thanks for every day too." And then how it was she never knew, but gradually the story of her many mercies as they were fresh in her mind came out bit by bit to two interested and eager listeners, who, if Miss Becky had not been so thoroughly simple-hearted herself, would have been betrayed by their many questions. But when the simple meal was finished, Miss Becky dropped her own story and took up theirs.

"I'm really sorrow to have you go," she said, as they donned their shal by

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wraps, "and with your cough too, and the dew is dreadful at this season. But you just wait a minute," and after a little search Miss Becky brought out a pair of coarse knit socks with old soles sewed in, and insisted on these being drawn on over the girl's boots. "They'll protect your ankles," she said, "and you," to the other, "ought to have more round your neck. It is not very pretty, but you must have this flannel I fixed for a shawl round you; it'll keep you from having a cough too."

"But, Miss Becky, that was one of your 'mercies.'"

"Well, yes, of course, what would be the use of having mercies if you could not share them, I would like to know."

"But, Miss Wether, really, what makes you so good to us?" one of the girls asked, turning to her.

"Good to you? Why, I have not done anything. If I had, it would be for the dear Lord's sake. He is always loving and giving, you know. The first does not go without the other."

"I'd like to know how you get along," she said, as they went out the door, and "You shall," came back in a very decided answer.

Fifteen minutes later two very dignified gentlemen sitting in Judge Arden's library were changed into surprised ones by the entrance of two forlorn maidens, whom yet they could not but recognize as the daughter of the house and her lively friend.

"Well, Mary," the judge asked, "what charade is this, pray?"

"Charity, papa," and then in great glee they waved aloft the blue socks and gray flannel shawl while they told the story of their visit to Miss Becky, and her loving giving.

"And now, gentleman, are you not conscience-stricken?" was Linda's winding up.

"Damaged to the extent of ten pounds; here, use this for your generous entertainer," was the reply of the bland gentleman, and the judge passing over an equal amount, the two girls hastened away, and, rapidly assuming their usual dress, pressed the housekeeper into servire for company and went out for another walk.

"Do not you feel the need of your socks?" Mary asked mischievously as the trim boots of her friend tripped down the steps.

"Not half as much on this dry pavement as you do your shawl," was Linda's retort.

"I shall keep that."

"And I my blue socks. Fairly given, you know."

The village shops were open, and the twenty pounds were rapidly expended, and the packages loaded into the cart and carried to Miss Becky's door.

"For the land's sake!" was all she could find to say just then, but after the smart boy was gone her "mercies" nearly overwhelmed her. There was a barrel of flour, another of potatoes, a whole codfish, and such a variety of groceries as Miss Becky had probably never seen in her life; but what surprised her most was a package containing a soft gray shoulder shawl and a pair of warmly-lined arctics, with an unsigned note which read, "In return for the gray flannel and the blue socks, by two girls who believe that 'loving is giving,' and will try to prove it hereafter."

And to this day that is all Miss Becky knows about her gifts.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.—We die alone. If we have not lived in solitary communion with God, we shall start at finding ourselves in the solemn silence of death, about to launch forward where no friends, no ordinances, can accompany us.

HUMILITY, says Jeremy Taylor, is the great ornament and jewel of the Christian religion. "Learn of me; for I am meek and humble; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Let thy face, like Moses's, shine to others; but make no looking-glass for thyself

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.—David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, was a great astronomer. He was skilful in measuring the sizes of planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star. Our sun is 886,000 miles in diameter, and yet, seen from a distant star, our sun could be covered, hidden behind a thread, when that thread was stretched across the telescope. Just so we have seen some who never could behold the heavenly world. They always complained of dulness of vision when they looked in the heavenly direction. You might direct their eyes to the Star at Bethlehem through the telescope of faith and holy confidence; but, alas! there is a secret thread, a silken fibre, which, holding them in subserviency to the world, in some way obscures the light; and Jesus, the Star of Hope, is eclipsed, and their hope darkened. A very small sin, a very little self-gratification may hide the light. To some, Jesus, as Saviour, appears very far off. He shall be seen where the heart lets nothing, nothing, intervene.

A NEW CREATURE.—The renewed mind begins to see things in some degree as God sees them; sin is an evil of the blackest dye; the welfare of an immortal soul is the one thing needful. God makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good; the Christian reflects his light and love; he loves all mankind, and is anxious that the light with which he has been favoured should shine into the hearts of all his fellow-creatures. Divine benevolence is the inmate of the Christian's bosom; spiritual benevolence, the good-will of the Gospel, is his chief delight, the delight of his soul; and whilst he is ready to provide for his fellow-creatures all the comforts and conveniences of this mortal life, according to the dictates of humanity, his main concern is for the happiness of their immortal souls. Can it be possible that the believer —who has beheld Christ lifted up, and crucified for him—that he can say to his soul, "Soul, take thine ease," whilst multitudes are perishing around him? No; the "Son of man was lifted up to draw all men unto Him, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Gospel is a social principle; with the good the Christian receives cometh an immediate desire to commune with others, that all may be communicants of the same good.

OUR DAILY WALK.—The path to life and liberty is so plainly described in Holy Scripture, that the "wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." If the penitent be only *sincere* in his inquiries for heaven, he cannot miss the way; he knows that he has contracted a debt, and has nothing wherewith to discharge it. He can easily comprehend, therefore, when he reads, that Christ has paid it for him; and he produces Him as his surety, without ridiculing the singularity of the plan, or disputing its candour. He is too much in earnest to *trifle*, and therefore he seeks his peace with God, while He may be found. In this search after God, the utmost diligence we can command is essential to success. True Christianity is perfectly distinct from that lifeless form which appears to be all the religion of too many amongst us. It is a subject of constant solicitude with the true penitent, how to become personally interested in the blessings of redemption; he cannot take up his religion as a popular thing. He will not be satisfied until he has examined the Scriptures for himself, and sought the remission of his own sins. And when he has attained a good hope through grace that his iniquities are pardoned, it becomes the object of his earnest solicitude, not to annul this covenant of peace by a life at variance with his creed. In his daily walk and conversation he gives *diligence* to make his calling and election sure. In all things he studies to approve himself acceptable to God, and a blessing to man.

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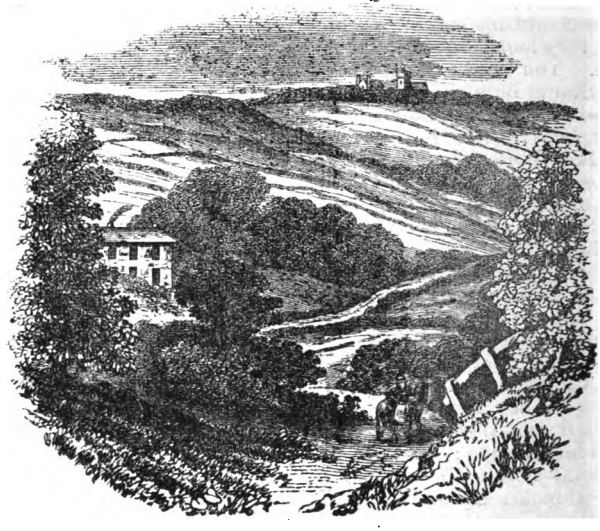
PEACE.

SAY, gentle peace, where art thou to be found?
Where shall I stray to bring thee to my side?
How shall I win and woo thee for mine own?
To love and cherish more than all beside.

Art thou e'er near the city's busy strife?
Or dost thou seek the realms of idle ease?
The placid running waters, shady bowers—
Art thou more lured by such delights as these.

Methinks I see a cot between the hills,
Which gently slope away on either side,
Where humble swains live uneventful days,
And rest without a care at even-tide.



"A COT BETWEEN THE HILLS.

Say, is it here where I thy balm shall find,
Far from the strife of cities and of towns,
In grass-grown valleys, where the sheep-dogs bark,
And rural sounds are heard from o'er the downs?

Nay, now I know how I thy joys may feel.
It is in holy life of calm content,
In days of worthy toil, and evenings sweet
In holy thought and meditation spent.

This then, my care—to seek thee through my God—
To cast all thoughts of worldly care behind,
To look above for guidance in my walk,
And thus thy joys, sweet peace, be sure to find.

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THE

MONTHLY WELCOME

AND

PARISH VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

WILLIAM POOLE,
3, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE, LONDON, E.C.

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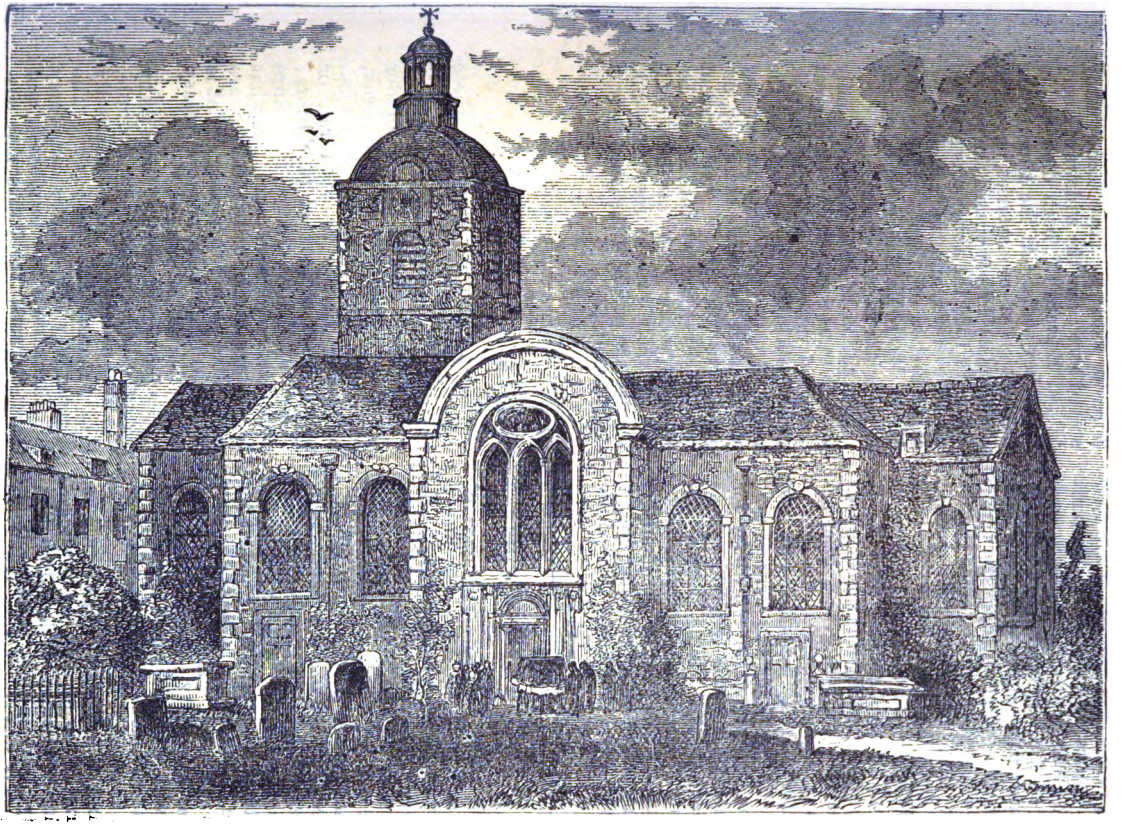

THE PRESENT CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, BERMONDSEY.

See p. 202.

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AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

WHEN some few years since the lovers of antique London were startled by the news that, owing to the requirements of the New Law Courts which were to be built where Fleet-street adjoins the Strand, some of the buildings on the south side were to be pulled down, considerable interest was excited in the ancient bank situated there, known as Child's Bank. But few, however, guessed that eight hundred years ago the Child family had been benefactors to religion in this county. Yet so it was; and as very little is known about the matter, we here give a brief account of what they did.

In 1082 one Aylwin Child obtained leave to found in the district now known as Bermondsey an abbey for an ancient religious order known as Cluniac monks. King Rufus, approving of the foundation, granted to the abbey the manor of Bermondsey, and in succeeding reigns other grants followed, till Bermondsey Abbey became one of the wealthiest and most powerful in England.

Amongst its royal visitors, King John is said to have occasionally stayed here; and the widows of Henry V. and Edward IV. both died within the abbey walls. At the time of the dessolution of monasteries, however, Bermondsey Priory shared the general fate. In 1539 the abbey was stripped of its revenues, and the last abbot became Bishop of Asaph. The church of St. Mary Magdalene was left entirely without endowment.

The action of this ancient family has left to us a parish church of great historical interest; and the church stands as a silent protest against the action of those men who in our day would, could they have their way, deprive our Church of her ancient endowments—endowments mostly bestowed upon her by private individuals out of their private resources—and deprive the people of the generosity of their ancestors.

CRISP SAYINGS.

THE crisp, pithy character of similes in common use is very noticeable. Homely Saxon words are well nigh invariably used to express the thought. The comparisons are as well defined as a quartz crystal. The nail is sure to be hit squarely on the head. What could be better than the terse vigour of the expressions, "as hot as toast," "as heavy as lead," "as thin as a spoke," "as fat as grease," "as quick as a wink," "as sharp as a briar," "as ugly as sin," "as neat as a pink"? Very rarely we meet with a simile which apparently smacks of books; for example, "as sweet as nectar."

"As green as grass," "as brown as a berry," "as straight as a stick," are fine specimens of the alliterative variety; sententious, neat, well-defined, as if just struck from the mint, pleasing the ear with their jingle, and sticking in the memory like burrs.

The felicity of many of these popular comparisons is worthy of notice. What is more sparkling than a dewdrop, or blacker than a thunder cloud, or softer than a baby's cheek, or thinner than vapour? What can be wetter than a drowned rat, or noisier than a flock of blackbirds? There are many things in nature which resemble each other, but what two things numerically different are more alike than two peas? What is older than the hills, or more uneasy than a fish out of water?

The humour of some of these pithy sayings calls for remark; for example, "as sure as taxes." How manifestly this exhausts the subject! The streams may dry up, the crops may fail, the markets may be glutted, and trade stagnate, the banks may suspend payment, creditors may abscond, but the coming of the tax-gatherer is surer than the snows of winter, and his bill must be promptly paid.

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Take another, "As plain as the nose on a man's face." The idea is that the nose is the most prominent feature, and everybody can see it but the man himself. And how neatly this aphoristic simile hints darkly to the hearer that the speaker can readily furnish a reason but not brains to understand it.

"As poor as Job's turkeys," sounds very orthodox, and would seem to be as prosaic and grave a statement as could possibly be made in a figure, and yet somehow it always provokes a smile as a joke of the first water. Who knows whether Job had any turkeys, and if he had, so long as he had them, what insuperable difficulty was there in the way of their keeping fat? But although the comparison seems so faulty when analysed, the humour of it is undeniable. One is ready to wonder if it were not the turkeys, instead of their master, that came to grief. How much sympathy has been innocently wasted on Job's turkeys, who have no greater claim to it than any other.

"AS AN EAGLE."

IN the book of Deuteronomy we have a very animated and beautiful allusion to the eagle, and her method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight, in that sublime and highly mystic composition called "Moses' song;" in which Jehovah's care of His people, and methods of instructing them how to aim at and attain high and heavenly objects, are compared to her proceeding upon that occasion. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so Jehovah alone did lead him" (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12). The Hebrew lawgiver is speaking of their leaving their eyry. Sir Humphrey Davy had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of an eagle after they had left it. He thus describes them: "I once saw a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun. It was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight." What an instructive lesson to Christian parents does this history read! How powerfully does it excite them to teach their children betimes to look toward heaven and the Sun of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither more and more on the wings of faith and love; themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example!

ALL that we possess of truth and wisdom is a borrowed good. . . . You will always be poor if you do not possess the only true riches.

A CONTEMPLATIVE life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

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THE MYSTERY OF HUMAN SUFFERING.

By the Very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough.

Job i. 8, 9.—And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered My servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?

ABOUT the mysteries of God's providence there is, perhaps, no mystery greater than the law by which suffering is meted out into the world. It is not a mystery that sin should bring evil and sorrow upon man. It is not a mystery that pain, disease, and death, should be the fruit of man's fall. It is not wonderful that sin should bring its own reward. Conscience in all ages—the heathen conscience, as well as the Jewish and the Christian conscience—has recognized the justice of that great moral constitution of things, by which sin becomes its own chastisement. The avenging terrors haunt the path of the evil doer, and suffering is the expiation of guilt.

But the really difficult problem is not the question of suffering in the abstract—it is the question of meting out suffering on any theory of desert. It is the problem of why the innocent should be called upon to suffer, whilst the guilty too often escape. It is the problem of why the innocent should drink the dregs of a bitter cup, whilst the ungodly have neither afflictions in life nor bands in death. This is the problem which comes before us in that grandest of all poems which ever sounded the depths of the human heart, the poem of the Book of Job—"a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil." A wealthy man, but he has not spent his wealth in selfish gratification, but was charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, and bountiful to all. He is not only the greatest of the men of the East, but he was, it would seem, the best. He evidently sat as a king among the tribes of the Koran; and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him. In a moment the sky of his prosperity is overcast, lightnings dart out upon him, and dark thunder-clouds envelop him, blow follows blow; the Arabs sweep down and carry away his cattle, and plunder his homestead and kill his servants, and the hurricanes bring down the house in their squall. And as if all this were not enough, he is himself smitten with leprosy; and further still, his wife, breaking down in her load of misery, pours venom into his full cup of sorrow, and bids him deny and curse God, and die with blasphemy on his lips!

On what principle of justice is such a man made to suffer thus? Here is a man, upright in his life, and sincere in his faith in God. Why does he suffer thus? This is the problem we have in the wonderful drama before us. In the drama of "Prometheus Bound," Prometheus has been a benefactor to mankind. The conception, no doubt, is grand. But the chief element of grandeur lies in the fact that it is *power*, and not *Righteousness*, that sits on the throne, And a revolution against supreme power which is not supreme right must always be grand. But the struggle in the history of Job is far grander. The power he worships is not supreme *power* only, but supreme *Righteousness* also. On the throne of his heart sits One who is absolutely righteous; on the throne of the universe sits one who, judging by the facts of his life, is not absolutely righteous, and the end of the struggle in the drama of Job is infinitely more instructing and consolatory than the case of Prometheus. It is not an arrogant assertion of self-righteousness; it is the confession of ignorance of self and ignorance of God. It is the submission of the sorely-tried man to that God for whose revelation he has longed—"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

The problem of the book is the problem of innocent suffering. What is

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'the solution of it? You have in this book the problem worked out, and three answers given. The first answer is that of the three friends who came to console with Job in his position. They are evidently men of intelligence, education, and religious knowledge, as compared with other men of their age. They may be said to represent the *elite* of their country. First there was Eliphaz, then Bildad, the Shuhite, a man who was familiar with the ancient law and well versed in the traditions of the fathers, so far as the average religious man of his day was; but withal bigoted, fanatical, and uncharitable; a man who expects every one not only to believe with him, but to express his belief in the same rigid formula. And the three friends represented three different types of character, but they all concur in one thing, they all hold the same theory of the Divine government, and on the strength of that theory they all condemn Job. One after another, these friends take up their parable against Job—"God is just, therefore God rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked. If a man suffers, he suffers because he deserves it. If you did not perceive this you are afraid of the justice of God. Job must have cherished some secret sin, and this is what has called upon him the vengeance of the Most High." This is their compendious system of theology. This was the system with which they were content, because their own experience had probably furnished them with no glaring violation of it, or because, like very good men in all ages, they shut their eyes to inconvenient facts which clashed with their system. But like all *compendious* systems it breaks down. They cannot sum up in little the mysteries of the universe. You cannot still the anguish of broken hearts, crying out to God in their misery, by giving them the dry sand of some formula which you presumptuously label with truth. The facts of God's world are too broad for you.

"Who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Neither did this man sin nor his parents, but that the word of God might be made manifest in him." Centuries of teaching could not put out of men's minds that their suffering was the measure of their sin. Job is stung to the quick, but his spirit is roused at these insinuations; but the principle does not touch his own case. God has not smitten him for sin; he can look into his heart; he can review his life, and he is sure that neither in word nor in deed has he departed from God. This it is, indeed, which makes his anguish so keen. The righteousness of God is a fundamental part of his creed, which nothing could induce him to forego. The book is moistened, it has been well said, with the bitterest tears which any human creature can shed—the tears of a wounded conscience. Job will not admit the explanation of his friends; he will be true to God, and to the letter of His justice, so far as he knows it—he will not say he is guilty when he knows he is innocent. Who does not feel the pathos of the cry; "Thou knowest that I am not wicked? And yet," he adds, tremblingly, as one in the hands of One from whom there is no escape, "there is none to deliver out of Thine hand." "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." "Behold I go forward, but He is not there; and I go backward, but cannot see Him. On the left hand I cannot behold him; He hideth Himself on the right hand, and I cannot see Him—He knoweth the way that I am taking!" And we know that Job was right in holding fast to his integrity, needing, no doubt, a deeper knowledge of God *Himself* than he yet possessed. He was right in trusting God through all; right in appealing to Him to declare His righteousness when He seems to be hidden with clouds. And God declares Himself, and condemns the specious and hollow theology of His friends. Job was not learning his theology from the bookshelf, but from the midst of God's furnace.

But there is another theory of suffering which approached more nearly to the truth, which is also given us in the book of Job. When Job's three friends ceased to answer,

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a fourth, Elihu, appears, who is indignant with Job for his obstinacy, and with them also. He has seen reason to question received opinions; and with many apologies for his want of experience and knowledge, he boldly assails them.

It has been said that this interposition of Elihu adds nothing to the scene. But this is hardly so. He insists, more than the three friends have done, on the *purpose* of affliction. He holds to some extent their theology, but he goes further, and insists that there is a discipline and a teaching in affliction. God designs the purification of His servants. If He puts those whom He loves in His crucible, it is to purge away their earthly dross. Here, surely, we feel we stand on a loftier platform? To see a purpose of love in affliction is to turn it into a blessing, even if the conscience does not admit the merited punishment; and is even led to say, "The Father is wiser than I." Job accepts in silence *this* interpretation of his suffering; evidently it has wrought in him that change which prepares him for the words of Jehovah, to which he answered: "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth."

My brethren, have we not in our own experience learned this lesson from suffering? We may have thought sometimes, "Why has sorrow visited me? All God's waves and billows are gone over me. All that I loved most has been taken from me. I have ashes for bread, and mingle my drink with weeping. I have not sinned; I have been obedient to God's will." But may we not ask, was He *supreme* in your heart? Was there no idol usurping His place? Had you made no visible divinities to divide your heart?—no wife or child whom you loved with a passionate love; for whose steps you listened, whose voice made you gladder than all the music of earth and sky, *with* whom earth was heaven, *without* whom there was no heaven for you, and God took away your idol, and left you in your loneliness. Why? Not surely that He might wound you and break your heart, but that He might win you to Himself, did He put His hand on your heart. He offered you divine consolation, and then you said, like Job, "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Then He wrought His great work in you, then you knew in the hour of affliction what God was, and what you were yourselves. In the presence of that great sorrow you quivered with agony, you were grappling with the terrible problem of a contradiction, you doubted God's love. Then, if you were taught to say, "Thy will be done," you have gained the noblest victory of which any man on earth is capable. It was a day of infinite grandeur and beauty when the day of that sorrow came. You were raised to some summit, like some Alpine peak, by which you were raised to the light and sunshine of God. When you were one with Christ, sharers in His Gethsemane, nailed to His cross, you became partakers of His holiness, and you confessed that though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, yet it afterwards yielded peaceable fruits to them that are exercised thereby.

But, lastly, the mystery of suffering is not explained even when this purifying power is assigned. No doubt there is a connection between sin and suffering. There is a suffering beyond this which is not for the salvation or the purification of the individual soul, but for the glory of God. If our attention had been fastened on the earthly, outward aspect of the problem, we should have missed this lesson. Look at the prologue, and you learn a far grander lesson than merely tha virtue has its reward here. A door is open in heaven, and our great adversary presents himself before God in the midst of the heavenly hierarchy, and he insinuates that the piety of Job is a selfish piety. It is a mere bargain. "Honesty is the best policy." Religion brings with it honour, position, length of days; therefore it is worth while to be religious. Satan tells God to His face that His servants serve Him in the spirit of hiring. "Doth Job fear

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God for nought? Hast not Thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." What does all this mean? It means that God is incapable of inspiring disinterested affection. It means that His servants who serve Him do it from mercenary motives. So God said, make his life bitter with sickness and sorrow, and let it be seen if he loves Me for nought or for any selfish ends? And Satan smote Job with leprosy.

This, brethren, is the key to the book. Job did not understand the mystery of God's love in thus allowing him to be tried, or his trial would have been at an end. But for us, the veil is lifted. We are ushered into the inner sanctuary. God bids us see that He must inflict sufferings, not because a weak faith has to be strengthened, or decaying grace renewed, or the whole man fashioned into a pillar of holiness in the eternal temple, but because God has honoured Himself in the trial. Surely no more noble part could be assigned to man than to be the champion of God to avenge the insulted majesty of his Creator. Cannot you understand that? Some of God's best saints have had the largest share of suffering. You look at that pale face, and wonder that it should please the Lord to make that a centre of triumph of divine love in man; and by the light of the divine life that follows from the Cross you see more—you see One who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, crushed beneath His sufferings! You see Him made perfect in suffering. His trial, you know, was not the trial of punishment or purification from earthly dross, but it was for the glory of God, as it was for the redemption of man. And if the great enemy doth still say, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" will you not answer the question by taking up *your* cross, with all that it has of mystery, and cast yourself with that precious burden into the arms of God, confessing that He has appointed it to you in love; and showing men who charge the followers of the Crucified with mercenary motives and selfish ends that such love is given as unwearied self-sacrifice, is love which takes upon it the burden of the world, and which shall compel the world to confess, for the glory of God, that God is love, and that man loves Him for Himself.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"I DON'T know," said Margaret, "how we shall make out, but we can't let the child starve." Margaret was the housemother in a German home, where money was scarce, and plain food not plentiful.

A stranger had come along the street, stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. He was watching the yellow haired little girl who followed Margaret around, and it was in reply to a question of his that she had spoken the sentence with which our story begins.

"Then she isn't your child?" asked the stranger.

"No!" Margaret explained that she was the child of a poor neighbour who had died a few weeks before, leaving nothing for the little girl, and no friends for her to go to. So they had taken her in.

"And can't you manage to keep her?" the stranger asked. "You have none of your own, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" and she laughed over his queer mistake. None of their own!—"Why, there are ten in all!"

When supper was ready they all trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their faces were! their hair neatly combed, and

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their patched and worn clothes looking as though each of them had been as careful of them as possible. At the supper table, each of them looked out for Gretchen; she had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name child; and Melchior, the father's namesake, put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own. The stranger saw all this and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother.

The next day a soldier in military dress rode up to the house and asked for the housemother, and gave her a great, solemn-looking letter, which made her tremble as she broke the seal. Oh, what do you think the letter said? Why, that the man who had taken supper with them the night before was so pleased with all the ten children, and with Gretchen besides, that he had decided to make them each a present of £10, which would be paid to them each year while they lived! £10 a year because a strange man, who took supper with them, was pleased with their kindness to him, and their unselfish care for the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "made up" story, doesn't it? And yet it is true. The letter was signed, "Joseph, Emperor of Austria." And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

Ah! I wonder if you know what this makes me think of. Do you remember who laid aside His crown and royal dress, and left His throne and came to us—not simply to amuse Himself and give us pleasure, but to save us from eternal death?

Some day we shall see Him with royal dress blazing with jewels, the crown of gold on His head. Will He remember us then as those who received Him here? He is watching our actions, whether they are unselfish and loving, or hard and hateful. Is He getting a reward ready for us! The reward is not £10 a year; it is a home in the palace, a seat on the throne. It is to be introduced to His Father as brothers and sisters; it is to reign with Him for ever and ever.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A MAN, by indulging in the habit of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises; so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence imparts to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.

SOME persons, like some reptiles, have the faculty of extracting the poison from everything that is beautiful and sweet; others, like the bee, will gather honey from sources in which we should think no sweet could be found.

GOD can make the grief a grace, the a burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.

GOD never promised us happiness here in any perfect form; and they who complain most of its absence are commonly those who have least deserved it, and have done least to secure it for themselves and to provide it for others.

JUSTIFICATION is the act of God as a Judge; adoption, His act as a Father. By the former we are discharged from condemnation, and accepted as righteous; by the latter we are made the children and heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ for ever.

THE blood has two cries; it cries either for my condemnation or for my salvation. If I reject the blood, it cries out for my condemnation; if I accept it, it cries out for my pardon and peace.

GOD made the soul to correspond with truth. Truth is its own evidence, as the lightning flash is, as the blessed sunshine is.

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LITTLE ELSIE.

LITTLE ELSIE was a Scotch lassie. She lived on the edge of the moor, which stretched away in the distance like an unbroken sea of tall grass and purple heather. A splendid play-ground it was for the little girl, although a lonely one. She had no brothers and sisters, no neighbours lived very near, so she had no companions in her sports; but she had one pet and playfellow who almost made up to her for the want of others—a shepherd dog, Rob, who loved her with all the strength of his doggish heart. Many a good romp they had together; and even when Elsie was a very little girl, just able to walk, her mother never felt uneasy about her if she strayed out of sight, so long as Rob was with her, for she knew that the faithful fellow would protect her from all danger.

The two friends were inseparable. If you caught a glimpse of Elsie's bright plaid, you might be sure that Rob was close beside her; and if you heard Rob's short, quick bark, you might be equally sure that Elsie was near.

Elsie's grandmother lived about three miles from them, out on the moor; and one of the little girl's greatest treats was to go with her father and mother to spend a day or two with grannie.

"Elsie!" called her mother, one afternoon, coming to the door, and shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, that she might look out across the moor, "Elsie, do you see anything of your father yet?"

"Not yet, mother," answered Elsie, pausing in her efforts to teach Rob to sit upright, with one of her father's old hats on.

"I wish he would come soon," said her mother, with a look of anxiety resting on her face. "I am so anxious to know whether grannie is any better to-day; and if he doesn't come home soon it will be too late for him to go and come back again before night."

Elsie jumped up so suddenly that she upset poor Rob, who was unprepared for her quick movement.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "couldn't I go to grannie's? There's plenty of time, if I start now, and I want to so much. Couldn't I go?"

Her mother shook her head.

"No, indeed, Elsie! I could not think of letting you go. It's too far for you to walk; and, besides, I am afraid you would get lost on the way."

"But Rob would go with me, and I couldn't get lost with him," pleaded Elsie. "Do let me go, dear mother. It isn't too far for me to walk. I've often walked that far with father, and not been too tired. Besides, I could stay all night at grannie's, and come home early in the morning, if I was too tired to come back to-night. Do say I may go!"

Her mother still hesitated. It was a long walk, but Elsie was a sturdy little maiden for her twelve years, and was accustomed to taking long walks with her father.

"I am almost afraid to let you go, Elsie," she answered, "but still I don't know what could happen to you. You know the way well enough if Rob goes with you, and you could, as you say, stay with grannie overnight, and start off early in the morning."

"Then I may go!" exclaimed the delighted child, and she rushed in the house to get her bonnet.

In a few minutes she was on her way, faithful Rob at her side, turning round once in a while to throw kisses to her mother, who was watching her from the doorway.

It was a long walk, but Elsie trudged along bravely, and did not stop to think about being tired. She was very proud of being allowed to start off by herself, and when she reached her journey's end she enjoyed grannie's surprise at hearing that she had come alone very much.

Her grandmother had been quite sick for two or three weeks, and was not yet any better. Elsie's visit seemed to do her good at first. The little girl ate her dinner by the side of grannie's bed, chattering to her all the time about Rob's doings, and

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telling her how her own little hen had hidden its nest, and one day came walking proudly up to the house followed by a brood of yellow, downy chickens.

As the afternoon wore away grannie grew worse, and Elsie was frightened when she felt how hot her face and hands were.

"Grannie, can't I do anything for you?" she inquired, anxiously, putting grannie's burning hand against her cool cheek.

"No, dear," answered her grandmother. "I wish your father could have come with you. I would like to send for the doctor. Old Martha could not walk so far even if she knew the way."

Elsie stroked her grandmother's forehead in silence, revolving a plan in her own mind.

"I think I could find the way to the doctor," she thought to herself. "When grannie goes to sleep I will slip away and go and get him. I am sure she is very sick."

But grannie did not go to sleep. She tossed restlessly about, and her fever seemed to increase all the time. At last old Martha came up to take care of her, and kissing her grandmother good-bye, Elsie resolved to set out for the doctor at once.

She did not know just how far away he lived, but she knew it was a long walk.

"The doctor will bring me back with him, perhaps," she thought to herself, "and even if I do get very tired I won't mind, for poor grannie is so sick."

She called Rob, and started off, walking as fast as she could, so that she would get there before dark.

It had been quite late when she started, and it was almost dusk when at last she entered the little town where the doctor lived.

She was very tired. The last half mile had seemed longer than all the rest of the journey; but she was so happy at the thought of taking back the doctor to grannie that she did not mind her weariness.

She walked along until she came to the doctor's office. She knew she was not mistaken about it, for his name was painted in large letters on a tin sign that hung in his window.

She had to stand on tiptoe to reach the knocker, and even then she could scarcely make it sound, it was so heavy for her little hands to lift.

Twice she knocked, but no one came to the door. Either she had not knocked loudly enough, or else no one was in the house.

"I'll knock for you so that they will hear it in there," exclaimed a boy who had been watching Elsie's ineffectual attempts from the other side of the street, and he took hold of the great brass lion's head and rattled it so vigorously that no one could fail to hear its summons.

Presently a woman came to the door, and Elsie timidly asked to see the doctor. It had never entered her head that perhaps the doctor might not be at home, and she was so disappointed that tears came into her eyes when the woman answered that the doctor had gone several miles away to visit a sick patient, and might not return that night.

Her heart sank as she realized that she had come all that long, weary way for nothing, and she turned away without a word.

How should she ever get home again? She was so tired that it did not seem as if she could walk another step, and yet she must go, and without stopping for rest; for it was already growing dark, and grannie would be frightened and worried about her.

Rob saw that his little mistress was in trouble, and he wagged his tail and thrust his cold nose lovingly into her hand, with a short, quick bark, which, no doubt, he intended should express his sympathy.

"Oh, Rob!" said Elsie, sadly, two great tears slowly rolling over her rosy cheeks, "how ever shall we get home again? I can't ever walk there."

If Rob had any plan in his wise old head he was unable to suggest it to his little friend; so they walked slowly along together towards home.

The twilight rapidly grew deeper,

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and although Elsie was not a timid child, she dreaded the lonely walk over the moor in the darkness.

If she should lose her way, and have to spend the night in wandering around, how dreadful that would be.

An older person might well have dreaded the journey that lay before her.

She dragged herself wearily along for about a mile; then her strength and courage failed her, and she sat down, completely tired out.

Rob nestled close beside her, caressing her in dog-fashion. She threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, Rob, I am so tired, and we didn't get the doctor after all."

That was the hardest part of it to poor little Elsie—to think that her long walk had been all in vain. She was worried about grannie, too; perhaps she was worse.

After a little while, she started on her way again, stumbling along in the darkness, fearful of losing her way if she was not very careful. A distant peal of thunder startled her. What if a storm should come while she was out here in the moor without any shelter from it.

Before many minutes she heard another peal, and she knew from its sound that a storm was, indeed, rapidly approaching. What should she do?

A flash of lightning showed her some hay stacks at a little distance, and towards these she ran as fast as she could in the darkness, guided now and then by the lightning, which was becoming more frequent all the time. Before the storm broke she had reached them, and crouched at the foot of one which was loose enough to let her nestle into it.

The rain came down in a moment, but Elsie was pretty well sheltered from it by the friendly haystack.

Rob was in her arms, whining now and then when he heard an unusually loud peal of thunder.

Elsie was very much frightened; not only being out in the storm alone on the moor troubled her, but she thought how her grandmother would worry about her safety.

Her father and mother would think she was safe with her grandmother, and as Elsie thought of them, how she wished she was in her own little white bed at home, safe and asleep, instead of here alone.

Suddenly she remembered that she was not alone; that though all other friends were far away, there was one Friend to whom she could go for help, Who would take care of her in her loneliness and danger.

Clasping her hands together, she prayed with all the trusting faith of childhood that God would take care of her.

"Our Father who art in heaven, please take care of Rob and me, and please send some one very soon to take us home. Amen."

After this she did not feel quite so desolate. The storm had lost its terrors for her when she realized that it was sent by the same heavenly Father Who was taking care of her.

She did not doubt for an instant that her prayer was heard and would be answered; and if her father had come up just then and taken her in his arms she would hardly have been surprised, so surely did she expect God to send some one to take care of her.

For a long time she waited very patiently, but she heard no sound except the patter of the rain and the thunder which was dying away in the distance.

"I am afraid God has forgotten us," she said, sadly, to Rob, at last. "I will ask Him to send some one very soon."

And again she breathed her earnest, childish petition.

Rob moved restlessly about in her arms. His quick ears had heard a sound that Elsie's had not. He gave a low growl, and darted away from her into the darkness.

"Rob! Rob! come back!" called Elsie, in despair; but for once the dog did not heed her call.

She heard him barking, and then—could it be that she was mistaken?—she heard a voice speaking to him.

Her ears had not deceived her. She heard footsteps drawing nearer, and

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presently the light from a lantern flashed upon her, and the kind face of the old doctor looked down at her, full of astonishment at finding a child alone on the moor in such a storm.

"So this is what you were trying to tell me about, is it, old fellow?" he said, patting Rob's head. "How did you come here, little girl?"

Then Elsie told him all about it; how she had been overtaken by the storm on her way home from his office, and how she had prayed to God to send some one to take care of her.

"And He sent you, didn't He?" she concluded.

"Yes, dear child," answered the doctor, "He surely did. I intended to stay away all night, but I started off, after all, just before this storm came up. Now, my horse is standing out here in the road, and you and I will ride back and see your grannie. The rain has almost stopped now, and you will not get very wet."

In a little while they were all on their way towards grannie's, Elsie riding in front of the doctor, held on by his strong arm, while Rob ran behind them, wagging his tail, as if he knew that he had done something of which he might be proud.

"How did you find me?" asked Elsie.

"Your dog made me understand that someone was in trouble, and he wanted me to go and help them. He caught hold of my coat and pulled me along to where you were. These shepherd dogs are very wise animals, and I knew that something was wrong by the way he acted."

When they reached home they found that grannie was so sick that she had not noticed or wondered at her little grand-daughter's absence. Old Martha had wondered at it, but she supposed that Elsie had started for home, and knew that she would have had plenty of time to reach there safely before the storm arose.

The good doctor gave grannie some medicine that seemed to do her good immediately. When she seemed a little better Martha brought Elsie in, wrapped in a warm blanket, and let her sit on the bed by her grandmother and tell her story how she was lost, and how God answered her prayer and sent some one to take care of her.

THE SECULAR VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY.—III.

BY THE REV. T. HILL, M.A.

IN the March number of this magazine I tried to show the secular value of Christianity from general considerations—from conscience and reason; and in the May number from the Bible teaching about the "Gospel of the Kingdom." I shall now try to show it from the witness of the Church.

The very existence of the Church is to my point. As was shown in the last paper, she is intended to be, and is, though she has often forgotten and fallen below her purpose, the nucleus of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the centre of light and enthusiasm for the present improvement of men, and their lot. She is an—nay, *the* great—organized society and brotherhood for this purpose. For this purpose the Spirit of her Founder was bequeathed to her. Though, as I admit, she has often forgotten and fallen below her purpose, the present is obviously an age in which she is more and more remembering it. I do not mean merely that she begs much money for hospitals, and relieves much distress through her system of visiting. I mean also that she is studying and working to *prevent* misery, as well as to cure it, by individual effort and personal influence, by voluntary societies and other organizations, and by improving the law and invoking the strong arm of the State. She is more and more remembering that justice, as well as charity, is due from

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the rich to the poor. If we notice a few of the recent subjects of discussion at Church Congresses or Diocesan Conferences we shall see proof of this increased attention—*e.g.*, "Education," "The Dwellings of the Poor," "Social Purity," "Intemperance," "Capital and Labour," "Popular Literature," "Art and Music," "National Politics." The opinion that is rapidly spreading in the Church is that expressed by the Bishop of Bedford at the last Church Congress. "These are not days when one need stop to argue that such a subject as that of the dwellings of the poor is a fitting one either for the grave deliberation of the Church's representative assemblies, or for the active personal interest of her ministers. Were it only for the intimate connection between the home life of the people and their moral and spiritual well-being, the subject is one the Church cannot afford to neglect. But, however much her first thought and interest must centre round the higher life, it is becoming daily more and more certain that she cannot neglect the wider and more varied phases of national life, without cramping her usefulness, and alienating the sympathy of the people. A Church which teaches about another world, but does not seem to take much interest in this, is one which will embrace within its fold a limited number of the working classes. The mistake has been made in times past, and we are reaping the fruit of it now. Working men will smile incredulously if told that Christianity or the Church aims at helping them to live better, truer, happier, lives here. They have never heard of a *present* Kingdom of Heaven."

Again, the appointed Forms of Worship of the Church fully testify to the bearing of religion on earthly life. There occur again and again prayers for wisdom and goodness for the heads of political and social life, the Queen and Royal Family, her Ministers, the Parliament, the Nobility, the Judges and other magistrates; and also for all sorts and conditions of men, with regard to all their affairs, in "mind, body, or estate." Such prayers occur prominently twice over in the Office for the Holy Communion, the chief and most sacred service of all, and the one that we have sometimes been weakly inclined to think so purely spiritual that all thoughts about secular things were out of place in it. Prayers and thanksgivings occur also in our services for such things as rain and fine weather for our crops, freedom from war and tumult, lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine, battle and murder, sedition and rebellion, escape from danger in travelling, and from danger in child birth, for help in slavery and captivity, in poverty and distress.

Again, the appointed Scripture Lessons are often full of instruction in practical conduct, and even of social and political teaching. Most of the utterances of the prophets were directly so, and not a little of the New Testament too.

Again, the Marriage Service deliberately recognizes and blesses the earthly relation between the sexes.

Again, at each Communion Service the Ten Commandments are repeated, with their intensely practical morality. And whenever the Church's summary of doctrine called the Catechism is learnt, there we again have them, and also most useful summaries and adaptations of them to modern life. The "Duty towards God" tells us that our intercourse with God ought to be the very breath of our *present* life. The 4th Commandment tells us to work on the six days, as well as rest on the seventh. The "Duty towards our neighbour" mentions all sorts of points of most valuable secular bearing, all of which I need not recapitulate. But it is often misunderstood, and even misquoted, being thought to be drawn up in the interest of the rich and powerful; and so I will refer to one or two. Every one should of course rejoice to do reverence to his "betters;" but deferring to those "better" than ourselves, whether in worth or official position, is not the same thing as bowing before the rich. There are many people of inherited income, who do no useful, and hardly any, work; how do *they* obey the precept "to learn and labour truly to get their own living?"—any

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more than that 4th Commandment to which I have already referred? The precept "to do our duty in that state of life unto which it *shall* please (not *has* pleased) God to call us" distinctly contemplates the possibility of our changing our lot in life, and certainly does not inculcate slavish contentment with present ills.

So that we are untrue to our Church's formularies if we are as anxious to disconnect our religion with secular life as both friends and foes of the Church sometimes are.

But, lastly, let us see what such prominent and distinguishing features of the Church's system as the Sacraments have to say to secular life.

Merely in being sacraments—in employing an outward and visible sign to seal and convey an inward and spiritual grace—they recognize the outward and visible, the bodily, the secular. They take it and sanctify it to spiritual uses, as God originally did in giving to us spiritual beings material bodies.

But besides this, they are loud witnesses for that famous triplet of all secular reformers: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Holy Baptism sets seal to the fact that the man is "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." Can we deny liberty to a being whom God has declared his child—not his servant, but his son? Shall fellow-man treat as a slave him whom even God does not? Shall man deny freedom and responsibility, or fitness for them, to him whom God has made in his own image, and so endowed with his own attributes of free-will and responsibility? In the Baptismal teaching, then, of the Church is the basis of all civil and religious liberty.

Again, Holy Baptism seals to a man the fact that he is a member of Christ. But if we are members of a body of which Christ is the head, we must be brothers of each other. Indeed, our common sonship to God, and joint heirship with Christ as inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, also involves this brotherhood. Here then is the true basis of equality and fraternity. And the other great Sacrament emphasizes repeatedly what the first did once. In the Holy Communion we kneel together as a family or household, and eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup. "We, who are many, are one bread, one body; for we all partake of the one Bread." It is essential Christian doctrine that "God is no respecter of persons;" that "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren;" and, again, that "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, no male and female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus."

We may, however, slightly prefer the word Justice to Equality in the above triplet, as signifying not what is not true, viz., that all men are equal in desert, in power, or goodness—they obviously are not—but that all are equally men and sons of God, have the right to equal opportunities at our hands, and should be treated fairly by our laws, without any favour to class.

Such, then, is the teaching of the Church's Sacraments. If we Christians were all saturated with their influence, and so full of zeal for freedom, brotherhood, and justice, what a marvellous effect it would have on daily life, on our dealings with each other in home and society, in trade and in politics. What changes it would work in our legislation and our public opinion.

What a power, then, for secular reform the Church would be, if we were more true to her spirit.

TEACH self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you may create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

CHRIST comes with a blessing in each hand—forgiveness in one and holiness in the other—and never gives either to any who will not take both.

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PERRANZABULOE: THE LOST CHURCH FOUND.

(Concluded.)

THE masonry of the walls is remarkably rude, but as remarkably solid and compact; and, without doubt, is one of the earliest specimens of stone building that superseded the mudwattled walls of the first British churches. It appears never to have contained more than one small window, and probably never possessed a roof, or otherwise the service at that early time might have been performed by the light of tapers; for we learn, from an early historian, that in Achaia, in Thessaly, and Jerusalem, it was the custom to go to prayers when the candles were lighted; and likewise that in Cappadocia, Cyprus, and Cæsarea, the bishops and presbyters did not expound the Scriptures till after the candles were lighted. The doorway is in a high state of preservation, neatly ornamented with the Egyptian zig-zag, or arrow, having on the key stone of its round-headed arch a tiger's head sculptured, and two human heads on the corbels of the arch. On entering the interior it was found to contain none of the modern accompaniments of a Roman Catholic place of worship. Those who were engaged in the work of exploring the church which had thus been hidden for 700 years, were diligent in examining it, and endeavoured to find ancient relics, but no beads or rosaries, no censers or even crucifixes, could be discovered. "At the eastern end, in a plain unornamented chancel, stands a very neat, but simple, stone altar; and in the nave of the church are stone seats, of the like simple construction, attached to the western, northern, and southern walls. The church, originally, contained also a very curious stone font, which fortunately has been preserved; having been removed before the building was irretrievably buried in the sand. This font was transferred to the second church, mentioned by Carew and Norden, and now stands in the third or present parish church of Lambourne. On removing the altar, three skeletons were discovered; one of gigantic dimensions, the second of moderate size, and the third apparently of a female. No doubt the former is that of the old saint Piranus himself, and the latter his aged mother Wingela. They were carefully replaced in their narrow cell, there, let us hope, to remain undisturbed till that day when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible!"

Within a few yards of the church itself a small building was discovered, which was probably the cell where the saint himself resided. The walls resembled those of the church, and appeared to be of the same antiquity. There was but one apartment, with neither window nor chimney, and but one doorway. It may have been the humble dwelling of the presbyter who attended to the daily worship at the church. The ground near the church is covered with human bones, showing that there was formerly either a large population near, or that persons were brought from a distance to be buried. The form of sepulture was one of great antiquity amongst the Britons, for the bones were placed with much care in a kist-vaen, which is the Cornish for a chest of stone. It may therefore have been that this spot was consecrated to the burial of the dead before St. Piran came there. The sand having covered over these kist-vaens so completely, the bones had been preserved remarkably entire.

Near the second church stands a venerable cross, of a rude character, which was probably removed from the site of the more ancient church when the second one was built, about the year 1,100.

The most interesting feature of the church, from an architectural point of view, is the porch, which has been already mentioned, and which is unlike any Roman, Saxon, or Norman work. Early churches in this country are often found with a round-arched doorway, but this has more of a foreign origin than any of those known. Although it was perfect when found, yet

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soon the hand of man, as well as the exposure to the elements, has ruined the archway. The Rev. W. H. Parkhouse, Vicar of Perranzabuloe, has kindly sent us a sketch of the ruin as it now exists. By the shifting of the sands it is still exposed. "The side with the doorway and window," the vicar writes, "has nearly disappeared. The rest of the building must be pretty much as when first reopened." More than half of the doorway and the window is destroyed, and we may be thankful that we have so good a representation of the old church, which was taken when first brought to the light of day.

The present or third church is about two miles distant from the second, and rather less from the ancient ruin. As far as possible, the church was removed bodily, including the granite of the tower, the pillars, most of the windows, the carved oak, the porch, arches, and the ancient font.

And now a restoration of this third church has just been completed, and a re-opening has taken place under the first bishop of the revived Church in Cornwall. Long may it now continue to be the centre of Christian life to the people of this interesting district. In his address the Bishop said, "There was scarcely a more sacred spot of land to Christian hearts in all England than in that parish. The little stone tabernacle, of which the mouldering walls still remained, and which was the first progenitor of that church, was a sacred spot indeed; there was no older sanctuary in the land, except perhaps St. Martin's church in Canterbury; but if St. Augustine had come to Cornwall he would not have had to make his way among crowds of heathen people who wondered what he had come for, but there he would have found people to meet him with the full knowledge of the Gospel, worshipping there day after day, as well as from Sunday to Sunday, in that little church. St. Augustine would have found himself among people who knew and loved the Gospel which he taught. . . . He could not come to an old place like that, that day, without using the prayer (before the sermon), and reading the gospel (the text), which for ages and ages before had been read at that church. . . . St. Peter could not forbear calling the place where he saw Christ transfigured, "the holy mount." Yes, it had become holy unto him for ever. . . . There was a simple, practical lesson for their own lives in all this, and it was nothing less than one of gentle wisdom, leading up to a holier, kinder, sweeter life."

In consequence of the worked-out condition of the mines of Cornwall, many of the inhabitants have gone to the mining districts of Spain. Though their character is to a great extent moulded by the surroundings of nature, and the narrowness of their religious views, yet a change comes over them when they leave their native county. In a work on "Untrodden Spain, and her Black Country," the Rev. H. J. Rose, M.A., who lived amongst the Cornish miners, says, "Surely as the blazing sun of Spain bronzes their face, there arises a certain quaint, Spanish humour and drollery, a certain liberality of thought and opinion, which go far to fill up the blanks of the Cornishman's always fine and manly, but somewhat unattractive, character. Taking, in his own land, his character very much from the surrounding scenery of rugged rock, and gnarled trunk, and barren grey moorland, and drifting mist, and breaking sea, the Cornishman here looses much of his inherent ruggedness of character. Perhaps the bright sun melts off some of the angles; certainly the novelty of the surroundings, and the magnitude of the scale of scenery, and the intercourse with foreigners, broadens his mind, and he learns at last to believe that Cornwall is (possibly) in England, and not 'England in Cornwall.' 'I never thought a Catholic could be a good man,' said a stalwart pitman to the writer the other day, 'until I came to Spain.'"

Now that the old bishopric has been restored under the good Bishop Benson, let us look forward to seeing a broader and more vigorous religious spirit prevail, and the "lost church found" will be an emblem of the restoration of the primitive Christianity of this county.

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The Village Blacksmith.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE."

CHAPTER XII.—BACK IN LONDON.

(Continued.)

"WELL, perhaps no one will be any the wiser," answered Tom, "but I shall be much the worse for going. No, thank you; I decline to go away, and as your senior here, may be allowed to give you a little advice, and that is, stay here and do your work, and don't take advantage of the governor because his back's turned."

"If you won't go, I suppose I must stay," the other answered sullenly; "but I don't think much of you. What's your game here, that you don't want to enjoy yourself? Going to marry the governor's daughter and take over the business?"

The sneering tone in which the youth uttered the last remark stung Tom to the quick. He glanced up, the light of passion in his eyes. But in a moment he remembered another brawl and its consequences; so he turned away, and replied with a smile—

"You're pretty impudent, young man, especially for a new comer; but youthful impudence is always a mistake, and I can afford to forget yours towards myself. And now, if you please, I'll get on with my work without further parley. You asked me what was my game. I'll tell you. It is to learn all I can about my business, so that in the future I can work for myself instead of for a master. While I serve one, I will serve him faithfully; but I see no harm in having an ambition to be no man's hired servant."

"Talks like a book," replied Tom's companion, seemingly to himself, but really in such a way that Tom might hear him. "There's not much to be got out of him. Don't seem my sort at all."

"And doesn't intend to be your sort, my boy," thought Tom.

So our young hero, in his first conflict with one who would, had he been able, have exercised an evil influence over him, had come off victorious; and his path was left clear for the future. Dick Horton (such was the new apprentice's name), finding out in a very short time that Tom was determined not to give way to any follies, soon grew tired of trying to draw him into his freaks.

For some months Tom pursued his way quietly and without interruption, applying himself with all his power to his business, and making friends with all with whom he came into contact. Every now and then he had, in addition to his regular letters from his parents, a combined one from Ralph and Rose, over which he always lingered; for did not these, of all others, remind him of his happy boyhood and village life.

But they did more. They seemed to strengthen Tom in the good resolutions he had formed when he left home; and amid all the temptations cast in his way in London, he kept firmly to the path of rectitude he had now finally chosen, and was not to be diverted from it either by conscienceless apprentices, or the gay and frivolous young fellows with whom he was occasionally unavoidably thrown in contact.

His life, though he felt it to be a lonely one, away from all those to whom he had given his early confidences, was a happy if uneventful one; and just as it seemed as if he had settled down for some years of steady work in London, a letter arrived from Slowberry which upset for ever his prospect of a metropolitan life.

CHAPTER XIII.—BAD NEWS.

THE letter was indeed a very serious one, and as Tom read and re-read it he could hardly realize what it might mean in the near future. It was from his mother, and ran as follows:—

MY DARLING BOY,

Your father and myself send you our warmest love, and rejoice to

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hear you are getting along so well in London. We pray for you, Tom, and ask daily that you may be preserved from harm; and from bad companionship; and from bad habits of all kinds.

"But, my dear boy, I have some bad news for you. Your dear father has not been in good health for some time; but it has been his wish that I should not tell you, as he was afraid it might upset you in your work to know of it. He is very anxious, Tom, that nothing shall unsettle you; so mind and don't grieve him by any misconduct, even of the lightest kind.

"Latterly, however, his health has been growing much worse, and I told him a few days ago that I thought you ought to know of it. He asked me to wait another week; but now he finds himself to be so bad that he has asked, not only for you to come home to see him, but to leave London altogether for the present. This, of course, means that he wishes you to sever yourself from your present engagement in London at once. I have, for him, sent a letter to your master, who, being an old friend of your father's, will be sure to let you go at once, considering your parent's bad health. Come as soon as possible, my dear boy, for I am very sad at having to bear this trouble alone.

"Good bye, my dear Tom, for the present.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

This was an unexpected blow for Tom. What could it mean? Could it possibly be that his father might die? Oh, terrible thought. Such an idea had never entered his young head. He had only seen the blacksmith hearty and strong, and the possible loss of the father he loved so dearly had never occurred to him.

Sad at heart, he went to his room, and prayed that, if it might be, his father might be spared to them. He had been there some time, praying and giving way to his grief, when he heard a gentle tap at his door.

"Come in," he cried.

His master entered the room, a letter in his hand.

"My dear Tom," he said, "I see by your appearance that you have had news from your home, as I have had. Now, don't give way too soon. I know Mr. Forbes well, and know that he has a robust constitution that will probably survive even a very severe shock. Go home, my boy, and do what you can to cheer your parents, and do all you can for them. I am truly sorry to lose you, but part with you with sincere wishes for your welfare."

"Thank you, sir, for your kind words," answered Tom. "I should like to go at once, please, for I cannot rest till I have myself seen my father, and judged for myself how ill he is."

"I will place no obstacle whatever in your way, Tom. You are free to go at once."

In a few hours all Tom's preparations had been made, and he had taken an affectionate leave of his London friends, who parted with him with great regret; for he had really endeared himself, by his quiet demeanour and kind and obliging disposition, to them all; and before the day was half spent he had reached the station, and was hurrying back to Slowberry to his parents and home.

CHAPTER XIV.—TROUBLE.

PERHAPS Tom's heavy heart made him imagine a little, but it seemed to him that when he arrived at his destination, and as he walked homeward, those who knew him, in giving him a word of recognition, looked sympathisingly at him. This was fancy, he persuaded himself, and he would not believe things were very bad till he had seen for himself.

As he neared home, his heart began to throb painfully, and he longed to know certainly how bad things really were.

"I will not despond. I will take a smile home to them," he mused. "But what is that at the door?" he exclaimed, as he came within sight of his home. "I don't know that trap: and I don't know the gentleman who has just come out of the house. Who can he be?"

He hurried on, and in another minute stood at the door. With a

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trembling hand he knocked quietly. The door was opened by a stranger.

"Who do you want, sir?" she asked.

"Mrs. Forbes—my mother—is she in?" he answered, stepping in.

"Yes, sir—I will tell her you are here."

She ran upstairs, and in another moment he heard his mother descending.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! thank God you have come home, for I want you sadly," she cried. "My heart will break! My heart will break!"

(To be concluded.)

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

IN order to stimulate the study of the Bible, we shall, month by month, set a series of simple questions, for the best solution of which by our young friends two books per month will be offered as FIRST and SECOND Prizes.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. All Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.

2. Each paper must bear a certificate to the effect that the Competitor is a Sunday scholar, and that the answers are his or her own unaided composition. The real name and address must be given. The age of the Competitor must be stated.

3. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be returned to the Editor, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., by the sixteenth day of the month of publication. Names of Prize-winners will be announced in the second number after the one in which the questions appeared. For example, the November prize-winners will be announced in the January number.

4. Where two or more competitors give the same number of correct answers, the prizes will be awarded to those sending in the best-written papers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The Prizes for Answers to the September Questions have been awarded as follows:—

The first Prize has been awarded to M. A. BARNETT, 1, Henry Street, Deptford. Her paper is certified by Miss S. M. Rayson, of St. Paul's, Deptford.

The Second Prize is awarded to DEBORAH PATTERSON, 145, Long Lane, Bermondsey, whose paper is certified by Miss Fanny Offer.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Tell what you know, in a brief form, of the history of the Prophet Daniel.

2. On what occasion did St. Thomas, by his exhortation to his fellow-apostles, show the greatest devotion to Christ?

3. Two Old Testament writers, one a priest and the other a governor, engaged in work for God. The priest rebuilt God's house, and the governor the walls that defended it. Give the name of the writers, and the works referred to.

4. Which do you consider the greatest instance of ingratitude to Christ on the part of particular people for whom personally He had performed a miracle?

5. How is it that the Prayer Book version of the Psalms varies from that of the Bible?

PRAYER, to be prevailing, must be direct, intense, and personal. A general request, uttered in a half-hearted way, will avail nothing; a specific and intensely earnest request brings God to the rescue.

BLESSINGS that are won by prayers should ever be worn with thankfulness. Prayer and thanksgiving are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is sucked in, in prayer, is breathed forth again by thanks.

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AN EVENING GREETING.

LOVING heart awaits you, husband dear,
When, labour o'er, you homeward wend your way—
A cheerful smile shall greet you at the door,
To chase away the troubles of the day.

I'll watch for you along the well-known road,
And you will look for me while yet afar;
No household troubles will I to you bring,
Nor with sad voice or face your evening mar.

But if you have a trouble to impart,
Be it my task to carry half your care—
Your joys you have divided oft with me,—
Why should I not, then, all your sorrows share?

Throughout the day, whilst absent you have been,
I've worked to make our little house a home;
If I can make you always happy here,
You'll never want at eventide to roam.

So speed you from the scene of honest toil;
Let nothing light your willing steps delay.
Content shall rest upon you through the night,
Repose shall fit you for the coming day.

"I FEEL convinced that every man has given him, of God, much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye, that we may see what our work is, the humility to accept it, however lowly, the faith to do it for God, and the perseverance to go on till death."
—*The Rev. Dr. MacLeod.*

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THE

MONTHLY WELCOME

AND

PARISH VISITOR

DECEMBER, 1884.

WILLIAM POOLE,
5, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE, E.C.

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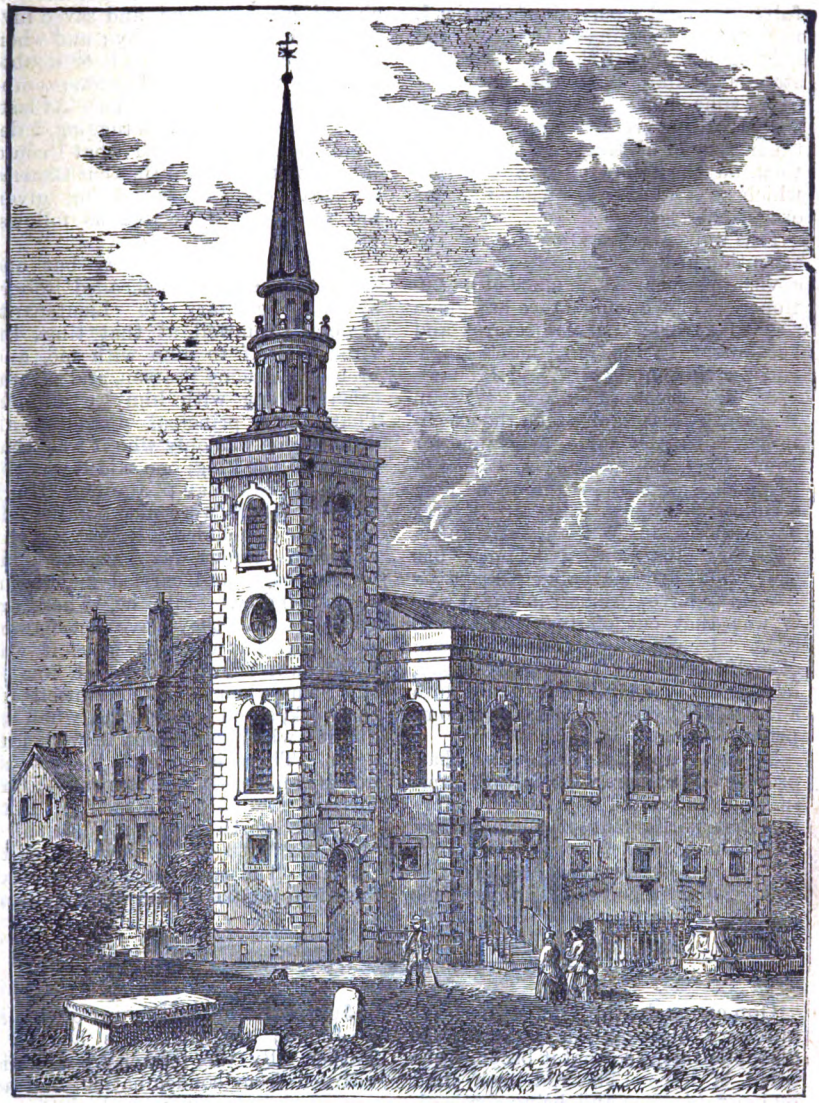

ROTHERHITHE CHURCH, 1750.

See p.

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CURIOUS HISTORIC ANECDOTE.

IN the vestry of Rotherhithe church, an illustration of which appears on the preceding page, is carefully preserved a portrait of Charles I. in his robes, kneeling at the table, and holding a crown of thorns. Circumstances leading us to this church a short time since, the sight of this picture, recalling vividly to remembrance the history of his tragic death, brought to mind the following curious story which is told as to who was his executioner.

It is universally known that, at the execution of King Charles I., a man in a vizor performed the office of executioner. This circumstance has given rise to a variety of conjectures and accounts. In the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1767, and January, 1768, are accounts of one, William Walker, who is said to be the executioner. In the same magazine for June, 1784, it is supposed to be a Richard Brandon, of whom a long account is copied from an Exeter newspaper. But William Lilly, in his "History of his Life and Times," has the following remarkable passage :—

"Many have curiously inquired who it was that cut off his (the king's) head. I have no permission to speak of such things; only this much I say, he that did it is as valiant and resolute a man as lives, and one of a competent fortune."

To clear up this passage, we shall present our readers with Lilly's examination (as related by himself) before the first parliament of King Charles II., in June, 1660.

"At my first appearance, many of the young members affronted me highly, and demanded several scurrilous questions. Mr. Weston held a paper before his mouth; bade me answer nobody but Mr. Prinn. I obeyed his command, and saved myself much trouble thereby; and when Mr. Prinn put any difficult or doubtful query unto me, Mr. Weston prompted me with a fit question. At last, after almost one hour's tugging, I desired to be fully heard what I could say as to the person that cut Charles I.'s head off. Liberty being given me to speak, I related as follows, viz. :—

"That the next Sunday but one after Charles I. was beheaded Robert Spavin, Secretary to Lieutenant-General Cromwell at that time, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Anthony Pearson, and several others, along with him to dinner. That their principal discourse all dinner-time was only who it was that beheaded the king; one said it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters; others were also nominated; but none concluded. Robert Spavin, so soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the south window. Saith he, 'These are all mistaken; they have not named the man that did the fact; it was Lieutenant-Colonel Joice. I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it; when done, went in with him again. There is no man knows this but my master—viz., Cromwell—Commissary Ireton, and myself.' 'Doth Mr. Rushworth know it?' saith I. 'No, he doth not know it,' saith Spavin. The same thing Spavin since has often related to me when we were alone."

GOD can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.

JUSTIFICATION is the act of God as a Judge; adoption, His act as a Father. By the former we are discharged from condemnation, and accepted as righteous; by the latter we are made the children and heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ for ever.

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The Village Blacksmith.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHIL RAYNER'S CHARGE."

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

HIS mother's passionate outburst affected Tom deeply. What could it all mean—the stranger in the house—his mother weeping as if her heart would break?

"Mother, mother, tell me, what is the matter? Tell me all quickly. Has it come to the worst?" he cried.

"Yes, yes—the worst. The doctor holds out no hopes of your father's recovery at all."

"While there's life there's hope, mother dear," Tom replied. "Can I go up to see father?"

"Yes—but don't wake him. He is asleep now, and wants rest."

Tom crept quietly upstairs, and entered his father's room. What a changed there was in him since the boy last went to London. Then he was hale and healthy-looking; now his face was pale, his cheeks were sunken, and a look of deep weariness overspread his countenance.

But as Tom looked at him, he felt more comfortable about his father's condition than he had done at any time since he received his mother's letter. Something told him that there was still very reasonable hopes of his father's recovery.

The course of a few days tended to confirm Tom's hopes. Mr. Forbes, though by no means out of danger, certainly rallied, and the doctor began to speak more confidently of his condition. His only fear was that his patient might have a relapse.

But all went well. The blacksmith's naturally strong constitution, built up by a steady, regular life, and never impaired by vicious habits, carried him over all danger; and in a fortnight's time from the day when Tom arrived home the doctor made the pleasing announcement that in a couple of days Mr. Forbes would be able to leave his bed.

CHAPTER XV.—HOPE.

As soon as his father's life was out of all danger, Tom began to vigorously prosecute his business, which had fallen off since the blacksmith had become too unwell to attend to it. And now the young man's London experiences began to stand him in good stead. Left to his own resources, although nervous at first as to whether his knowledge of the business was sufficiently extensive to enable him to carry through all the various kinds of work which he would be called upon to undertake, the young man, working with vigour, and calling upon all his native shrewdness to assist him at this critical time, proved himself quite equal to the occasion.

Relieved by Tom's exertions from all anxiety as to his business, the blacksmith improved rapidly; so that in a few weeks more he was able to get about a little in the open air.

But there was one sad piece of news communicated to Tom and his mother by the doctor; and this was, that Mr. Forbes would never again be able to take an active share in his business again.

"But that is, after all, not such a very serious matter," the doctor continued; "for he has worked hard all his life, and deserves rest now. Besides, Tom has shown himself such a competent workman, and so well able to manage the business, that Mr. Forbes cannot do better than take him into partnership with him, and at once make up his mind to retire from active work. I am going to see him now, and shall, as I am his medical adviser, and this is a matter which directly concerns his health, propose it to him."

The result was that in a few days a new board appeared over the blacksmith's workshop, on which appeared the words, "Forbes and Son, Coach Builders and Smiths," and it became known in the village that Tom Forbes had again settled down in his native town to conduct the business in his own and his father's name.

The young man rapidly made

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friends throughout the country round about, and none were more sincere in their congratulations to him on his marked success than his old friends Rose and Ralph Strangeway. On no one's good esteem, either, did Tom set a higher value than on theirs, especially on that of one who will be readily guessed by the reader. Their good wishes acted as a stimulant to further exertions on his part; and in a very few months his work-shops had to be enlarged, and he began to be looked up to by even the old inhabitants as one of Slowberry's most successful men.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONCLUSION.

THE summer had come round again; the flowers were all in bloom, and scattered a sweet perfume throughout the country lanes; the trees were heavy with rich foliage; the fields were filled with corn ripe for the harvest; when on a lovely evening Tom made his way to Ralph's home. The young man's heart was light, and as he walked along a quiet, happy smile lit up his face. He was bent upon an important errand; but he felt that his mission would have a successful and happy termination.

Rose was sitting in the porch of the cottage when Tom reached the gate.

"Good evening, Rose," he said, as he took her hand. "I have come specially to see you, and I hope you are alone, for I have something deeply important to speak to you about."

"Yes, I am alone, Tom," she replied, as she led the way into the cosy little parlour, and placed a chair for him.

"Can you guess my errand, Rose?" he said, as he took her hand in his, and sat down beside her.

There was no reply—only a downcasting of her eyes, and a slight blush on her cheeks.

"I feel that you know what I am going to ask you," the young man went on. "Rose, you cannot but know that I have loved you many a day. I have now come to tell you that with you only can I share my life, and to ask you if you care for me enough to take me. Do you love me, Rose?"

Still no answer. Only a few tears rolled down the maiden's cheek.

"Oh, Rose," Tom cried, "can it be that I have forfeited your love for ever? Your tears make me fearful that once you loved me, but that I have lost that love. Speak to me, and tell me. If you cannot take me now, at least let me go away again feeling that there is still hope. Tell me, Rose dear—do you—can you ever love me?"

"Tom, I have little to say. I love you, and have always loved you, and my tears are only tears of joy now that I know you love me in return. I am proud to feel that I have gained your affections," she said, as she dried her eyes, "and I will always try to make you happy."

Dear reader, there is no need for us to watch this happy meeting to the end. Let us be content to know that before Tom left, Rose and he had arranged to be married at the end of the year.

And on Christmas day, whilst the bells rang out their merry peal in remembrance of the great Christian festival, Tom and Rose were joined together in a bond no man can put asunder. What congratulations there were from the Slowberry folk—what an abundance of substantial expressions of good-will from the villagers. And who do you think was amongst the party and made merry in the blacksmith's house that evening? None other than our old friend Ransford. Tom knew now that he had been unjust to him, and gave him a hearty welcome; and no one was happier at the bright union of two young people than the temperance advocate whom Tom had at one time regarded with a jealous eye.

* * * * * *

But our tale must now draw to a close with a peep at the after life of our old friends.

Tom continued to make rapid progress in business, and is known far and wide as a hard-working, capable man. Rose is a perfect help-meet to him, and one in whose company evening after evening he manages to lay aside for awhile the troubles and

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cares of business, and enjoy the peaceful comforts of domestic life.

Ralph Strangeway, ever with an inclination to roam, has left Slowberry, and settled down in London.

Mr. Ransford, at the pressing invitation of his friends, has abandoned business, and now devotes his life entirely to the temperance cause; and there is nowhere in the country a better organized or more successful society than that of which he is the organizing secretary.

To old Mr. and Mrs. Forbes we bid our last adieu. They are on the downward path of life, but out of tender respect and love for those whose career is before them they still gather round them month by month all who care to come—and the young are especially welcome—and out of his experience the old blacksmith, by his historic sketches of their village, reads to his hearers lessons worth remembering as guides for their whole future. We wish them a long lease of the lives they are employing for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

THE END.

A HINDOO FABLE.

THERE is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, sent for his jailor and told him he had a secret of great importance to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. Upon receiving this intelligence the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence. The thief explained that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his Prime Minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold. "But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your Majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days that I have filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I can hardly say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my Prime Minister."

The latter, after a brief consultation, answered, "It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the High Priest plant it."

And the High Priest said, "You forget that I have the collecting of the tithes and the disbursements of sacrifice."

As length the thief exclaimed, "Your Majesty, I think it would be better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us." In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed, and was so pleased with the thief's cunning expedient that he pardoned him.

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DAYS OF GOLDEN DEEDS.

A Story for Children.

"OH, dear me!" Polly said, sleepily, "I *must* get up."

She rubbed her eyes, and, after a lazy yawn, put on her shoes and stockings.

It was quite a new and unpleasant experience for Polly to get up early in the morning, and help to put the house in order, as she was accustomed to go downstairs only in time to eat a comfortable breakfast before she went to school.

But a week before the servant had been taken ill and gone home, and with four little children to be cared for, Polly and her mother found work enough for busy hands and feet. It was rather a hard lesson in patience for the little girl, of which the mere work was a very small part, since it was much easier to sweep, dust, and wash dishes, than to be unfailingly kind to the little ones, or never to grieve her mother by looking unhappy when her girl-friends passed by on their way to school.

"Yesterday was rather a failure," Polly said, reflectively, while she dressed; "but I'm going to have this day perfect, and written with golden letters," she added, remembering a story Miss Bevan told her the night before, when Polly had gone home with her after Sunday-school.

A fair white page was turned each day in our book of life, she said, and our thoughts, words, and deeds were written upon it; then at evening, before the page was sealed, an angel came and touched the writing. The record of those actions and words, or even thoughts, that were for the Master's service, and brightened by love for Him, changed to pure gold, while the deeds of pride, unkind words, or wrong thoughts, became black and dim, sullying the fair page.

"I must do as much good as possible," Polly said, thinking how beautiful a pure white and golden page would be. "Then, being kind to the children will make me feel pleasant too."

Just at that moment Mrs. Almon called, "Are you nearly ready, dear?" And after a hasty prayer, in which she forgot to ask for help against besetting sins, Polly ran downstairs.

There were a number of trying things that morning. The porridge burned while Polly was setting the table, then Elsie fell halfway downstairs, and her crying woke the baby, so it was some time before quietness was restored. But Polly bore it all with wonderful patience, thinking complacently of her golden record.

"There's nothing like making up your mind to be pleasant," she said, with satisfaction, clattering the dishes cheerfully; "and people can be nice and sweet if they choose."

Jack came in just then, and, balancing on the window-sill, he said—

"Mother, can we play with that new boy who lives next door? He is looking over the fence now."

"Yes; and he's such a nice little boy," Mabel chimed in, coaxingly, from the doorway; "and we're so lonesome, mother, dear. Please say 'yes.'"

"He is a nice-looking child," Mrs. Almon replied, doubtfully. "Well, you may ask him over to-day; but I must find out something about the people before you have him again."

"Now, I will put the parlour in order, mother," Polly said, cheerfully. "You look so tired that you had better lie down for a little while, and I will watch the children, so you need not worry about them."

"If you are able to sweep, dear, I should be glad; and do it very carefully, Polly, using plenty of tea-leaves."

"That means the carpet did not look nice the last time, only mother is too kind to tell me so," Polly said to herself after her mother had left the room.

Half an hour later Polly stood at the door surveying the clean, fresh room, with the warm sunshine resting on the polished furniture, and a gentle breeze waving the curtains.

"That looks lovely!" she said, exultingly, after placing a vase of

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flowers on the table. "One good-sized golden deed, anyhow."

She was going upstairs to make herself clean and tidy, when she thought of looking into the kitchen to see that the dinner was cooking satisfactorily, and found, instead of a bright blaze and steaming pots, the stove looking black and cheerless.

"Dear me!" Polly cried, "surely that fire can't be out; and its nearly dinner time, too. Oh, I remember that mother told me to pull out the draught, and I forgot it. How very provoking!"

She opened the door with a bang of vexation, and saw the gray, charred coals inside, without a gleam of light, while the meat was cold and uncooked in the oven.

The only thing was to build a fire as quickly as possible, and after several ineffectual relightings the blaze caught, and Polly was delighted to hear a feeble crackling. But "troubles never come singly," and just at that moment a din arose from the garden, where the children were playing, and, fearing the noise would disturb her mother and the baby, Polly left the fire and ran out. She found a merry band under the window, happy in making as much noise as was possible.

Jack, seated on a flower-stand, drummed energetically, with Mabel beside him, her feet on an upturned pot of English violets, while the "new boy" managed to make deafening music from a big tin kettle, on which little Elsie also battered.

No real damage had been done, for the violets were unhurt, and the kettle only needed washing; but Polly did not stop to think of this. It was impossible to make herself heard, so she seized Elsie's shoulder; and the hasty grasp so startled the child that she dropped the wooden pounder on the little stranger, whose merriment changed to a sharp cry of pain.

"You are the most provoking children that ever lived!" Polly declared, the last shred of her patience having vanished, and the golden lettering forgotten. "Just see what you have done now, Elsie!"

"Pore F'eddy!" Elsie said, compassionately, while her own lips began to quiver.

Polly was hardly in the humour to soothe a child, and when at last Freddy went home, still sobbing, her wrath fell on the other children, to whom she gave a sharp scolding.

Coming downstairs a few minutes later, Mrs. Almon found Polly, with a very cross, blackened face, sitting on the floor, surrounded with charred sticks and half-burnt coals.

"Polly, surely you have not let that fire go out! Didn't you open the draught as I told you?"

"No," Polly replied shortly; and a moment later was ashamed of the rude tone, though not penitent enough to ask for pardon.

"There! This day is spoiled, and it's no use to try and be good now," she said, with a mixture of anger and disappointment.

It was some time before the dinner was ready, and when at last they gathered about the table, Mrs. Almon said—

"Polly, do you know what was the matter with that little boy? The children tell me that he went home crying."

"Yes, little goose. He hurt his hand and cried about it. I hope he won't come here again."

"Why not? Isn't he a nice child?"

"No; he made so much noise, and is horrid altogether."

Evidently Polly had not recovered her temper, and was in the mood when there is a satisfaction in abusing some one.

"Oh, mother, he didn't make more noise than we did!" Jack interposed, eagerly, "and I'm sure he's a jolly little fellow."

"I don't want you to ask him in again to-day, at any rate," Mrs. Almon replied, naturally thinking that Polly had some reason for her dislike.

That afternoon Mrs. Almon was sewing in the parlour, and Polly watching the baby beside her, wher Miss Bevan came in. She was bright, pleasant young lady, and great favourite with all the childr Polly being especially fond her.

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"You don't know your new neighbour yet, Mrs. Almon," said she, after a few minutes' conversation.

"No; have you met her, Alice?"

"Yes; I knew her some years ago, and I have just called to inquire for Mrs. Baker, who is very ill, I fear with little hope of recovery."

"Ah, how sad! We must have her little boy in here as soon as possible; and I wonder if there is anything else I could do."

"I think not, for her sister is nursing her," was the reply.

"There is Mabel in the garden now," Mrs. Almon said; and, leaning from the window, she called the little girl to her.

"Mabel, if you see the little boy who lives next door, ask him to come over and play with you. And be sure you are all kind to him, for his mamma is very ill."

Mabel's chubby little face wore an aggrieved expression as she replied—

"Oh, he was there, mamma, and we told him we could not ask him in 'cause you wouldn't allow us. And I 'spect he went and told his mamma."

"How very unfortunate!" said her mother, as Mabel ran away. "I must call at once, and invite the child as kindly as possible."

"Mrs. Baker told me she was afraid Freddy had been troublesome this morning, as he came home crying," Miss Bevan said frankly. "She is too ill to see strangers, and her sister is very high-tempered, and so peculiar, that I am afraid she could not be persuaded to let the child come."

Polly's conscience would not longer be stifled. "This is all your own fault," said the voice in her heart. "You blamed the little boy because you lost your temper, and then told stories about him. You meant to have golden letters; see what a black blot this will make." She tried to defend herself, but the inward monitor spoke clearly and truly. "Keeping this little child away from his mother would have been a golden deed that you have missed."

"Mother, I am so sorry I told you the little boy was not nice, when I knew nothing about him; but I was so cross that I wanted to blame somebody."

Womanly as she was, Polly burst into tears, and sobbed out the story of the day's failures and disappointments. It was an additional sting that Miss Bevan should hear how naughty she had been, yet the confession could not be delayed, even if she lost her kind friend by it.

"Oh, Polly, see what you have done!" said her mother, who was much grieved, "we might have helped this poor sick lady, and now we can do nothing for her. I was wrong not to ask why you disliked the little boy, but the children were happy enough without him, so I decided to wait until I called."

Miss Bevan seemed to be revolving some plan, and presently she said, gently—

"I wish you could undo this, Polly dear."

"Oh, I would do anything, if I could!" the little girl replied, lifting a wet, unhappy face.

"Even something very unpleasant?" questioned Miss Bevan.

"You mean for me to go in there and tell them all the story?"

"Yes. And shall I go with you?"

"Oh, if you please, Miss Bevan!" Polly replied, trying to speak bravely, while feeling very much frightened.

When they reached the street Miss Bevan suggested that they should take a little walk first, and although Polly was anxious to accomplish her disagreeable task, she felt she had better become a little calmer.

As they walked along she spoke humbly of her determination that this day's work should be perfect; and how completely she had failed.

"Did you not try in your own strength, dear?" Miss Bevan asked, kindly. "You know only love for Him will make the record golden; and, Polly, did you work because you loved Him, or that you might be proud of a perfect day?"

And Polly saw that had this day been spent "unto the Lord" there would have been fewer failures.

In spite of Miss Bevan's reassuring smile, Polly needed all her courage when they were shown into a prim,

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tidy drawing-room, and waited in silence for their hostess.

After a few minutes Miss Morse entered. She was a tall, stiff-looking person, and Polly could readily believe that she was, as Miss Bevan had said, "peculiar." Then Polly was introduced as a little neighbour who lived next door.

"I came in to tell you that I am so sorry about something I did this morning," Polly said, speaking quickly and nervously. "I promised to watch the children while mother lay down, and I was so cross that I scolded when they made a noise, and told mother I thought—I was afraid—that is, I didn't like your little boy."

Miss Morse looked surprised, and grew more rigid than before.

"So mother said they needn't ask him over this afternoon," continued Polly, "for she was coming to call, and would invite him then; but Mabel told the little boy, and mother is afraid you will be offended. Please don't be hurt, for it was all my fault."

Polly stopped breathlessly, with tears in her eyes, and Miss Morse became unexpectedly kind.

"You are a brave little girl," she said, approvingly, "and I am not at all offended; so, if your mamma does not mind, I shall be glad to have Freddy play with you. There is nothing I admire so much as truth in children," she added, speaking to Miss Bevan, as if Polly could not hear.

"You must come and see me again," Miss Morse said, as they rose to take leave; and, strange as it seemed, Polly felt she would like to meet this stiff lady again.

"I am *so* glad, dear," Miss Bevan said, when they were alone again.

And Polly replied, "So am I," with equal joyousness, feeling wonderfully light-hearted because this unpleasant duty was performed, and the work of her impatience undone.

Miss Morse and Polly became fast friends, and the little girl was of real assistance in waiting on the invalid.

Her record was not always golden, yet it glowed more brightly day by day, and the dark deeds were earnestly repented, since the little girl was living and loving in His strength.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

ARE we doing as much as we should do, as much as we might do, to enlarge His kingdom, and advance His glory? Or are we rather trying how little we can do, and yet retain the name and reputation of His disciples? Judging by their actions, this would seem to be the ignoble aim of some of His professed adherents. They are not willing to do anything which is not positively required of them. They enquire, "Is this necessary? Cannot I be a Christian without that? How much shall I be expected to give?" What unworthy questions! what miserable calculations!

What, then, are you doing for Jesus? Doing. Yes, true compassions does not end in words, or terminate in feeling, but it leads to prompt and bounteous deeds. Do you reply, "Oh, it is so little that I can do for Jesus! With such poor abilities, and such limited means, I can never hope to be of much use in the world?" Well, you are not asked to do some great thing; you are asked only to do what you can. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." A labourer was returning home from his work. He stooped and picked up a stone that lay in the way of passing wheels, and cast it out of the road. That stone might have been struck by somebody's wheel, to the discomfort of the traveller, and perhaps the injury of his vehicle. It was kind and thoughtful in the man to remove it.

Now are there not some stones that *you* might pick up in the world—some stumbling-blocks in the way of duty

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hat you ought to remove out of a brother's road; some impediment to peace and joy that you could take away from the home of a sorrowful neighbour?

Never mind how small the stone is which annoys your fellow-pilgrim; if you can push it out of the way, be sure to stop and do so. Think not the time or trouble mis-spent which makes his journey pleasanter to him in future, although you may even wonder to yourself that he should ever have fretted his spirit over such a trifle. Troubles, after all, are as they are felt, so that difficulties which appear very minute to one person, may look much greater to another. Besides, the tiniest pebble that gets into your shoe may cause considerable irritation, especially if you have to walk far with it.

Every one may, if they choose, do something for Jesus, something to make others better and happier.

Could not you sometimes refresh the mentally weary and heavy laden ones around you by speaking to them "a word in season?" Good news is as reviving to the harassed or desponding spirit as cold water to a thirsty soul. And with the gospel of the grace of God, and the sweet promises of a Saviour's love in your possession, can you ever be in want of glad tidings for the sorrowful? A kind remark, or even a sympathizing look, may cheer some drooping spirit, and renew its failing strength. It is very evident that great talents or great resources are not the indispensable adjuncts of great usefulness. Oh, if Christians were but faithful in *little things* to their Redeemer and Lord, how many stars might they add to His crown!

Dear reader, what are you doing for Jesus?

From "Life's Morning."

OPPORTUNITY.

A Sermon by the Late Ven. Archdeacon Grant.

St. Matthew xxv. 20.—"And the door was shut."

THERE is nothing that people, especially the young entering upon life, desire more and ask for more than an *opening*—that is, some favourable opportunity for getting on—either making a start in a new line, or improving their position in the old one. A wise person is on the look-out for such, and if he uses them, does well; if he is indolent or dull, he does not use them, and then these openings are lost, they are closed, and he cannot recover them.

Life is full of these openings—not perhaps in the way of earthly pursuits; some do not need these, and no doubt they offer themselves unequally to different people; but in some way or other the openings or opportunities go with us all our life long. If we are pursuing any object (and we all ought to be pursuing some object), whether it be doing good to ourselves or doing good to others, growing better, getting more fit for heaven; day by day, I say, fresh opportunities are always presenting themselves, and passing by; and we call these "openings," because they are well represented by the image of a door opening, for us to use and enter by it; and if we do not enter, but pass by it, then closing, and never opening again in the same way as before, perhaps in no way at all.

One portion of time which has been full of these opportunities is about to close upon us. The year, laden with its varied history to each of us, is coming to an end; the door of this, as a part of our sojourn here on earth, as a part, too, of the world's history, will soon be shut; the old year will be shut up, and placed amongst the things that are gone; like (as it were) a grave on which the stone is laid, not to be opened again; or, like a book filled up to the end, closed and

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clasped, and laid up in the storehouse of heaven, not to be opened again till the last day.

But I do not wish to linger over the past; the door is not yet quite shut; and I think it will be more useful for us to dwell on the door open, than the door shut; hope, with most of us, is a pleasanter thing to contemplate than memory; so let us consider in what way, as we journey along the road of life, a door may seem to lie open before us, but which will, some time or other, be closed for ever.

1. The door of *life* is still open to us. Upon how many has it closed during the year? There is probably no one in this congregation who has not seen that door closed during it on some one loved, though it be not in his own immediate family. Happy those who, as they see the door of earthly life closing, can look and see the door of eternal life opening.

Life is a serious thing, more serious than death; because we have to give account of our life, but not of our death. Have, then, an object in life; that is the first thing. Let that object be a worthy one; that is the next thing. There are many objects in this world, good and ennobling; some a duty. But there is only one object which in this place we can speak of, or bear even in mind. It is expressed in the Collect. So to "pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal." To act with this aim demands constant effort, constant watchfulness. But we must struggle to maintain these if we would not find miserably at the end that we have been living without an aim, and die without a hope.

2. And, along with time, the door of *opportunity* is open. None are without it. In worldly matters some may haply fail to have "a chance," as it is said. In religious, spiritual matters this cannot be. In the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, the idlers in the market-place pleaded, "No man hath hired us." We cannot make that plea. Opportunities, I am sure, are frequent enough for those willing to seize, and not rather to evade them—schools, the Bible, churches, Sundays; I would fain hope the exhortations of parents and friends; and I would class among these those inward convictions of conscience which visit and warn us when we do wrong; these are opportunities and summonses inviting, calling us to our known duty; a wide door, a series of doors, flung open, and inviting us to enter in and secure our present peace and future bliss. I am sure if we look back upon our past lives, there is not one, even the least favoured amongst us, who cannot recollect how many times he might have done what he neglected to do; how many precious days he had lost; how much valuable advice from friends, perhaps now dead, he made light of, or scorned. Who is there that would not wish that these opportunities could come over again, in order to use them, or use them better? If so, should we not be thankful that they are not all gone; that still the season of opportunity remains, the door open; and pray God we may use them better the fewer they are!

3. And thus, too, the door of *hope* is also open; that is a precious gift. St. Paul tells us, "We are saved by hope." For indeed Jesus Christ came into the world to bring hope to the hopeless, to enable man in the midst of his sorrow, and fear, consequent on sin, to look forward and hope for deliverance; and so hoping, to strive after it. Nothing is so numbing, so paralyzing as despair. Let a man think that it is no use to make an effort for future happiness, or to set himself free from his present unhappy condition, whether it be wretchedness, or bad habits, or bad character, or what he thinks misfortune, and he is poor indeed. Whatever your state, whatever your trouble, keep alive and cherish the hope of better things to come. It will comfort when nothing else can. Be thankful that this door of hope is still open. That hope in Christ, never give it up. The brighter you can keep it, the more cheerfully you will be able to bear your present trouble or trial, whatever it may be; the more ready you will be able to engage heartily in each day's duty as it comes to you.

"There will soon be an end of this;" "it cannot last for long"

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"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." How many have thoughts such as these supported, amidst racking pain, under the prospect of coming ill, or the blasting of fortune, or under a fainting heart! It is open to us to fall back upon them. Be thankful it is so.

4. Finally, the door of *Heaven* is open. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." So we believe and say in one of the most beautiful hymns of the Church. And certainly, once opened by Him Who has the key, "Who openeth, and no man shutteth, and no man openeth;" it will remain open till the last man has died, till Christ comes to judge, till the dead are raised, till the throne is set for judgment.

The door opens into our home. It remains open to us now, its portals wide, and Christ at the door; nay, He *is* the door, not merely welcoming us in, but Himself the way by which we enter in; "I am the door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved; and go in and out and find pasture." While the world lasts, that door can never be closed against mankind; but how soon it may be closed against any one of us, who can say? For *now* is the time for us to enter in; there is a fixed time for each, and that time ceases with our death. We know not how soon *that* may come, and Scripture holds out no hope that we shall be able to enter after the door of life has closed upon us, unless we have beforehand secured for ourselves an entrance among those many mansions adapted to each other's opportunities, earnestness, fidelity, and capacities acquired in this life.

At some time or other that door will be shut. "When once the Master of the House," says Our Blessed Lord, "has risen up and shut-to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, and to say, Lord Lord, open unto us:" this is one of the places in which we are warned of this. In the parable from which the text comes, when the wise virgins had gone in with the Bridegroom, the words were added, "and the door was shut."

On this prospect I would not now dwell. Rather let us think, not of those shut *out*, but of those shut *in*. When the deluge was sitting on the earth, and Noah and his family were called within the ark, "The Lord," we read, "shut him in." When the disciples, after Our Lord's crucifixion, were gathered together in that small upper chamber, in fear, indeed, still in love, the door, we are told, was closed. But amongst those so shut in, Our Lord Himself came silently with those blessed words, "Peace be unto you."

Such, it sometimes seems to me, is the small body gathered together for Holy Communion, when the mass have left, and the door is shut, and unwonted tranquillity and a holy peace seem to reign.

So it will shortly be with us, my brethren. Soon the church will be almost deserted—left to but a few; the door will be closed. God forbid that I should think that this represents the last separation, the shut out from the shut in. Many, of course, are at other times found among the small company who assemble round the Holy Table to remember their dying Lord, Who will not be there now. But while I would in all affection beg those who habitually and intentionally, and needlessly, separate themselves from that company, to bethink themselves how they can hope to sit down at the marriage supper of Our Lord in His kingdom, I would pray that to such as shall meet together it may be a season of comfort and strength. As the few hours of the year are slipping by, let us thank God heartily for mercies given; let us entreat Him to pardon and blot out our sins, and give us strength to walk steadfastly in the time to come; and may Christ Himself be invisibly present, and seal to each soul the assurance of His love, and of its own eternal Redemption.

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THE SECULAR VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY.—IV.

BY THE REV. T. HILL, M.A.

IN the previous papers I have tried to show the secular value of Christianity, (1.) from general considerations, (2.) from the Gospel account of the mission of Christ, and (3.) from the witness of the Church; it will, then, form a fit and decisive conclusion if in the present paper I can show it from the most fundamental fact of the Christian belief.

The Christian religion has for its fundamental and distinguishing verity the historic fact of the Incarnation—of God revealing Himself in flesh, nearly 1,900 years ago, in the land of Judæa. I think we feel at once that that way of God revealing Himself sheds a peculiar dignity on our bodily nature, and on human life on earth; and that is the thought I wish now to develop. And I may notice in passing that thoughts about the Incarnation will be specially appropriate to December, the month of Christmas.

The temptation to make religion wholly spiritual, and ignore its bearing on this bodily life of man, is one into which have fallen not only Christians, but heathen thinkers too, in every age. There have always been those who have felt that bodily life, and the fact that we have a body, is somehow a thing to be regretted and even ashamed of. They have thought that the body was nothing but a gross clog upon the soul. And they have desired not merely to keep it from becoming master of the soul, which of course we all should do, but to weaken its natural demands and ignore it as much as possible. There have even been, in Eastern races, very widespread beliefs that the world of matter was not made by the same Creator as the world of spirit, but by a bad Power.

And, on the other hand, there have been always—and not least to-day—thinkers who can see no other object for men than pleasure—not necessarily pleausre of a gross kind, but neither of a very spiritual one, even in the select minority; for the deliberate pursuit of pleasure as an end in itself must ever be the death of deep spirituality; while in the majority it must practically encourage sensuality.

Between these two opposite teachings the Christian religion takes a middle course. It declares, on the first page of its Scriptures, that the material world and the bodily life of man were, as well as his spiritual nature, alike made by God Himself and alike pronounced "very good." It describes a perfect and sinless human state in Eden as nevertheless a bodily one. And ultimately, by its crowning and distinguishing fact, that of the Incarnation, it declares that human bodily life was fit even for the Godhead to partake of. If "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us," we must believe that what is material and bodily is not in itself bad, or to be ashamed of, but only as it has been marred by sin; and that there is such high worth and capability in it itself as to make it worth rescuing and redeeming from evil by Him who adopted it as His own soul's abode and as the mode of revealing Himself.

Nor was this indwelling in flesh by the Godhead only temporary. By His Resurrection Christ again vindicated the dignity of the Body. That Resurrection witnessed that only through sin had death had its power over the bodies of men. He, the sinless One, and the Head and perfect Sample of our race, rose again from death, and with a glorified body no longer corruptible or subject to the ills of sinful earth. And with this body He ascended to his Father's right hand, and thus again vindicated the dignity of the Body. And *our* redeemed humanity, bodily as well as spiritual, is one day to share His glory. And we have no hint in the New Testament Scriptures of that future heavenly life ever ceasing to be bodily. Yes, the Christian religion has for its doctrine, not merely the Immortality of the Soul, but *the Resurrection of the Body.*

Are not, then, we untrue to the fundamental verity of the Christian religion if we fancy that it has little

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to do with bodily life, such as that in this present world? The future and the spiritual are essentially connected by God with the present and the bodily, and these are meant to help each other: "What then God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Let us add, finally, the testimony of experience. Though we must not make utility the *first* test of a morality or a religion, yet the truest religion will, as a matter of fact, be the most effective for good—both truth and goodness coming from the same perfect God. And so we find that true Christianity, through neither despising the body on the one hand, nor, on the other, making pleasure an end in itself, is the most powerful religion there is for repressing sensuality, and promoting the deepest and purest spiritual life, and, at the same time, bringing about bright and healthy bodily life now. Its remedy for sensuality is not, on the one hand, "Crush the body;" nor, on the other, "Carefully calculate how much pleasure you can take without satiety;" but, "Your body is holy, even the temple, the abode, of the Holy Ghost; will you pollute *that*?" And this remedy has proved effective above those of all other religions. Hear a witness who has, at any rate, no prejudice for orthodoxy:—"In the times of the Roman Emperors there appeared a sect which distinguished itself by the assiduous attention which it bestowed upon the bodily wants of mankind. This sect set the first example of a homely, practical philanthropy, occupying itself with the relief of ordinary human sufferings, dispensing food and clothing to the destitute and starving. At the same period there appeared a sect which was remarkable for the contempt in which it held human suffering. Roman magistrates were perplexed to find, when it became necessary to coerce this sect by penal inflictions, that bodily pains, tortures, and death itself, were not regarded as evils by its members. These two sects appeared to run into contrary extremes. The one seemed to carry their regard for the body to the borders of effeminacy, the other pushed Stoical apathy almost to madness. Yet these two sects were one and the same—the Christian Church. And though within that body every conceivable corruption has at some time or other sprung up, this tradition has never been long lost; and in every age the Christian temper has shivered at the touch of Stoic apathy, and shuddered at that of Epicurean indolence." *

Jonathan Frock.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Specially Translated and Adapted for this Magazine.)

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was on a bitterly cold winter's night that Jonathan started on his journey; but he felt not the cold. He was, in fact, consumed with a very fever of conflicting emotions. Action was his only resource, and accordingly he journeyed on and on, without stopping, until he at length arrived at his destination. He seemed as though bent upon killing himself with fatigue. Happily his disturbing reflections were somewhat relieved and distracted by the consideration of the Major's affairs, and the first violent outburst of grief once fairly over, he relapsed into a state of melancholy calmness.

So ably, indeed, did he set about the Major's business, that he soon disposed very effectually of the feeble and ill-founded opposition to the veteran's just claims. Had the antagonism been far more formidable,

* *Ecce Homo*, Chapter x.

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however, Jonathan's eloquence and his complete mastery of the details, combined with his engaging personality, would probably have surmounted all obstacles. The necessary but tedious formalities having at length come to an end, Jonathan was able to communicate the complete success of the mission. Five or six days elapsed before he received any reply. During this time Jonathan suffered keenly. He was full of the worst apprehensions as to the cause of the delay. So intolerable became his suspense, that he almost resolved to put an end to it by flying to some place whither no tidings of the De Tulpens could follow him.

He had actually determined upon this desperate and barren expedient, when a letter from the Major arrived. He tore it open with trembling fingers, and read as follows :—

"DEAR JONATHAN,—Thank God, all is well with us. I cannot sufficiently thank you for all the pains you have taken in attending so skilfully and so indefatigably to my affairs."

The Major added that Delphine had determined to shut herself up in a convent. A letter from Lenore was enclosed. His pupil had a word to say about Delphine. The elder sister, before quitting the outside world, wished to say farewell to Jonathan. Would he see them at Arxfeld on the twenty-fifth of that month?

The letters had been so greatly delayed that, if he would fulfil Delphine's request, and keep the melancholy appointment, Jonathan had no time to lose. Accordingly, he departed in all haste for the assigned meeting place. Knowing, as he did so well, the motives which had led Delphine to determine on so desperate and so deplorable a course, Frock's sorrow knew no bounds, and he anticipated an exceedingly melancholy interview. But, at whatever cost to his emotions, Delphine's last desire must be complied with.

Arriving at his destination in hot haste, he flung himself into the open arms of the Major.

"Oh, Jonathan!" sobbed the old man, "do you really love my child—my Delphine?"

Jonathan could not utter a word, but he pressed the old man's hand.

Conducted to the presence of Delphine, Frock, beholding her pale, worn face and her tear-stained eyes, could no longer restrain himself. Seizing her trembling hand, he pressed it to his lips, and vowed that nothing should part them. His heart had, at last, gained the mastery over his false pride. He and Delphine were speedily united, to the boundless delight of Lenore, who was overjoyed to have him for her brother in very deed, and to the inexpressible satisfaction of the Major, who had from the first regarded him with the affection of a father, and who found in him the most tender and considerate of sons. Nor was Jonathan content to remain a half-hearted Christian. The scales fell from his eyes; he was soon able to cast his imaginary difficulties to the winds, and to become a whole-hearted Christian both in form and in very deed.

THE END.

THE ABIDING WORD.—"The Word of God abideth in you," writes St. John to the young men. This is an echo of John xv. 7. This is the secret of their strength and the source of their victory. They conquer because they are strong, and they are strong because God's Word is ever *in their hearts*. They have God's will, especially as revealed in Scripture, and in particular in the Gospel, as a *permanent* power within them; hence the permanence of their victory. So long as they trust in this, and not in themselves, and remember that their victory is not yet final, they may rejoice in the confidence which the consciousness of strength and victory gives them. The Word will never fail them.

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PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

IN order to stimulate the study of the Bible, we shall, month by month, set a series of simple questions, for the best solution of which by our young friends two books per month will be offered as FIRST and SECOND Prizes.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. All Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.

2. Each paper must bear a certificate to the effect that the Competitor is a Sunday scholar, and that the answers are his or her own unaided composition. The real name and address must be given. The age of the Competitor must be stated.

3. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be returned to the Editor, 5, Queen's Head Passage, London, E.C., by the sixteenth day of the month of publication. Names of Prize-winners will be announced in the second number after the one in which the questions appeared. For example, the December prize-winners will be announced in the February number.

4. Where two or more competitors give the same number of correct answers, the prizes will be awarded to those sending in the best-written papers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We regret to say that the answers to the October Questions do not justify us in awarding a prize; but as an inducement to our young friends to further exert themselves, we have determined to accept ANSWERS to the OCTOBER and NOVEMBER QUESTIONS up to the 16th of December. By this means we trust we shall be able in our January issue to announce four prize-winners, two for answers to October and two for answers to November Questions.

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Tell what you know about Gideon's fleece.

2. Which of Christ's disciples were relations to one another?

3. What is the meaning of the word "Gospel?" Why do the various Gospels deal with different aspects of our Lord's life?

4. Who was "the disciple whom Jesus loved?"

5. How many times were the children of Israel led into captivity previous to our Lord's advent?

A NEW CREATURE.—The renewed mind begins to see things in some degree as God sees them. Sin is an evil of the blackest dye; the welfare of an immortal soul is the one thing needful. God makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good; the Christian reflects His light and love; he loves all mankind, and is anxious that the light with which he has been favoured should shine into the hearts of all his fellow-creatures. Divine benevolence is the inmate of the Christian's bosom; spiritual benevolence, the good-will of the Gospel, is his chief delight, the delight of his soul; and whilst he is ready to provide for his fellow-creatures all the comforts and conveniences of this mortal life, according to the dictates of humanity, his main concern is for the happiness of their immortal souls. Can it be possible that the believer who has beheld Christ lifted up and crucified for him—that he can say to his soul, "Soul, take thine ease," whilst multitudes are perishing around him? No; the "Son of man was lifted up to draw all men unto Him, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Gospel is a social principle: with the good the Christian receives cometh an infinite desire to commune with others, that all may be communicants of the same good.

GOD never promised us happiness here in any perfect form; and they who complain most of its absence are commonly those who have least deserved it, and have done least to secure it for themselves and to provide it for others.

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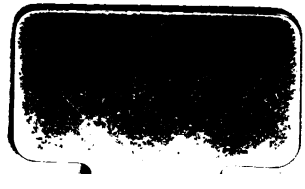

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